# PHOTOPLAY

HOLLYWOOD'S FASHION AUTHORITY

25¢

JANUARY

CAROLE LOMBARD
By Paul Hesse

## GINIA PEINE – GEORGE RAFT – NORMA SHEARER

**Their Dramatic Story of Modern Love and Friendship**

**Told for the first time!**

**How Andy Hardy Reformed**

## MICKEY ROONEY!

# Look at me now . . . Lily of the 5 & 10



IS IT really me? . . . here in a lovely house, with a car and servants . . . and the nicest man in the world for a husband? Sometimes I wonder . . .

It seems only yesterday that I was one of an army of clerks—and a very lonely one at that . . . only yesterday that Anna Johnson gave me the hint that changed my entire life. Maybe she told me because I was quitting and she wanted me to have a good time on my little trip to Bermuda that I'd skimped and saved for.

"Lil," she said, "in the three years we've been here, I've only seen you out with a man occasionally. I know it isn't because you don't like men . . ."

"They don't like *me*," I confessed.

"That's what *you* think . . . but you're wrong. You've got everything—and any man would like you if it weren't for . . ."

"If it weren't for what?"

"Gosh, Lil, I hate to say it . . . but I think I ought to . . ."

And then she told me . . . told me what I should have been told years before—what everyone should be told. It was a pretty humiliating hint to receive, but I took it. And how beautifully it worked!

On the boat on the way down to the Islands, I was really sought after for the first time in my life. And then, at a cocktail party in a cute little inn in Bermuda, I met HIM. The moon, the water, the scent of the oleander did the rest. Three months later we were married.

I realized that but for Anna's hint Romance might have passed me by.

For this is what Anna told me:

"Lil," she said, "there's nothing that kills a man's interest in a girl as fast as a case of halitosis (bad breath).* Everyone has it now and then. To say the least, *you've* been, well . . . *careless*. You probably never realized your trouble. Halitosis victims seldom do.

"I'm passing you a little tip, honey—use Listerine Antiseptic before any date. It's a wonderful antiseptic and deodorant . . . makes your breath so much sweeter in no time, honest.

"I'd rather go to a date without my shoes than without Listerine Antiseptic. Nine times out of ten it spells the difference between being a washout or a winner."

And in view of what happened, I guess Anna was right.

---

***Sometimes halitosis is due to systemic conditions, but usually and fortunately it is caused, say some authorities, by fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine quickly halts such food fermentation and then overcomes the odors it causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend. Always use Listerine before business and social engagements. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.***

# Christmas Shopping

## FOR YOU AND THE STARS

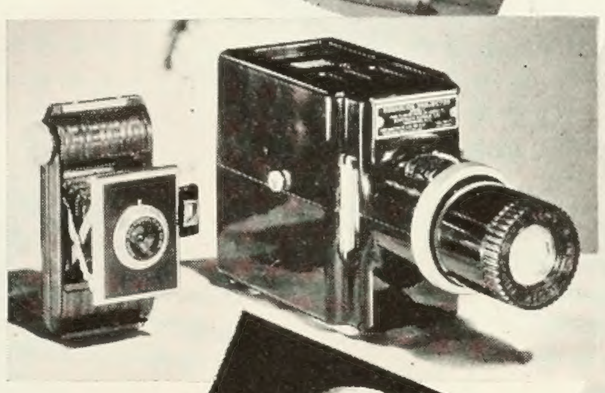
By Frances Hughes, New York Fashion Editor
Assisting Gwenn Walters, Fashion Editor

Last month we surprised you with twenty-four "humdinger" Christmas presents for You and The Stars. But, said we, in case this doesn't take care of problem children like Uncle Lemuel and Aunt Tillie, we'll be back next month with twenty-four more. Well here we are with Christmas presents for the family, beginning—believe it or not—at 20c and ending with the impressive sum of $350 for a piano or—if you prefer it—the smallest automobile made!
Drop us a postcard asking for the name of the store nearest you that carries this Christmas cheer, and please address Frances Hughes, Photoplay Magazine, 122 East 42 Street, New York City.
Yours for a merry, merry Christmas!


1

### 1. CAME "THE DAWN"

A new kind of desk light incorporates a Sengbush self-closing inkstand and pen. Pen is ever ready without tipping and well holds a year's supply of ink. In ivory matelassé, brass or bronze finish. $19.50 each.


2

### 2. A PICTURE-ESQUE CHRISTMAS

For the camera addicts on your list, Eastman has a new little Bantam Kodak that takes shots in full color as well as black and white. Present the projector, too, to flash the shots, large size, on any screen or white wall in the house. $14.00 for the camera; $18.50 for the projector.


7

### 7. DOES SHE LOVE "SCOTTYS"?

Then she'll love these Scotty "Slipperettes," snug little woolen booties that look like a ball of fluff in the hand but stretch to fit the foot like second skin. College girls can't live without 'em; convalescents wear them in bed; ladies of iron constitutions wear them 'round the house for exercising the arch; and travelers take them along because they tuck into less room than a handkerchief! In baby pastels or determined darks, $1.25. You ought to check at least six names on your list.

### 3. CHRISTMAS ON THE GOLD STANDARD

A sentimental Christmas, too, with Lisner's flower necklace of golden roses festooned around a glittering golden chain. A bracelet, too, for extra oomph. They call the rose a Victorian flower, but show us the modern minx who wouldn't dig for such golden treasure in her Christmas stocking! The rose-necklace, $2.00; the bracelet, $1.00. Absolutely!


3



8

### 8. FOR HIM!

No guesswork either, for every man on your list will think of you and thank you every morning for his Colgate Ribbon Dental Cream, Rapid-Shave Cream, Talcum and soothing After Shave Lotion. Thank you, too, for choosing such a jolly Christmas box with a he-man snow man on the cover. Only $1.00.

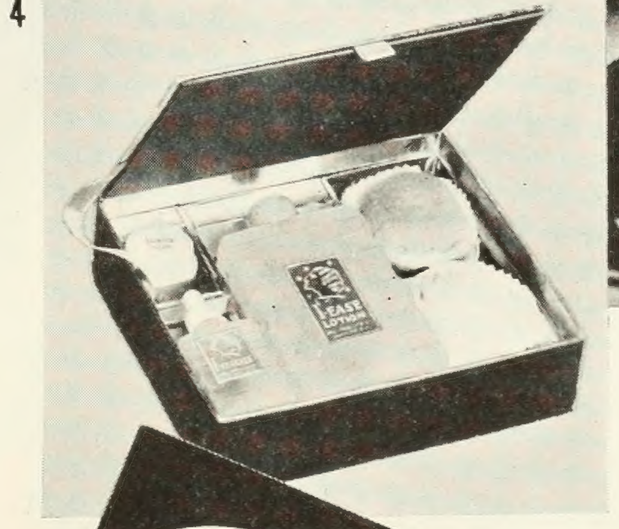

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### 9. BEAUTY IN A BASKET

Necessity mothered a gay invention—this Early American Old Spice Tote Basket. Perfect dormitory carry-all for forgetful collegiennes. Shulton assembles for them, in a hand-woven Christmas Tote Basket lifted from a page of Early American history, bath soap, bath salts, toilet water and talcum in Old Spice's tangy odor. $2.50 totes it to every college girl on your list.

### 4. FOUR I'S TO EYE-APPEAL

Orok has a baby blue box that's chock full of ayes for the eyes. I-Ease Lotion, I-Ease Pads, I-Grow Lashes, and I-Sparkle, used in about the order mentioned, will produce the prettiest pair of flashing orbs on any scene. $3.00 for this complete eye-beauty regimen, for the girl with the big eyes on your list.


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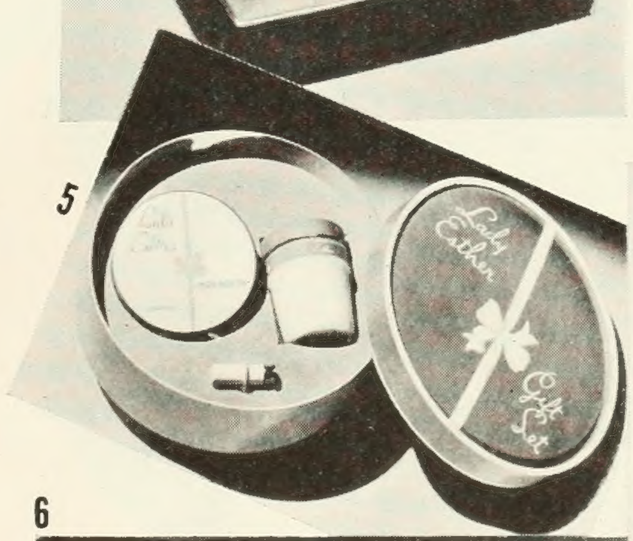
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### 10. HOLIDAY HANDOUT

You guessed it! Jergen's Lotion for the hands you love to touch. It makes them smooth as velvet, fragrant as flowers. Once a lotion-lover, always a Jergen's fan. For every outdoor girl on your list. $1.00.

### 5. A MERRY CHRISTMAS

As Lady Esther figures it, a growing girl needs 4-Purpose Face Cream, a box of Superfine face powder and a lipstick to make herself pretty as a picture. So she joined the trio in a rose-color bandbox tied up in ribbons and called it "Lady Esther's Gift Set." As much a present to you as the one you give it to, for—believe it or not—it's only 20c!


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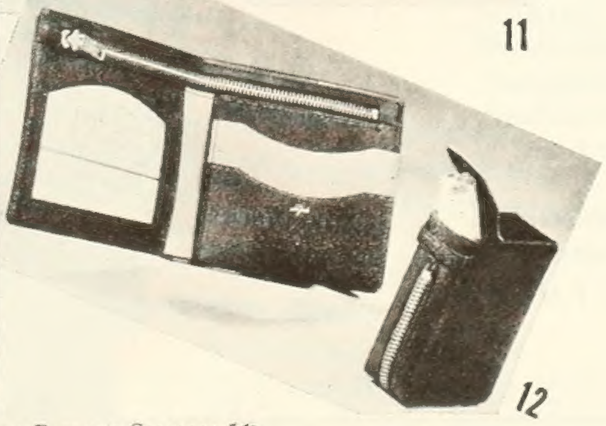
### 11. BAG O' TRICKS

Here's "functional design" for Christmas. Beauty in a bag, and yet the trimmings serve a very useful purpose. See how the golden wire twirls its way around the bag to wind up in a "Shur-Tite" lock that snaps securely over your treasures. The cut-out handle carries like a little satchel, and the suède comes in every important costume-color on the winter calendar. Just $5.00.

### 6. THE MUSICAL SENSATION OF THE YEAR!

Gulbransen's little white console piano. Ask musicians about it and they'll speak of "sparkling brilliance" and a "rich, abundant tone." Ask interior decorators and they'll say it belongs with the simple, beautiful, functional furniture of today. Even the tiniest home can make room for this Supertone piano gracefully, and enjoy its dulcet tones and the chic of its stark white Dupont Fabrikoid finish. Yours for $350—and sure to make the wife and kiddies happy.


6


12

### 12. "LADY, LET'S SEE YOUR LICENSE!"

The law speaks and the lady trembles — unless she carries a "La Garde." In the gay morocco-grained young calf billfold goes her driver's license and car registration. Bills hide away in the zipper-compartment. The matching cigarette case has a zipper-bottom and a flap-up top. $2.00 for the set ($1.00 each), in Robin Hood red and green, Knockout blue, dahlia and ebony.

(For More Christmas Presents See page 51)

WINE, WOMEN AND SONG
FILL THE SCREEN AS M-G-M THRILLS
THE WORLD WITH ITS GAY, DASHING, MUSICAL TRIUMPH!

Behold the beauty of exotic song-bird Ilona Massey as she hears throbbing love-lyrics from impassioned Nelson Eddy! *(His greatest role since "Naughty Marietta".)*



# *Balalaika*

*starring*

**NELSON EDDY**
**ILONA MASSEY**

*with*

CHARLIE RUGGLES · FRANK MORGAN · LIONEL ATWILL
C. AUBREY SMITH · JOYCE COMPTON · DALIES FRANTZ

Screen Play by Leon Gordon,
Charles Bennett and Jacques Deval
Based upon the Play "Balalaika"
Book and Lyrics by Eric Maschwitz
Music by George Posford and
Bernard Grün
Directed by Reinhold Schunzel
Produced by Lawrence Weingarten

AN M-G-M PICTURE

# PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

**ERNEST V. HEYN**
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**RUTH WATERBURY**
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**FRED R. SAMMIS**
ASSOCIATE EDITOR


On the Cover—Carole Lombard, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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## *Things to Come*

IT seems to me that never before have coming events on the production lists cast a more promising shadow.

In the course of the next few weeks you will be seeing four famous children's classics: Pinocchio, Gulliver, The Blue Bird, Swiss Family Robinson.

Several great English novels are being filmed: The Way of All Flesh, The Light That Failed, Pride and Prejudice, The Moon and Sixpence.

Look at the plays: The Enchanted Cottage, Major Barbara (further evidence that Shaw has succumbed to the cinema), Waterloo Bridge and Bill of Divorcement. And the modern dramatic successes: Abe Lincoln in Illinois, Our Town, No Time for Comedy, Susan and God, The Philadelphia Story.

Never before have the movies made such a concerted effort to bring us the biographies of famous people. We are to see the lives of Victor Herbert and Father Damien, of Doctor Ehrlich, Disraeli and Edgar Allan Poe.

The story of Doctor Morton, who discovered ether, will be recorded in the dramatization of Triumph over Pain.

Two pictures are being made on the life of Edison: One with Mickey Rooney as the Young Tom Edison, the other with Spencer Tracy as Edison the Man. Louis Bromfield's life of Brigham Young is an important addition to the biographical list.

Let us not forget current classics: The Grapes of Wrath, Rebecca, Of Mice and Men, and of course, Gone with the Wind.

Has there ever been such a line-up?

Ernest V. Heyn


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# BRIEF REVIEWS



Bing Edwards (Oh, pardon, we mean Eddie Albert) chalks up a couple more successes with roles in "On Your Toes" and "Four Wives"

**Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition**

### ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES, THE—20th Century-Fox

When *Professor Moriarity* decides to steal the Crown Jewels from the Tower of London, he doesn't figure on Sheer-Luck *Holmes'* uncanny deductions. Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce play *Holmes* and *Dr. Watson*. Alan Marshal and Ida Lupino are the lovers and George Zucco, the *Professor*. Lots of murders but little pace. (*Nov.*)

### ★ ANDY HARDY GETS SPRING FEVER—M-G-M

Easily the best of the series. Mickey Rooney faces disillusionment when he falls in love with his pretty teacher, new Helen Gilbert. There's a mild counterplot to keep the *Judge*, Lewis Stone, busy. But your throat will ache with wanting to bawl over Mickey's heartbreak, the while you laugh at him. (*Oct.*)

### ★ BABES IN ARMS—M-G-M

They don't come any funnier. Mickey Rooney, as the son of ex-vaudeville artist Charles Winninger, tries to change the family fortunes by organizing his own show. With the aid of Judy Garland, Betty Jaynes, June Preisser, he puts on routines that will have you in the aisles. Guy Kibbee is the kindly judge who keeps the kids out of the state work school. Don't miss this. (*Nov.*)

### BAD LANDS—RKO-Radio

This is pretty bewildering. It's about nine men sitting around waiting to die. A sheriff and a posse go out to search for a killer, and the killer traps the hunters. No females in the cast, either. Robert Barrat, Noah Beery, Jr., and others are uninspired. (*Oct.*)

### ★ BEAU GESTE—Paramount

Remember Ronald Colman as *Beau Geste*? This time it's Gary Cooper who, with his loyal brothers, Ray Milland and Robert Preston, rushes off to the Sahara when accused of stealing the giant sapphire. It's a man's film, since romance is limited to a few yearning glances between Milland and Susan Hayward; and since blood and thunder comprise the remainder of the offering. Brian Donlevy is excellent. (*Oct.*)

### BLACKMAIL—M-G-M

A morbid but thrill-packed movie revolving around oil-well fires and the methods of fighting them. There's an escaped criminal, a chain gang, and Edward G. Robinson, who does a swell job. Gene Lockhart and Bobs Watson are good, too. (*Dec.*)

### BLONDIE TAKES A VACATION—Columbia

*Dagwood* takes the rap while *Blondie* takes a vacation, and it's all just as amusing as the other films in this comic-strip hit series. Larry Simms, as *Baby Dumpling*, keeps disappearing, but he's cute when on the screen. Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake rattle along as the *Bumsteads*. (*Oct.*)

### CALL A MESSENGER—Universal

The Little Tough Guys and the Dead End Kids merge in this story of a telegraph official (Robert Armstrong) who thinks he might work some regeneration by giving the kids jobs. The idea clicks. Anne Nagel, Victor Jory and Mary Carlisle support the boys. (*Dec.*)

### CALLING ALL MARINES—Republic

Here's a strange story of gangsters who attack the U. S. Marines to steal a bomb. There's plenty of blasting and noise, but Helen Mack, Donald Barry, Robert Kent and Warren Hymer all seem mildly bewildered at what they're doing. (*Dec.*)

### ★ CAT AND THE CANARY, THE—Paramount

A thriller—and funny! Paulette Goddard is heir to the estate of an eccentric millionaire, but there's a second will in case she should die or become insane within a month. With a dangerous lunatic loose, uncanny noises and clutching hands, there's plenty to keep you screeching. Paulette makes a convincingly frightened heiress and shares a hectic romance with Bob Hope. (*Dec.*)

### ★ CHALLENGE, THE—Denham Films

The villain of this melodrama is a mountain; the hero, the breath-taking escapes from snowslides in the Alps in the 1860's. The rivalry of an Italian and an Englishman (Luis Trenker and Robert Douglas); the rivalry of three countries to be the first to scale the Matterhorn is the basis of the plot. It's intense drama. (*Dec.*)

### CHARLIE CHAN AT TREASURE ISLAND—20th Century-Fox

Routine *Chan* fare with philosophical *Charlie* uncovering the hocus-pocus of one *Dr. Zodiac*, mystic. An exposé of fake mediums, which Sidney Toler, as *Chan*, does admirably. Cesar Romero, Pauline Moore and Wally Vernon help the plot. (*Nov.*)

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★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED



Peterkin, the newest impish cartoon creation, typifies the Hollywood of today



Douglas MacPhail and Betty Jaynes provided "Babes in Arms" with an unexpected ending—off screen!



Ruth Waterbury

# CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

BY RUTH WATERBURY

IN the saddened world of today Hollywood keeps right on with its own blend of goofiness and greatness . . . that's why I continue to love the place . . . for with Europe gone mad who shall say but that the ability to keep on laughing may not prove to be the final sanity? . . . it's not my business to write of war and politics, I know . . . but happy nations do not go to war . . . and the ability to laugh is one characteristic that distinguishes man from the rest of the animal kingdom . . . beasts can think and feel and eat and bear young . . . only man can give expression to gaiety and the fact remains that when a nation is gay it is greatest . . . as was England in the days of Elizabeth . . . and art flourishes then and survives dictators and upheavals . . . as witness the sculpture of Greece and the music of ancient Russia . . . and thus if Hollywood keeps right on with its dizzy, giddy, creative pace there may be hope for humanity in it. . . .

Take Peterkin, for example . . . that's Peterkin popping about at the top of this page . . . he's new and merely a short . . . but I think you'll want to see a lot of him once you've seen him at your local theater . . . for he is a thing of mischievousness and a joy forever . . . and he's typical of what goes on in Hollywood behind the scenes. . . .

There is a fantastic amount of unsung talent out here . . . the actors get all the fanfare . . . which is all right in a way for they are extraordinary people, what with their handsomeness, their charm and their power of creating illusion . . . but some few are wise to themselves . . . like George Brent who says that he feels no actor should take an Academy Award for himself but should state publicly that it belongs more to the crew, the script writer and the director than it does to the performer . . . that is, George feels that the Award should not be given to the individual but to a unit . . . which is very accurate . . . it is the group spirit out here . . . similar to that of the Guilds of the Middle Ages . . . that puts things across . . . and makes Hollywood the wonderful place it is. . . .

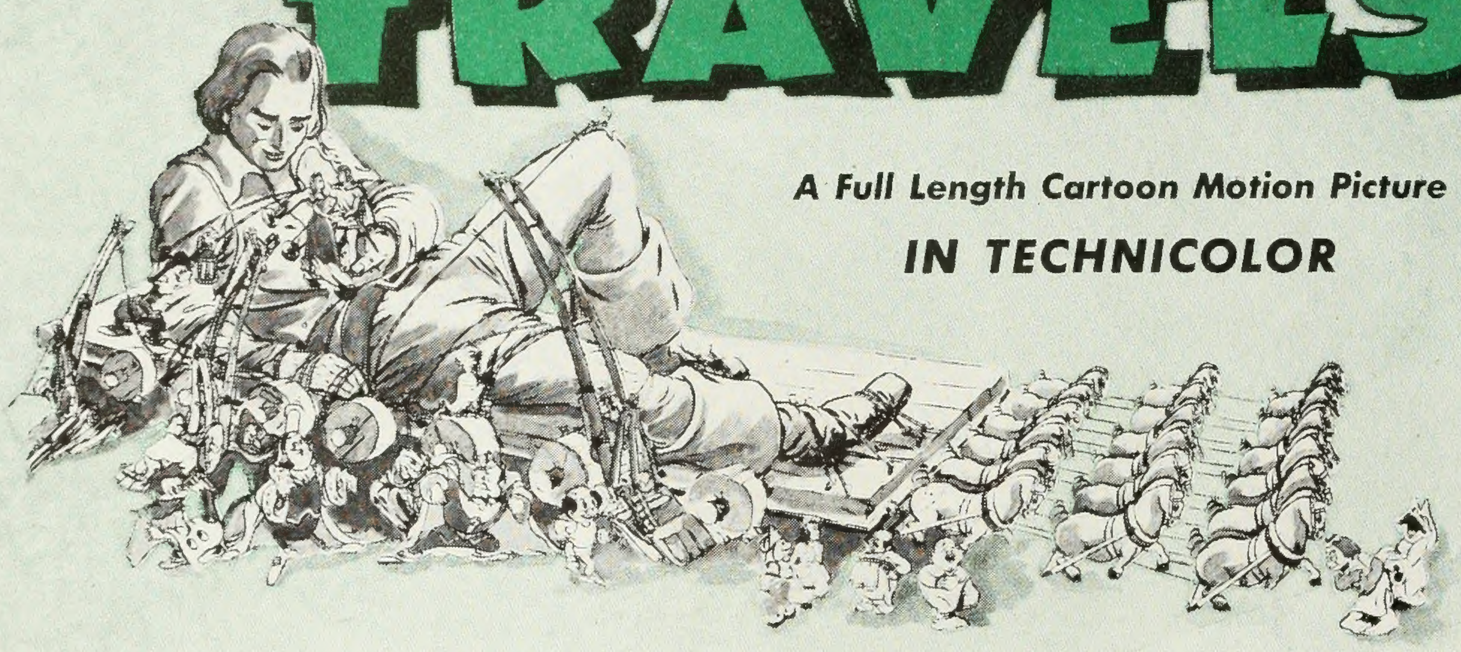
This month . . . discovering Peterkin . . . chatting with George Brent and Jimmy Cagney on the set of "The Fighting 69th" (with Cagney calling Brent "Puss" in exactly the same tone

*(Continued on page 79)*

# PARAMOUNT WISHES YOU A MERRY XMAS

PARAMOUNT'S lyrical, laughable, lovable epic of Lilliput Land

# "GULLIVER'S TRAVELS"



*A Full Length Cartoon Motion Picture*

***IN TECHNICOLOR***



*Gabby, the town crier.*

Adventure with the shipwrecked Gulliver among the tiny people of Lilliput land...25,000 of them.

Laugh till your sides ache at the antics of Gabby, the town crier, the little fellow who discovered the giant Gulliver but couldn't find himself in the dark.



*Sneak, Snoop, and Snitch.*



*Prince David and Princess Glory.*

Meet King Little and his terrible tempered rival, King Bombo. Meet the charming Princess Glory and her brave lover, Prince David . . . hear them sing their love songs, "Forever" and "Faithful."

See the tiny Lilliputian horses drag the giant to King Little's castle. See Gulliver, single-handed, capture the entire Lilliputian battle fleet!



*King Little and King Bombo.*



*Twinkletoes.*

Thrill to those three spies, Sneak, Snoop, and Snitch. Meet Twinkletoes, the carrier pigeon . . . *Meet them all . . . laugh with them . . . sing with them* eight never-to-be-forgotten Leo Robin and Ralph Rainger songs: *"Faithful Forever," "Bluebirds in the Moonlight," "I Hear a Dream," "It's a Hap-Hap-Happy Day,"* "All's Well," "We're All Together Now," "Faithful," "Forever."*

**A PARAMOUNT PICTURE • PRODUCED BY MAX FLEISCHER • DIRECTED BY DAVE FLEISCHER**

* "IT'S A HAP-HAP-HAPPY DAY"—Words and Music by Al. J. Neiburg and Sammy Timberg & Winston Sharples

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# AND A VERY MARY (MARTIN) NEW YEAR!

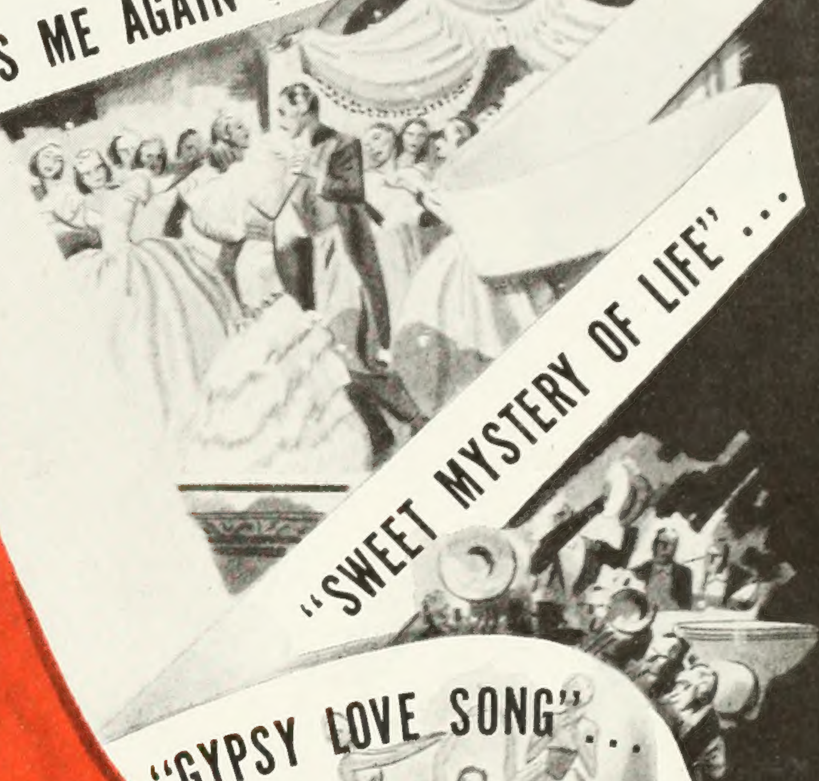


"I'M FALLING IN LOVE WITH SOME ONE"...

• **THE GREAT MARY** ("My Heart Belongs to Daddy") **MARTIN**... as the singing sweetheart of Victor Herbert's Broadway... Allan Jones, as the star who means it when he sings "Kiss Me Again" to Mary... The Great Victor Herbert's most familiar melodies as the glorious background for a love story as romantic as yesterday, as real as today.

"A KISS IN THE DARK"...

"KISS ME AGAIN"... "THINE ALONE"...



"SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE"...

"GYPSY LOVE SONG"...



"THE GREAT VICTOR HERBERT"

*A Paramount Picture with*

**Allan Jones · Mary Martin · Walter Connolly**

**Lee Bowman · Judith Barrett · Susanna Foster · Produced and Directed by ANDREW L. STONE**

**Screen Play by Russel Crouse and Robert Lively • Based on a story by Robert Lively and Andrew L. Stone**

BY RUTH WATERBURY

THE greatest hit that the mighty Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has had in years is the musical comedy, "Babes in Arms."

It stars Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland. Their two names are up there in equally large type, in equally brilliant electric lights. But regardless of Judy's good work, it's Mickey's picture virtually from the first shot to the final fade-out. He's funny. He's pathetic. He works in black face and does a soft shoe dance. He is Gable talking to Lionel Barrymore in one scene and Lionel talking to Clark in another. He is at once President Roosevelt and a goofy kid sick from smoking his first cigar. He runs such a gamut as would kill most stars and the result is that exhibitors are crying for him. The public is yelling for him. His contract, right now, is one of the most valuable in the whole movie world.

# HOW ANDY HARDY REFORMED MICKEY ROONEY

ickey adores his "Mom" -that mother who dedi- ted herself to taking re of a little boy who uld find work when she uld not; that boy who as to become the amaz- g star of "Babes in Arms"

*The heartwarming story of an adolescent who triumphed over the temptations of too sudden riches*

Actually, there are three stars in "Babes." There are Mickey and Judy, of course. But have you guessed the third? He's *Andy Hardy.*

For while *Andy Hardy* belongs in a series and therein couldn't possibly have been the boy he is without Mickey, equally the Mickey Rooney of today couldn't have been what he now is without *Andy Hardy.*

In fact, without *Andy Hardy,* Mickey, instead of being currently triumphant, might very well be on the skids. For now that he has passed safely through a dangerous phase it can be told how Mickey Rooney nearly lost his head—and how *Andy Hardy* saved it for him. An amazing and heartwarming yarn this is, this story of a boy of very lively flesh and blood who was saved by a make-believe boy in a shooting script.

*Andy Hardy* not only made Mickey Rooney a star but gave him the education he never had had a chance to get, taught him refinements he hadn't had time to learn, showed him a better way of living and thinking. Instead of allowing Mickey to go Hollywood, *Andy* made him go genuine, average American. Instead of letting him be a flash in the pan, *Andy* taught him how to be a permanent star.

To begin with you have to remember that Mickey Rooney, who was born Joe Yule, Jr., has had it tough all his life. He's taken off just six months—the first six. Ever since then he's been self-supporting; ever since he was five he's been taking care of his mother, too.

That mother is a swell person. She didn't want Mickey to work, any more than she wanted him growing up backstage in cheap burlesque houses or knocking around studio casting offices. But they had to eat, and the little boy could find work when she couldn't. So, as the years passed, she dedicated herself to taking care of him, while he dedicated himself to being funny.

Week by week, season by season, they barely managed to get along, until the lucky day, nearly four years ago, when Mickey finally signed his M-G-M contract and they both realized they were reasonably secure for the first time in their precarious lives.

He went into "Hideout" and was very good. He went into "The Devil Is a Sissy" and was even better. He went into "Stablemates" and was great. Metro took away his first contract and gave him a better one, for more money and more years. The little boy who had had to dye his hair with shoe blacking (because his mother couldn't afford real dye and he had to be a brunet for his first movie work) was suddenly a star, a big shot, a hot potato. Boom went his hatband. Bang went his head. He got cocky as could be. It wasn't any wonder. It would have been a miracle if he hadn't. For he was just sixteen.

But Hollywood didn't stop to consider that. Hollywood said Rooney's success had gone to his head. That was true. It had. But the fact that similar success would have gone to almost any sixteen-year-old head—and to many a sixty-year-old head, for that matter—nobody stopped to consider. All Hollywood tried to do was to get Rooney out of its hair. But it couldn't.

The kid was everywhere. If you couldn't see him for a block off, you could hear him. He bought a big blue car. He bought a wardrobe of clothes that made a forest fire look pallid. He hired a valet (and was forever forgetting to call him when he wanted to dress). He organized a band. He jitterbugged on night-club dance floors. He tried to date every girl he met. He flashed a roll of bills. Quickly, new friends sprang up around him and he swaggered into places with this silly mob at his heels. The gang told him he was terrific; and, of course, he believed it. The things he did were essentially harmless to other people, but they were antagonizing—hence bad for him.



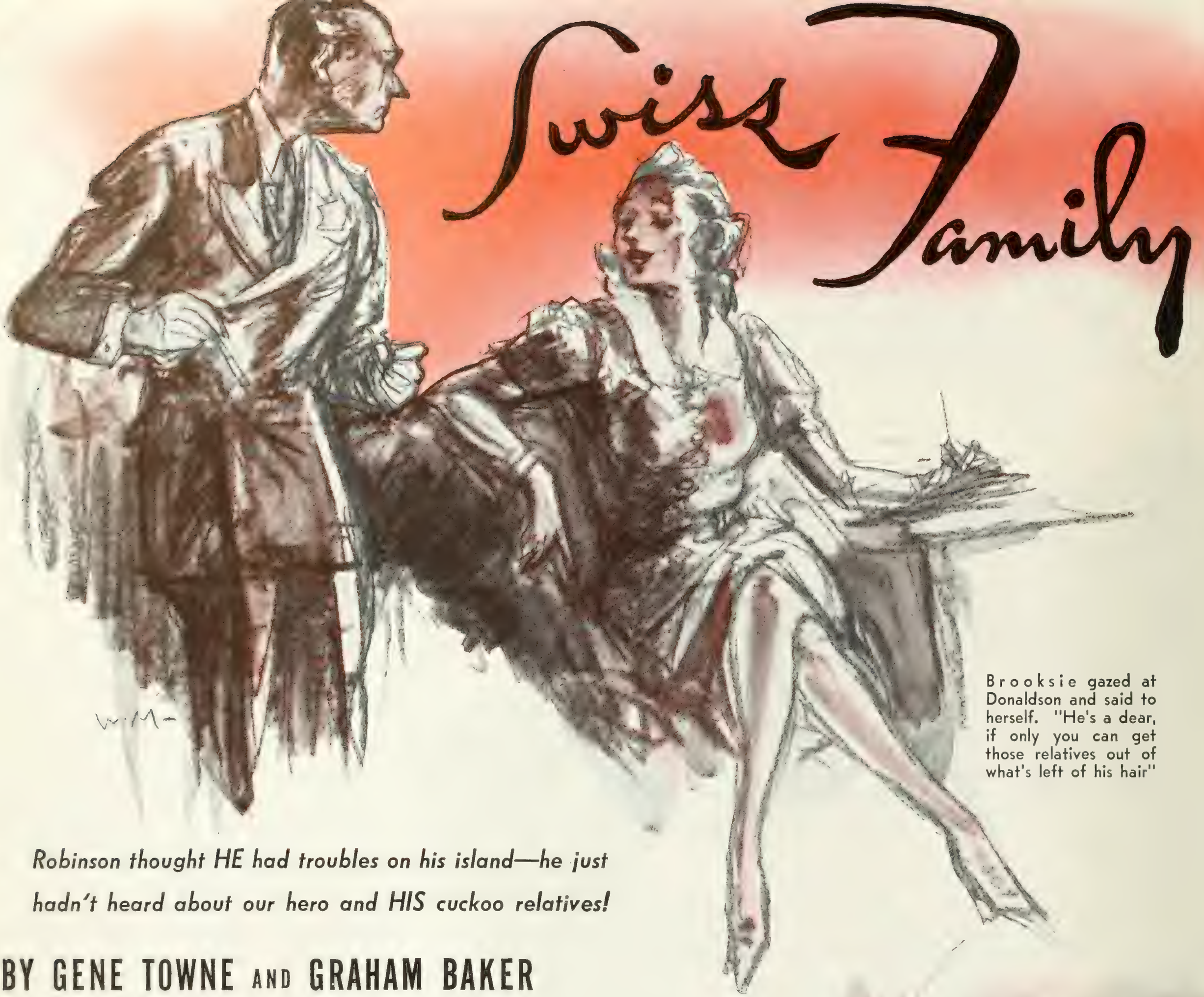

THEN, to Mickey's eternal good fortune, "A Family Affair," the first of the *Hardy* pictures, came along, and through the medium of his role he made his first real acquaintance with a true American boy; became, in the studio, the member of a typical American family; entered, through his sensitive imagination, the life of an American small town.

He who had never had a father to guide him (for while Joe Yule is now under contract to Metro, Mickey hadn't at that time seen him for years) suddenly got a guiding one via the screen. He who had never had a sister got a very interested one in the sweet person of Cecilia Parker. He who had never known anyone who wasn't somehow connected with acting, with all the exhibitionism and competition acting necessitates, learned through scripts a quieter and more ethical way of life. In other words, through the *Hardy* pictures, Mickey actually entered into society as it is lived in the world at large. It is to his eternal credit as an actor that he played it so convincingly.

Nothing was expected of the first *Hardy* picture and less of *Andy Hardy* therein. "A Family Affair" was a Lionel Barrymore starrer; but, with the greatest respect to the distinguished Lionel, it must be said that it was Mickey's good fortune that Lewis Stone went into the role of *Judge Hardy* in the second *Hardy* production. For any Barrymore, is, after all, all stage and three yards grease paint and Lewis Stone, though an actor for years, is, off screen, very much the social gentleman. He's a soldier, a sailor, a philosopher and a very rich man. He mingles with all types of people, preferably not actors, and he began giving Mickey the

*(Continued on page 80)*

# Swiss Family



Brooksie gazed at Donaldson and said to herself. "He's a dear, if only you can get those relatives out of what's left of his hair"

***Robinson thought HE had troubles on his island—he just hadn't heard about our hero and HIS cuckoo relatives!***

## BY GENE TOWNE AND GRAHAM BAKER

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

*"We can choose our own friends,*
*But God gives us our relatives."*
—Poet Anon.—From the Persian

HOWARD DONALDSON watched a fly buzzing industriously, if ineffectually, against the windowpane and wondered if a fly buzzing against a windowpane might not prove something symbolic in his next picture. There was a light rap on his office door and Brooksie came in, her arms loaded with papers.

Brooksie was Donaldson's private secretary and Donaldson was the most important producer for Atlas Pictures' gigantic Hollywood film factory. Brooksie was blonde, with large, innocent blue eyes that would fool you if you didn't know better. She had been with Donaldson for five years and, although her boss sometimes made a mistake, she never did. She knew Donaldson as Edgar Bergen knows Charlie McCarthy.

Brooksie deposited the papers on the desk prepared to start the day's routine. Ordinarily Donaldson pitched into this chore with the boundless enthusiasm of *Dagwood's* search for a midnight sandwich, but on this particular morning he had something on his mind even more momentous than the destinies of Atlas Pictures. The evening before, somewhere between his decision to change the title of a forthcoming picture and a mental resolve to get more exercise, it had come to him quite suddenly that he was desperately in love with Brooksie.

Being alone at the time, it seemed a grand and glorious vista. He had promptly begun to rehearse the perfect proposal of marriage. It would be a combination of a love scene from "Romeo and Juliet" (latest film version) and Robert Taylor and Hedy Lamarr in a tropical setting. Yet it would be even more tender and convincing. He would take Brooksie in his arms and say: "My sweetheart, it was fate that brought us together—"

Brooksie's calmly efficient voice brought him back to the present. "How about Grace Darling's option?"

"What about it?"

"I'll write her that we're not taking it up."

"Yeah, go ahead," Donaldson replied vaguely, then determined to cross the Rubicon in one leap. His intentions were of the best, but his execution was way off the Romeo-Juliet-Taylor-Lamarr form. He sounded exactly like Howard Donaldson, the efficient producer, when he said:

"Miss Brooks, do you think marriage and a career can be one and the same thing?"

# HOLLYWOOD

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** *Proudly we present the comedy fiction scoop of the month—an hilarious, movie-wise novelette by Towne and Baker, Hollywood's best-known and certainly its most madcap team of writers. Adding another string to their bow, this energetic pair is now making a debut as producers. For their first RKO-Radio release, they have chosen the beloved "Swiss Family Robinson." Not to be confused with the present ultra-modern story beginning on these pages, "Swiss Family Robinson" is that same serious classic which has been translated into every language—including the Hindu—since it was written in 1812-13 by Johann David Wyss. For their film version, author-producers Towne and Baker have assembled one of the screen's best cast of characters, including, among others, Thomas Mitchell, Edna Best, Freddie Bartholomew, Tim Holt, Terry Kilburn and baby Bobby Quillan.—E.V.H.*

If Brooksie knew what her employer was trying to stumble into, she gave no outward sign. "If you are thinking of your own career, Mr. Donaldson, you had better take it up with your sister. She seems to manage that side of your affairs quite well." Donaldson winced and Brooksie continued, not trying very hard to keep cattiness out of her voice, "As a matter of fact, there's a letter from her this morning."

Donaldson realized his campaign to woo and win Brooksie had lacked any number of essential Romeo-Juliet ingredients at the beginning and this flank attack made it even more clear that he was in the position of a man who has sat up all night cramming his head full of facts on television to find the next day that his listener had invented it.

He sighed audibly as he fingered through his mail and came across the fat envelope addressed in the all-too-familiar angular scrawl of his sister, Christine, and then carefully placed it unopened on the far side of his desk. He always did this with his sister's letters. He felt sure that some day a letter from Christine would be brushed off into the wastebasket before he could read it.

For a brief instant a look of maternal compassion showed on Brooksie's face, but it was a fleeting one. She gave no quarter:

"I'd suggest you forget love in a cottage for the time being and think about that new novel of Brownfield's. Are we going to buy it or not? We've only till tonight to decide. Paramount wants it too, you know."

With an almost superhuman effort, Donaldson managed to cast off his role of lover. "Then somebody at Paramount must see a picture in it. We better beat 'em to it."

"Paramount only wants it because they think you see a picture in it," Brooksie countered.

"The dopes," replied Donaldson, rather inconsistently. He pondered this grave question for a second before saying, almost petulantly, "Well, have Gardner, if he's still head of the story department, see me right after lunch." He seemed to have entirely forgotten about romance, and as he hurled himself into feverish, efficient activity, Brooksie felt a bit chagrined.

DURING the morning she was in and out of his office half a dozen times, each appearance less important and each stay a bit more lingering. But he missed the open hint completely. Unconsciously and unintentionally, Donaldson was doing a far better job of getting Brooksie to co-star with him forever and ever by using these tactics.

The highly efficient secretary had just finished another careful scrutiny into her vanity mirror, preparatory to a final foray, when Donaldson called her on the interoffice communication.

"Miss Brooks," said Donaldson.

"Yes," said Miss Brooks.

"Ahem (sound of throat being cleared), Ahem!"

"Yes," said Miss Brooks.

"Oh, yes, 'um, 'er, by the way. Could you arrange to have lunch with me today? It's kind of important."

Brooksie smiled to herself.

"Why, of course, Mr. Donaldson. Shall I bring my notebook? I mean, will you have some dictation?"

"Yes, that is no. I mean I have something important to say, but you won't need a notebook."

The Great Man swiveled his chair back, lighted his cigar carefully, swung his feet to his desk and resumed his mental self-rehearsal of sweeping the incomparable Brooksie off her well-shod feet into his expansive heart and even more expansive bank account.

Life was pretty good, he reflected with eyes

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Donaldson tried to put heartiness in his voice. "Swell, Hughes, swell to see you." Hughes held out a hand that felt like a decomposed eel and grinned a bit foolishly



# VIRGINIA PEINE— GEORGE RAFT— NORMA SHEARER—

## THEIR DRAMATIC STORY OF *Love and Friendship* *Modern Love*



A romance is over; the odds were too great. Virginia's gone her way, George his

BY ROBERTA ORMISTON

THE story of George Raft and Virginia Peine and their love could have been told any time during the past seven years. It is the change in their relationship that has come about in the last eight months, and the good fortune I had in securing an exclusive interview with Virginia Peine that makes this story one which can and should be told now.

The events of the last eight months include not only a dramatic and heartbreaking separation between George and Virginia but also the growth of a much-publicized friendship between George and Norma Shearer.

When Virginia and George met seven years ago they were both married. Virginia got her divorce almost immediately. George still isn't free. Technically, therefore, through all the years of their relationship Virginia was "the other woman." But only technically. For those who knew her saw her in an inspired role. Beautiful enough to be loved by almost any man and talented enough to have a bright career she stood unequivocally by George Raft even though the odds nearly always were against their chances of marriage.

It was one night last spring that all this changed . . . and the stage then was set for Norma Shearer to come on and play her part in this modern story of love and friendship.

That night George and Virginia had dinner, as usual, in the serene, white-brick, Georgian house in which Virginia lived with her daughter, Joan. Together Virginia and George had bought the land and built this house. It was one of those times when they were confident George's divorce was assured and they soon could be married and share the house.

"I want to talk to you," Virginia said to George after dinner, as they made their way toward the living room.

George lighted a fire. It's chilly in Cold Water Canyon when the sun goes down. Through the windows, open behind the drawn curtains, came the clean smell of sage. In the kitchen the servants were clearing away the dinner. Joan was asleep upstairs. It was as it long had been. But soon it was to be different.

Virginia told me all about it when I saw her in New York five or six months later, by which time the break she proposed to George that night had been made. She had taken a furnished apartment until her things arrived from California. After much careful inquiry she had entered Joan in school. And eager for work so she would have no time to think, she had signed with a prominent theatrical agent.

I'll long remember Virginia that day. There was something shining and splendid about her. Her chin had a brave tilt. It was only an occasional tone in her voice and a fleeting expression in her eyes that hinted what went on in her young heart.

Apropos of that spring night when she told George she wanted to talk with him, Virginia said to me: "For six months, since the last time

George's divorce had failed to materialize, I had been priming my courage for that moment. For years George and I had lived in abeyance, waiting for something—like a mirage—that disappeared every time we drew near to it. Obviously we couldn't go on this way forever. So the healthy, constructive thing for us to do was make a break. And it seemed to me the sooner we made it the better—for both of us."

That was just about the way she said it to George, too, disregarding the fine speeches she had been composing and revising in her mind.

And George must have been proud of her for having come to a conclusion concerning the very things about which he was still in doubt.

It wasn't easy for either of them. Seven years they had loved each other better than all the world. . . .

IT began almost as soon as Virginia arrived in California. She was in her early twenties. Her marriage to a rich Chicago boy had failed and, a little bewildered, she hoped to stake out a new life in work. Joan was only an infant.

The men in California saw Virginia's bright hair and gentle eyes, and her social success was assured. They bought her pink champagne at the Trocadero. They piled chips high at her place at the Clover Club. They implored her, *please,* to borrow their cars.

"And," to let Virginia tell her own story, "when the evening was over and those men saw me to my door they always suggested, at least, that they come in for a nightcap.

"*Then I met George.* He was at the Clover Club with a large party, but he remained when the others went home. And I knew why! For all evening I had been excited and happy—the way I hadn't expected to be excited and happy again for a long time—because his eyes never had left me.

" 'Like to meet George Raft?' offered a girl in my party who was sensitive to that consciousness of each other which George and I had. And I nodded—*eagerly!*

"He was so sweet the first time he took me out. We went to the fights. On the way home we stopped at a roadside stand for Hamburgers. And when I took my key out at the front door he didn't even mention a nightcap. He just tipped his hat and asked if he could see me soon again."

It wasn't long after this that Virginia had to go to Chicago to get her divorce. When she came out of court George was waiting.

"You two planning on getting married?" asked the reporters.

"Right!" George said. "As fast as we can!"

He had been separated from his wife for years. It didn't occur to him there would be any difficulty on this score. But had he been a little less in love he might have known that it is not always easy to arrange a mutually satisfactory divorce.

It always was the same. George never could hide his love for Virginia or pretend it was any less than it was. Again and again his offers were refused and his hopes of freedom crashed. But not once did he haul down his proud colors.

The years passed. The relationship between these two became the better part of a marriage. Every night they dined together. Neither ever raised eyes to another man or woman. Joan grew into a charming little girl and you saw the three of them together everywhere—everywhere a little girl should go. And most of the time, I think, George forgot Joan wasn't his child.

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George is back in Hollywood making "Invisible Stripes"

George took Virginia's advice and sailed for a European vacation. Aboard ship were several Hollywood people, among them—Norma Shearer



Mary Martin—Hollywood passed her up once, but her "Daddy" song and a strip tease made her famous



Ingrid Bergman—she gave movie moguls lessons in Swedish thrift



John Sutton — born in New Jersey, with an English accent

# Close-up of Young Hollywood

*Photoplay brings you sparkling close-ups of ten promising newcomers who'll have you asking your movie companion, "Who's she?" and "What's his name?"*

BY SARA HAMILTON

THAT Hollywood is a wench! Sly, clever, cunning as the dickens, wearing a face as blandly innocent as a round of rattrap cheese, she can be at the same time as tricky as a relaxed garter, letting loose with some new bit of chicanery just when one expects it least.

But this time we're ahead of her. We've found out her little scheme for confounding the public with a united mass of new and startling talent to be sprung almost to the exact minute as a sort of holiday surprise for us little kiddies. A surprise destined to leave all of us in the usual dither of sleeve pulling in the middle of a picture to ask our neighbor, "Who's she?" "What's his name again?" "How long has this baby been going on?" And getting nothing but shshsh's and "be quiet," and dirty looks for our interest.

So ahead of time we know the answers. Smug—my gosh, are we smug in our knowledge that includes the fact the new girl, Mary Martin in Paramount's Victor Herbert picture is the "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" girl, and Maureen O'Hara in "The Hunchback" nightmare is nuts for "the little people of Ireland." But nuts! Just



Laraine Day—sings off-key, is roller-skate crazy and can't get away from the redskins



Betty Field—her "Do not take my child" scared Boston natives



John Russell—deflater of adult ego and outsmarter of Shirley T.



Robert Stack—he's on the receiving end of Deanna's first screen kiss

# NEW FACES

go on, ask us something, try to trip us up once. Ask us something like "Is it true that Ingrid Bergman has a dimple in her right cheek?" And we'll come back just like a flash, "Oh no, it's not a dimple, it's a mole and it's on Mary Martin's left leg."

But to get back to Miss Bergman—and to begin at the beginning of a brief but beautiful friendship—one year ago, in a small downtown theater in Los Angeles, we saw on the screen a girl who was as clear-cut as the fjords of Norway, as different as an unfaithful old geyser, and as alluring as a warm night in Bali. She was performing, and doing it beautifully, in a Swedish film called, "Intermezzo." The program said her name was Ingrid Bergman. We never forgot her. Couldn't, for only a year or so later, Ingrid was startling America playing her same role in the Hollywood version—which wasn't half as good, believe me.

Ingrid Bergman. The name reveals so little of the approachable warmth and kindliness of her. Yet, how eloquently it speaks of things. Of her homeland—Sweden. Of Stockholm where she was born while the European war raged about her. But, of course, we have to admit there's little about the name that suggests she'd one day become Hollywood's champion corn-on-the-cob eater. The vegetable simply fascinated her. She ate tons of it. And never gained an ounce.

Her sense of humor enchants us. When we complimented her on her perfect English, she said, her eyes dancing, "You see I was a student for eleven years at the 'Stockholm Lyceum for Flicker.'"

"For Flicker?" we gasped, "you mean movies?"

It was then the laugh bubbled over. "I thought you would say that. No. It was nothing to do with pictures. It is a public school where I learned English and German."

By the way, she speaks French, too, plays the piano exquisitely, as you will note in the film, and has an adorable baby. Her own. She couldn't wait to get back to it after the picture was over. Her husband is an engineer in Stockholm.

Gregory Ratoff, the director, furnished her with several moments of amusement.

"*Quviet* please," Gregory would shout on the set. "Quviet."

"Dot is quviet," Ingrid would say slyly, above the din, to Leslie Howard, "very quiet."

If you ask me, she kinda put the Hollywood boys in their place. But *quvi*etly, of course. For instance, they tacked up on her dressing room door, a sign reading, "Keep Out. This Room for Miss Bergman Only."

"It seems rude," she said, "please take it down."

The sign on her door then read, "Miss Bergman." That's all.

She killed them on the clothes thing, too. One elaborate gown was cast aside, in typical Hollywood fashion, because it didn't fit. Imagine everyone's face when Ingrid insisted upon taking the gown *home* to *remodel* herself. "Here we come a-sewing, a-sewing, a-sewing, so early in the morning!"

And the gloves! They came out to measure Miss Bergman's long, slim hands for pigskin gloves to be used in *one* scene. She was horrified. "I'll wear my own," she said, and did.

"That girl would save this town a lot of dough," a prop man shrugged. "A lot of dough."

Her father is a prominent photographer in Stockholm. He knew her clear beautiful skin, light well-brushed hair, clear hazel eyes beneath



Vincent Price—mention movies to him and he talks about his wife's big eyes



Maureen O'Hara—"Baby" to some, "The Menace" to those who play opposite her

Edmond O'Brien—an Irish seventh son of a seventh son

natural eyebrows were a dramatic dream. So when at fifteen she wrote and directed a school play that drew the attention of the director of the Royal Dramatic Theater School and they came to get her to enroll, he gave his permission. A talent scout for a film company (they have them in Sweden, too) saw her and in no time Ingrid was a star in Sweden. A star who spoke four languages, worked, dreamed, studied and did land in Hollywood.

She wore *no* screen make-up. Only lipstick. Taller than most film girls, five feet six, she weighs a healthy 120 pounds. Never diets. Her tastes are simple in clothes. White is her favorite color. Unlike her fellow countrywoman, Miss Garbo, Ingrid is always ready to laugh and yet, somehow she, too, stands alone in quiet simple dignity. Under contract to Selznick International, they expect her to return as soon as they find a suitable picture.

Put this down as the biggest *faux pas* of my life—I forgot to ask her, before she returned to Sweden—what she calls her baby.

### He's Got Everything

Remember the movie where the rich young man, dashing, handsome, clever, loves the girl and actually gets her? Know who that boy was? He was Robert Stack—the Robert Stack who has come into movies for the first time as Deanna Durbin's leading man in "First Love." I can't make up my mind whether that distinction, or the fact Robert taught Carole Lombard how to shoot is the more important. And this while Carole resided in Lake Tahoe for the purpose of divorcing Bill Powell. And you thought Gable taught her, didn't you?

At the age of twenty, Robert is only one of the five best shots in the world—that's all. Gable and Fred MacMurray were his friends long before movies saw him. He plays polo like mad, or did, until he broke his arm three times and Mother said, "Dismount." It's hard to believe all this glamour was born in the person of one lad right here in Los Angeles. His father, now deceased, headed the advertising firm of Stack and Goebel. When very young, he went with his mother to Paris to live, and here's an amusing incident that followed. When Robert was about seven they decided, after four years, to return home. At the immigration office, however, it was discovered the boy, a blond, could speak no English. Only French. Instantly they accused the mother, a brunette, of bringing an alien into the country. It was terrible. Telephone wires buzzed to Los Angeles for the data on the boy's birth certificate, and after two days, the Stacks were admitted to their own country.

Robert went to Carl Curtis prep school in Los Angeles and then Los Angeles High School. He went to the University of Southern California two years *just* for the *polo*. But in his blood was music and drama, so he tried Henry Duffy's Little Theater school, and in a play, "Personal Appearance," was seen by a Universal scout and signed as Deanna's first screen lover. He had had several other offers but his guardian turned them down. His list of clubs would fill a blue book. His athletic accomplishments, skiing, swimming, motor boating, shooting, golfing, polo, are of national record. He's even been "sports interviewed" on the radio. But his mother always wanted to be an actress, and with Richard Bonelli for an uncle and his only brother married to Guy Bolton's daughter, Robert couldn't get away from the stage. But typical of all rich boys, he did work in a lumber camp one summer, and owns a coupe that has to be shoved to be started. I tell you, he's wonderful. How Durbin can resist him, we'll never know. His eyes smile and his blond hair is crisp and straight. "They want Deanna to go to the preview of 'First Love' with me," he said, "but I know she won't." He said it wistfully, I thought, in spite of the fact Miss Cobina Wright, Jr., is *the* girl friend. He loathes padded shoulders, and has a figure like a god. Here's how he Stacks up (pun intended): hat 7¼, shoes size 10, collars 15½, socks 11, clothes 40, shirts 15½.

He's the screen's next big moment or I'm Charles Laughton's earache.

### Menace from Dublin

Speaking of Laughton—though *not* of his aches and pains!—there's Maureen O'Hara, his protegée, who gathered such critical kudos to herself when she appeared with Charles in England's "Jamaica Inn," and is expected to repeat when she appears with him in Hollywood's "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." The afore-mentioned "Jamaica Inn" was certainly a high-water mark in the life of this nineteen-year-old lass from Dublin. Not only did it mark her debut as a screen heroine, but it also marked her debut as a bride, for she married George Brown, a technician on the production, just before she left England for Hollywood.

Several amazing things, beside these all-important happenings, stand out about youthful Miss O'Hara, whose real name is Fitzsimon, spelled all in one word, please. She isn't afraid of a soul alive—including Laughton, who scares the pants off us—and she's far from being in a state of hysteria over Hollywood and its surrounding territory known as The United States. She takes it in her stride and she objects to England in spots. She has four sisters and two brothers and misses the big family. She's fresh, natural, argumentative, alive, lovely to look at, plump for Hollywood, and thinks Ireland originated Hollywood slang, because she knows words like "skedaddled" and "smithereens." Her mother accompanied her daughter west. Rather than admit to the expansive grandeur of the United States, Maureen complained the long trip merely made her bottom tired. She did love the sunset over the desert, however. Like a kid, she wears scars on her knees, low-heeled sandals because she's tallish, has a diploma in elocution, and misses the balls in Dublin—the hunts ball, the College of Surgeons' ball, and whatnot. Irish girls dress more simply, she thinks, and pay less attention to clothes.

"Mother saw to it that all us children had music and elocution lessons," she says. "At home we used to have our own shows. When it came time to try out for the Abbey group, I walked on the stage and was given a piece to read from Shakespeare (she can't remember what) and a playlet (ditto). I *was not* nervous and 'I was chosen.'" Now here comes the remarkable thing. She was even chosen for a lead in an

*(Continued on page 68)*




# Subject: Lombard

## BY CLAUDE BINYON

THE man asked me to write about Carole Lombard, star of RKO's "Vigil in the Night," and I said yes. He asked me if I knew her and I said yes. Then he went back to New York and left me in California with a bubble in my brain.

Sure, I know Carole Lombard. I know her like you know somebody you met at a summer resort and can't remember whether it was Michigan or Wisconsin, or whether you promised to send a post card or save up enough money to get married.

I wrote one picture for her and we went to Lake Arrowhead on location. She started talking big about guns one afternoon, and right away I talked bigger, because a woman is a woman outside of Annie Oakley. Then she invited me to shoot clay targets with her in competition and I took her up.

I hit two of my first ten targets. She hit nine.

"Binyon," she said, "you stink."

So we can put down that the lady is frank.

Fred MacMurray and I went duck hunting last fall in a spot where the wind blows alkali dust in your eyes and the sun beats down on your head with all the subtlety of a pile driver. We sat and sweated in fifty-gallon oil tanks which were sunk in the middle of a mucky pond of water, and we looked into the sun until our eyes burned red-hot, but there were no ducks. Then the sun sank and it was as cold as a mother-in-law's kiss. The cabin where we would have dinner was two miles away, through mud and sand and mud and sand.

MacMurray stood up finally and stretched; his teeth chattered a message to pneumonia.

"Anybody," he said, "who'd pay money to sit in a tin can in the desert is nuts."

In two tanks fifty yards away sat Lombard and Gable.

So we can put down that the lady is nuts.

We were in Miss Lombard's home and I had never met her. She had asked that I be borrowed to write a script for her, so I was flattered and I had on my best suit.

We sat waiting, the director and I, and finally she came down the stairs in a white, satiny robe trimmed with fur like the girls wear

*(Continued on page 77)*

# PINOCCHIO Vs.

At opposite ends of the United States two brilliant rivals—Walt Disney in Hollywood and Max Fleischer in Miami (he was the father of the first life-like animated drawings on the screen)—coaxed their artist-assistants to finish film versions of two beloved classics for your winter's entertainment



"Cri-cri-cri . . . I am the Talking-cricket"

Pity Pinocchio when he falls into the hands of Stromboli, the unscrupulous puppet master



Villains—Giddy, J. Worthington "Honest John" Foulfellow and Coachman

"Woe to those boys who run away from home," Pinocchio's conscience, Jiminy Cricket, warns him





Pinocchio, Figaro and Geppetto outwit Monstro, the whale

To some unknown genius in the dim past we are indebted for this story of "Pinocchio" which has charmed legions of children through many generations, for it was Italian folklore long before Carlo Lorenzini, using the pen name of C. Collodi, put it on paper in 1870. While this RKO film is pure fantasy, Jonathan Swift's classic, "Gulliver's Travels," the story of a man in a land of midgets, written in the early eighteenth century and now being filmed by Paramount, has the distinction of being a story for children and, at the same time, a bitter satire on mankind

# GULLIVER

*Following close on the heels of the path-blazing "Snow White," two more beloved childhood classics come to life through the genius of those masters of cartoon—Walt Disney and Max Fleischer*



Gabby, the Town Crier of Lilliput, finds Gulliver



Toiling with ant-like precision, employing hundreds of miniature derricks, the tiny engineers bind the colossus



At first no one would believe the little crier's tale of the man-mountain he found on the beach



The king of the Lilliputians is flustered by the monster in his courtyard

Gulliver plays cupid to diminutive Princess Glory and her lover, Prince David, when he settles a quarrel between their warring fathers




# MIRACLE MEN AT WORK

## to make you Lovelier

*Don't be a diamond in the rough—*

*These Hollywood oracles pass on*

*their secrets for that indefinable*

*something that clicks at a glance*

**BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER**

"BEAUTY is only skin deep." It is indeed! "Pretty is as pretty does." No argument there either!

But there's another equally venerable adage that insists first impressions last longest. It certainly deserves consideration. And in Hollywood it certainly gets it. Leave it to the wise citizens of that town to realize others are as strongly influenced by the first impression they offer as they are by the first impression others offer.

All the miracle men of the studios—the make-up experts, the hairdressers, the dress designers, and the health and charm experts—work together to invest the stars with that indefinable something which makes individuals personable at a first glance; personable in appearance and in attitude.

Movie stars are their own showcases. They cannot risk an inferior first impression. Neither can anyone else, of course. And neither need anyone else. For here the Hollywood miracle men not only list the details of attitude and appearance which create *favorable* first impressions, but they tell how these details may be taken care of simply and surely.

Since some experts appear here for the first time we again seize the opportunity to boast about our source of supply.

Max Factor, Junior, when he was a little lad, before his beard was grown, assisted his father with the make-up of headliners like Mary Pickford, Mabel Normand, and the Gish girls. And when he was eighteen years old, working with his father, he evolved the "color harmony" theory which gave women powder, rouge and lipstick that really were of a color *and a tone* to blend with their individual coloring. No wonder it's young Factor the movies seek as make-up supervisor for color films like "Northwest Passage" and "Wizard of Oz."

Jack Dawn, beauty consultant to Jeanette MacDonald, Myrna Loy, Judy Garland and other lovelies on the Metro lot, is intolerant of women who are unattractive. Today, he insists, no woman need be unattractive. Consequently, he contends that the unattractive woman is the lazy, indifferent woman.

Perc Westmore, Beauty Czar at Warner Brothers, talks to girls like Bette Davis and Ann Sheridan like a Dutch uncle. He doesn't pull his punches. And they love it. Because he shows them the way to greater attractiveness always.

Adrian needs no introduction. His name is forever flashing on the screen as the creator of clothes worn by Metro stars. And his effects are so simple usually, that you think: "Why couldn't *I* have thought of that?"



Are you more interested in repairs than in your escort's conversation?




Rolled-top stockings are as out of date as a roll-top desk



Adrian, however, owes his fame to the fact that nobody else ever does think of *that.*

Edith Head is a little bit of a thing, but, oh my, *oh my!* It isn't only when girls like Claudette Colbert and Joan Bennett have Big Moments on the screen that they run to La Head. They also camp on the doorstep of her couturier department at Paramount when they look forward to a Big Moment off the screen. They know they can count upon her for chic and also for clothes with a restraint that will make them—*of all things*—soignée.

Orry-Kelly, responsible for the little numbers the girls wear in Warner pictures, is always taking something away from his stars. It may be a buckle or a pleat or a hunk of novelty jewelry. But after he does this everyone is always agreed the effect has been improved a hundredfold. And he tells how you can go and do likewise.

Malvina Dunn does very well indeed for herself through her ability to recognize a diamond in the rough. It is to her Warner Brothers entrust the young people who their talent scouts think have the making of stars. Among other very important things, she knows how to smooth quirks out of people who do perfectly dreadful things just because they're trying to conceal an inferiority complex.

Lillian Burns has a little bungalow on the Metro lot which is a Mecca not only for young players, but also for established stars. If you doubt she can perform miracles for human beings, ask those who have worked with her and come away with their personalities all brushed and shining.

*(Continued on page 73)*

Don't say, "Lovely little place you have here." You'll be forgiven self-consciousness, but never that

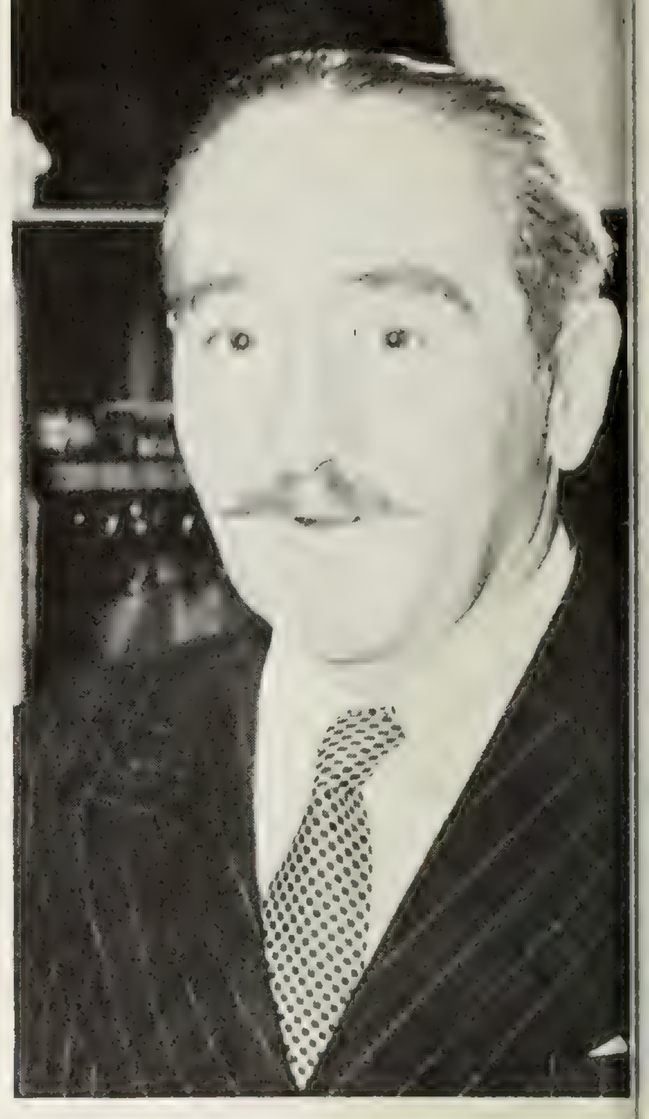
ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA SHERMUND



Bob Taylor dances now and then but (bitter truth) not too well



Mickey Rooney (with New York's Mayor LaGuardia) whose escapades in swing joints make him this writer's nominee for public pixie No. 1



Femme scribes go for Menjou —but what about the males?

# HOW TO PUT A STAR *On the Spot*

*Bring him to Manhattan, turn him loose, then let this merciless gal columnist tell a few startling truths about his behavior*

## BY DOROTHY KILGALLEN

MANHATTAN is the place where Hollywood goes under the microscope. Beverly Hills athletes become Broadway night owls, glamour girls get out of their slacks and into their Schiaparellis, and the celluloid Dream Princes whose Sunset Boulevard routine is a chocolate soda at nine P.M. become midnight revelers in the Stork Club and dawn prowlers in the Swing Street dens.

Most of the stars love New York but not a few are frightened of it. It puts them on the spot, exhibits them to a strange new curious public, puts their casual doings on page one, photographs them from breakfast to bedtime, submits them to a large and persistent army of autograph hunters, and at times even exposes them to threats of extortion and kidnaping. In return, it gives them more fun and gaiety in a week than they can get in Hollywood in a year.

The train that brings a star into Grand Central Station transplants him from a small town where everybody knows him to a big town where nobody knows him but everyone is looking at him. How he stands the metropolitan spotlight depends on a great many things, but chiefly on himself; in general, the stars who are nice in Hollywood are nicer in New York, because they are more relaxed, and those who are dull and disagreeable at Hollywood and Vine are infinitely more dull and disagreeable at Broadway and Forty-second Street.

But the town changes them; it may sharpen them, dress them up, urge too many cocktails into their hands, make them self-conscious, erase their inhibitions, inflate their egos, or search out their true dispositions—but it does something to them, something that is tangible and describable and amusing to watch.

Sonja Henie, who even in Hollywood could scarcely by typed as casual in her public appearances, becomes a great "entrance" girl when she hits New York. She swirls into the night spots looking every inch the Ice Queen, all white chiffon beaded with pearls and rhinestones, white fox from her ears to her knees, orchids on her shoulders, diamonds on her wrists, and on her lips an unalterable smile. She always wears orchids and usually she buys them for herself. Sometimes she buys them for her mother, too. She invariably puts on a show; whatever room she's in, she is the most vivacious gal in it. When she dances she looks like a supercharged little Scandinavian doll.

Even in the daytime, she wears more ermine, pastel fox and feathers than the Queen of England or anybody else you can name. And in case you aren't sure it's Sonja Henie, you can tell by the little diamond miniature of Sonja Henie she always wears on her dress or her hat. She wins all awards for thrift—although she is one of the wealthiest film stars in the industry, she has been known to call up Ted Deglin, press agent at Madison Square Garden, and ask for free tickets to sporting events.

Fred Astaire, the gay guy of the dancing films, is the gloomy gus of the night-club circuit. Thin of pate and of frame, impeccably dressed, he sits around the Monte Carlo and El Morocco on occasional evenings in Manhattan, looking pale and glum. His wife, who is somewhat livelier, is obviously the boss of the family; she engineers everything, even the taking of photographs, and usually can be heard asking Fred to put on his hat before the shutter clicks.

BINNIE BARNES, who, until Mike Frankovich —to whom her engagement has just been announced—swam into her life, frequently didn't have dates in Hollywood and used to tag along with her agent Ralph Blum and his wife, Carmel Myers, on gala Coast nights, is the belle of the ball in the Stork Club-La Conga circuit. Something happens to Binnie's sex appeal during that 3,000 mile trek from Sunset Boulevard to Broadway, and the gal who was more or less a wallflower type in Beverly Hills has the Manhattan playboys swooning in her perfumed wake, ringing her telephone bell at all hours, and yearning to buy sapphire bracelets to fit her wrists.

Probably the most unpopular actor with the Times Square midnighters is the taciturn Raymond Massey, who, along with his wife, the former Dorothy Whitney, hates to be photo-

*(Continued on page 80)*



Errol Flynn, at La Conga with his sister and socialite Randy Burke, migrates with democratic ease from golden arenas to Latin bistros



It's maddening—the discretion of Norma Shearer (above at the Stork Club with Mrs. Julien Chaqueneau) at psychological moments



Five A.M. finds George Raft (above with the Mark Hellingers) looking for a good spot to rhumba—even if he can't keep time to the music



She doesn't give a rap for glamour, but the Dawn Patrol has fun watching Miriam Hopkins, with Bennett Cerf at Colbert's, just talking



The "entrance" girl—Sonja Henie, who wears more ermines than England's Queen, at the Stork with the models' delight, Franchot Tone



Was she really Hollywood's "wallflower"—this Binnie Barnes (at the Stork Club with Dan Silverberg) who took Manhattan lads into camp?

# PORTRAIT



# WITH A RUSSIAN ACCENT

*A striking silhouette of a fatalist who knocks on wood*



Akim Tamiroff, now playing in "Untamed," adores his wife, is a strong believer in matrimonial vacations . . . is self-conscious when introduced to strangers, can't be alone . . . reads music, sings badly

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

HE likes to visit the San Diego Zoo and spend hours watching the gorillas.

He is a pushover to borrow money from, and hates the people who take advantage of his weakness.

He doesn't know how tall he is.

He has abhorred night clubs ever since he worked in one in Chicago.

His name is Akim Michaelovitch Tamiroff.

He is always at a loss what to do with himself when he is not working. He is a chain cigarette smoker, and deprecates the formula of American pictures.

He doesn't like birds in cages.

He hates eating alone.

He always puts his script under his pillow in the belief that it helps him remember his lines. He is only thirty-nine years old.

He thinks colored people, children and dogs are the finest actors, because they don't try to act.

He will knock on wood a dozen times during a conversation, and his frank, childlike ingenuousness is reminiscent of Albert Einstein, the scientist.

He believes that life lived well today takes care of tomorrow, that there's too much concentration on the future. His only lucky charm is an old black tie which he wears on the first day of every picture, because it was associated with his first American success, "The General Died at Dawn."

He was born in Baku, the Russian oil capital, of Russian-Armenian parents. He says he would be scared to death to milk a cow.

He was awarded a badge, a sticker for his car and five dollars in cash for his record in careful driving.

He never indulges in alcoholic beverages.

AKIM TAMIROFF labors violently at his telephonic conversations, feeling that he must do all the talking though he has nothing to say, thus giving his listeners no opportunity to express themselves. He dreads the blank of a conversational pause, fearful lest something has gone wrong.

He is very fond of pilav, which is Turkish rice, yet he has never tasted yoghurt, their famous curdled milk.

He likes the spicy odors of an Oriental bazaar.

He likes to hear a concertina.

His hair is thinning rapidly and greying at the sides.

He has a genuine passion for his profession. His eyes are green.

He loves wearing uniforms.

He has never had an operation.

He is bad at guessing games.

He has never carried a walking stick, and his favorite book is "Brothers Karamazov."

HE never attends his own previews if, in his opinion, the picture is bad. He plays no indoor games, has never worn a tiepin, and wishes he could fly an airplane.

He is an unconscious and voluble wit. He is punctual only in his work, and never reads the funny papers.

He dislikes wearing a flower in his lapel.

He hates double-bills and B pictures.

He calls Spencer Tracy the greatest actor in pictures.

His eyebrows, when listening, converge at an angle in a quizzical, childlike manner. He came to America in 1923.

He is quick to criticize, always rides hunches, and feels he has had more from life than he ever expected.

He knows too well the pitfalls of Hollywood and so is careful with his money. He prefers, when at home, to lounge in his wife's workroom, adjoining her bedroom. He never dreams when asleep.

He sings badly, delights in argumentation and shaves once or twice a day.

Akim Tamiroff adores his wife to whom he has been married six years. His favorite cheese is Swiss.

He is embarrassed at his total ignorance of wines, and he is extremely self-conscious when introduced to strangers.

He has many suits of clothes, but he becomes attached to one which he uses until it wears out,

*(Continued on page 79)*

# THE Camera SPEAKS



Stop-press news for dance fans—Eleanor Powell and Fred Astaire are teamed at last —in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Broadway Melody of 1940"

ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST

Three reasons why Hyman Fink had a cameraman's field day at the tennis matches—Laurence Olivier, Vivien Leigh, Claire Trevor

# THOUGH WINTER COMES

*It has no terrors for the tennis-minded stars*
*—by courtesy of that California climate!*

Tennis champ Alice Marble with Clark Gable. You may see her in the movies soon if present tests work out!

More star-fans snapped by Fink at the Pacific Southwest Tennis Tournament—Bing and Dixie Lee Crosby

Tennis is only tennis, but a cigarette is a smoke to Jimmy Stewart and Dick Foran—though they were intent enough during actual play!

Lloyds of Hollywood: Harold (who'll bring us a movie soon, we hear—and hope) and Mildred

They also serve (what sizzling serves!) —Alice Marble and Virginia Wolfenden prepare to show the Los Angeles Tennis Club's cash customers a smashing game

Quizzical quartette: Charlie ("The Dictator") Chaplin, Paulette Goddard and Doug and Sylvia Fairbanks

A honey of a player himself, Errol Flynn takes wife Lili Damita along with him (he's doing that more often these days) to watch his own idea of fun

Nicest news from the juvenile front is that Jane Withers is growing up to be a beauty! Not that pixie Janie is going glamour girl, but she could easily be belle of the "High School" which titles her latest assignment



Typical American? Jimmy Stewart piles up votes with his campaign in "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" (which may make him Academy Award candidate) and the new "Destry Rides Again." Still—better look at that line-up on the next page before casting your ballot!

# HE'S THE MAN



If you'd like the boy next door—Tim Holt



If you go for Peck's Bad Boy in modern dress—David Niven

If you want to marry the boss —Edward Arnold



If you're a college girl major-ing in Latin—Cesar Romero

If you like to be kissed with an English accent — Basil Rathbone





# FOR YOU—

*Playing make-believe (and forgetting existing marriages!), Photoplay picks out just the right Romeo for your tastes—*

If you like a smooth diamond in the rough — George Raft



If you want a Boy Scout in long pants—Richard Greene



If you don't mind his taking life too seriously—Henry Fonda



If you'd like your girl friend's kid brother—Jackie Cooper



If you're a woman who likes a man's man—Fred MacMurray

# Change

*New faces, new teams*

*—Music, Maestro,*

*the dance goes on!*

Once upon a time Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power were newcomers and rose to first popularity together. Now a big star, Sonja offers a helping hand to young Bob Cummings in "Everything Happens at Night"

New screen-beaus for old—Robert instead of Tyrone!

# PARTNERS



And once upon a time there were stories of a Henie-Power romance. But now Ty's married to Annabella—and teamed with pretty Linda Darnell in "Daytime Wife"



No eyebrows so acrobatic as Mischa Auer's



The famous woo-woo hands—personal property of Hugh Herbert

# TRADEMARKS *that Registered*



Hands that won't be still—ZaSu Pitts'



Loving-cup ears—an asset to Gable

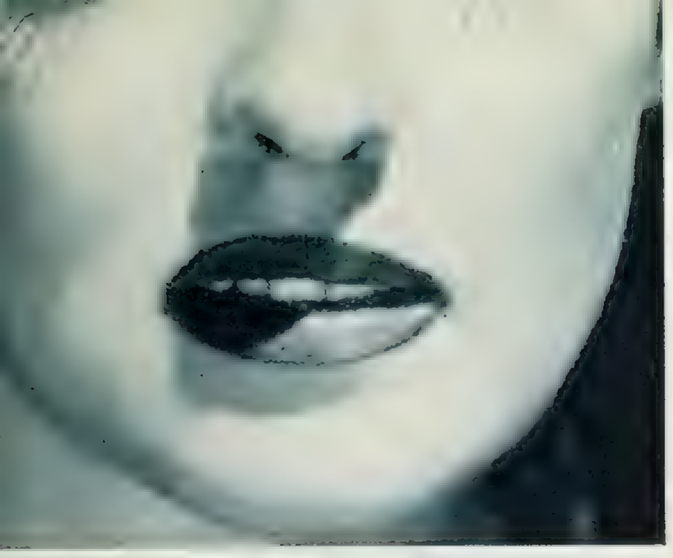


Long hair and sarong—Lamour's



Noses in the news—Myrna Loy's, Bill Fields'

*Characteristics so firmly engraved on the hearts of their countrymen that they don't need to be patented*



Mouth without cupid's bow—Bette Davis'



Dick Greene's dimples



Easier to snap than her face—Garbo's feet



Legs that had Broadway writing lyrics—Zorina's

# MUNI GOES ROMANTIC

Paul finds love at last! Forgetting historical characters devoted to the alleged Better Things in Life, he comes down to earth—to the "little" tragedies of "little" people in love—in "We Are Not Alone." This is Warners' film version of the James Hilton novel, with their surprising new dramatic star, Jane Bryan, as the other half of the title. But, looking at Paul's mustache, we'll bet he's working his way back from smooth-shaven "Juarez" to those bushily-bearded biographies!

# Divorce TAKES A HOLIDAY

Mystery man of the hour—Franchot Tone. That Tone-Crawford divorce is supposed to become final in April. His contract with M-G-M expired with "Fast and Furious," and he's due for a new play on Broadway. But Hollywood's ready to bet on his triumphal return both to movies and to Joan—if you're still willing to gamble after a glance at them (inset) snapped at the Cocoanut Grove!

# WE COVER THE



Fred MacMurray gets all the breaks in "Little Old New York." Not only can he loaf before the camera, while Alice Faye works, but he missed the ducking Alice and the rest of the cast got

**Dust storms, shipwrecks, ski slides, jail! An inquiring reporter can't step on any lot this month without putting his foot in it!**

**BY JACK WADE**

"CLOSED!" warns the sign on the "Grapes of Wrath" set at Twentieth Century-Fox. "ABSOLUTELY NO VISITORS!" But we are already inside and Director John Ford shrugs his shoulders.

"All right," he consents. "But you'll be sorry!"

Mystery, deep and dark, has swirled around "The Grapes of Wrath" ever since Zanuck bought it for $72,000 and announced it for production. Then the mystery of the Hays Office censorship stretched to the limit to okay the fiery dialogue. There's still the mystery of the script kept under lock and key in Zanuck's office. And now that the mystery of the guarded set is exploded for us, what we see is equally baffling. On a vast, shiny sheet of tin, property men are shoveling a pile of fine dirt. "What's that?" we ask John Ford.

"H-m-m-m-m," he replies mysteriously. Such creepy stuff gets us! We grab a few facts for support. This much we know for sure about "The Grapes of Wrath":

That John Steinbeck has personally okayed the script, the cast, the sets and the wardrobe. That a Twentieth Century-Fox camera caravan has already traveled the exact "Okie" trail of the *Joads,* from Oklahoma to California, shooting everything in sight. That a giant location camp is already built near Bakersfield, in the heart of the California migrant fruit-pickers country. That the final cast is: *Tom Joad,* Henry Fonda; *Ma,* Jane Darwell; *Casey,* the preacher, John Carradine; *Rosasharn,* Dorris Bowdon; *Grandpa,* Charlie Grapewin; *Muley,* John Qualen; and *Connie,* Eddie Quillan. And that you won't see the finished picture until 1940. As for the set and scene, there's nothing very secret about the dilapidated old farmhouse, although the empty windows and the caved-in porch make it look spooky enough.

Henry Fonda, in stiff, ill-fitting prison issue clothes, and John Carradine, in rags, stand outside the lonesome shack. Henry has just come home from the pen to find his family kicked out by the bank, his old home filled with owls and bats.

When John Ford shouts, "Places!" Hank and John Carradine step upon the rickety porch. "Okay," continues Ford. "Wind! Storm! Action!"

Well, that's practically all we see, because right behind the dirt pile a wind machine starts with a whine and suddenly the set is blotted out in a stinging, brown fog of dust. The wind machine is shooting it right at us, over us, through us—and everybody else, of course. How the camera catches the actors' we'll never know. But some smart sound man will have to cut out our sneezes, chokes and gasps. We fight for the door, looking like the original chimney sweep. "What was that for?" we rasp at John Ford.

"That was a Dust Bowl dust storm," he grins. "How'd you like it? Glad you came?"

We refuse to commit ourselves.

WE could certainly use a good bath when we show up on the "Little Old New York" set, and before we leave we darned near get one, too. Everybody else does.

Marion Davies' famous old movie has been sponged, pressed and given a tuck here and

# STUDIOS

Children on the "Vigil in the Night" set mean headaches for director George Stevens and Carole Lombard (hiya, Mrs. G.! did you see what Binyon says about you this month?)

there to present Alice Faye with the most slam-bang part of her career. Alice plays a hell-raising water-front barmaid in 1807 New York, a lusty wench who bootlegs, battles and busses with equal polish and poise. The gentleman on the kissing end is Richard Greene, or *Robert Fulton,* for "Little Old New York" draws its major drama from Fulton's invention of the steamboat and his struggles to convince a world of doubting Thomases.

Alice is done up in a gingham dress, with a black laced bodice and an up-curled coiffure of the period. Dick Greene is elegant in skin-tight fawn trousers, tail coat, stock and a beaver top hat. Fred MacMurray, the other man, isn't around today, and lucky he is, too.

Because, in a minute every actor and extra on this set is in deep distress. There's a shipwreck.

Since we're out on the bleak back lot of Westwood Hills at the time, the whole thing seems a little silly. But a mammoth artificial ocean is lapping away at the wharves and on it seven or eight movie ships are floating peacefully at anchor. One, tied at the dock, is being loaded by extra stevedores while Dick Greene, Alice, and extra passengers trip up the gangplank, to sail for Europe. Director Henry King is trying for a long shot of the sailing. Pretty soon the loaded boat draws away. A minute later the ship starts to roll gently. Everybody screams. Another minute and Alice, Dick, everyone on board is floundering around in the water. Dick, looking like a wet rooster, helps Alice walk across to the shore. The "harbor" is only three feet deep with a very comfortable concrete bottom!

They discover a hole in the boat's flat wooden bottom as Alice and Dick sit on the shore to dry.

"Torpedoed," says Dick.

Next, we find Nancy Kelly trying comedy

*(Continued on page 76)*

"Here's make-up in your eye!" Jimmy Cagney gets what he deserves for the mean kind of character he plays in "The Fighting 69th," while William Lundigan grins, at the right

Meet Ann Sothern and Bill Gargan, making Damon Runyon's "Joe and Ethel Turp Call on the President." Nobody's more surprised than Ann to find herself in the White House—except possibly Lewis Stone!




*Lacy*

Mr. and Mrs. "Brother Rat" return! The aforesaid Mrs. and Mr. being, of course, Jane Bryan and rubber-faced Eddie Albert. The new film makes them full-fledged parents of our latest Glamour Boy—the fourteen-months-old towhead with the bewitching cognomen of Peter B. Good. The 77th tested for a "Brother Rat and a Baby" title role, Peter won by a length of gaily-exposed baby teeth and a smile

PHOTOPLAY

# Fashions

BY GWENN WALTERS

The "cover-up" trend distinguishes this heavy black crepe evening gown with long, tight sleeves and covered shoulders designed by Bernard Newman of Beverly Hills for Joan Bennett's personal wardrobe. Three bows of self material decorate the front—one finishes the banded neckline, two others tie the inset corselet girdle. The flowing skirt is released from tiny gathers at a low waistline. Joan discards jewelry and makes dramatic contrast with "vivid pink" ostrich plumes in her hair. "Green Hell," a Famous Production (Universal release), is Joan's next picture

*Jones*

# by Candlelight

Travis Banton's hostess pajamas of heavy pink satin were designed for Olivia de Havilland to wear in Goldwyn's "Raffles." Styled like an artist's smock, the jacket fullness is released from a deep yoke which closes in front with bow ties. The tailored trousers are set on a deep waistband. These original Banton pajamas are not available in the shops

Banton



Edith Head designed this nightie and bed jacket inspired by the fashions of the Gay Nineties. Mary Martin wears them in "The Great Victor Herbert." The hooded bed jacket that is edged with ruffles is of quilted flowered silk. The quaint nightie of fluff crepe has a tucked yoke and Val lace trim. Both the nightie and the bed jacket are available in smart shops from coast to coast

*Richee*

# PLAY CLOTHES FOR

A simple sport frock is first requisite for sunny resort wear. Howard Shoup designed this one of natural Shantung with a gay rust, green and yellow striped silk belt for Rosemary Lane. Notice the overlay collar of white silk piqué and the skirt yoke which releases fullness at a low waistline. He also designed this sport frock of rust and beige sheer woolen (left) which Rosemary wears in Warners' "Four Wives." The rust colored all-around pleated skirt is topped by a beige jacket that is edged and trimmed with rust—a white silk piqué blouse peeks through the button closing. These studio designed frocks are not available in the shops

# RESORTS

For the snow and ice plan clothes that are chic as well as warm. Joy Hodges (left), soon to be seen in Universal's "Little Accident," wears a loose box jacket of white baby lamb atop heavy white gabardine Downhill ski trousers. This useful jacket is styled with wee collar, silver buttons and red pocket edges which match the lining. Red and white crocheted mittens, and a red hand-knitted cap complete the costume. Irene Hervey (below), leading lady of Universal's "Missing Evidence," selects a dramatic cape of St. Mary's virgin white wool. The shoulder epaulets and the oak-leaf pattern arm-slit appliqué are of dark green broadcloth—the collar is white baby lamb, and the cape is lined with green and white printed challis. The oak-leaf motif is repeated on the tiny cape that is tied and edged with green. Both of these costumes are from Lanz of California

Jones




Ann Sheridan wears this stunning banana colored crepe gown designed by Howard Shoup in Warners' "City of Lost Men." The bodice and skirt fullness are released from a deep inset corselet girdle which is accented at the normal waistline by a belt of gold bead embroidery—the same glittering trim fashions twin shoulder clips. This studio designed gown is not available in the shops

# AFTER DARK



*Miehle*

Carole Lombard gives you a long shot of the evening gown she wears on Photoplay's cover. It is of striped brick and rust-red and gold brocade and was created for her personal wardrobe by Irene of Bullock's-Wilshire, Los Angeles. The bodice, cut out in front, swings free in back to effect a bolero. Carole's "Gold Pear" costume jewelry was created by Joseff of Hollywood. The pendant of the necklace may be worn separately as brooch or lapel ornament. Carole will soon appear in RKO-Radio's "Vigil in the Night"





Dorothy Lamour, appearing in Paramount's "The Road to Singapore," selects a Sully Brothers Samar suède costume designed by Voris for spectator sport and street wear. The tailored coat with buckle closing is of blue, matching the six-gore skirt which is topped by a rust blouse. The turban matches the coat and skirt, the bag and gloves repeat the blouse contrast color. This costume is available at Henri Bendel, Inc., New York and Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills, California

# Youth GOES FORMAL

Deanna Durbin's evening gown is champagne colored taffetarized slipper satin. A golden chain slips through the high back neckline of the button-trimmed basque bodice to fill in the square decolletage in place of jewelry. The luxurious evening coat of Howlett and Hockmeyer's red twill-back velveteen is styled with basque bodice and flowing skirt—the hood, favorite of the younger generation, is edged with fur. Deanna is currently appearing in Universal's "First Love." The Nona Modes wrap and the Fashion Set Junior gown are available at Franklin Simon, New York, and J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles



*Photography—Jones*

# FORMULA





"Hurrah for holidays," says Betty Field, soon to be seen in Paramount's "Seventeen," and in Hal Roach's "Of Mice and Men." Betty poses in a siren dinner dress that's a froth of net and brilliants (above left). Wear the all-over studded bolero of rayon-and-cotton faille to dinner, shed it when dancing begins, cinch your swirl-skirt frock of rayon net with a rhinestone-studded corselet girdle. Pin a sequins rose to your hair. In black, all white, or in white with a Toreador red bolero. To be the belle of the ball, Betty prescribes a snow-white ballerina evening gown (above) with a molded bodice of brocaded silk-and-acetate lamé, and a ballet-dancer's billowing skirt of rayon net with a bustle-bow. In stark white, baby pink or blue—or devil red for drama! Wear lush roses clipped to a velvet headband slipped behind your ears. To look demure, wear an ingenue frock (left) with pink lace ruffles cascading to the high corset-laced waist of a merry-go-round rayon taffeta skirt. In pink, white with black, or aqua with black. Perch a golden lace-edged butterfly among your curls.

*All Frocks by Jeanne Barrie*

*Flowers and Headdresses by Herman Plaut*

*Photography—Lazarnick*

Original PHOTOPLAY FASHION

This tag identities an original PHOTOPLAY Hollywood fashion. Look for it

WHERE TO BUY THEM

# Christmas Shopping

(Continued from Page 1)

*Remember — for the name of the store nearest you that carries the gifts you crave, please write to:*

Frances Hughes, Photoplay,
122 East 42nd St., New York City

*And do it now!*

## 13. HERE'S A HOT ONE

A serving oven that's elegant enough to come to the table with a cargo of hot rolls, hot biscuits, hot potatoes, hot anything that ought to come to the table hot. But that's not all. It doubles in the kitchen for crisping crackers or wilted cereals; freshens left-overs—even bakes potatoes and apples on top of the stove. In West Bend aluminum—easy to clean, easy on the eye, easy on the purse — at around $2.00.

## 14. NEEDLEPOINT AND NAILS

The ladies of literature who did needlepoint always had flashing white hands and delicate, pink-tipped fingers. Remember? Perhaps that's why Cutex stowed this new manicure kit into a needlepoint bag—a gentle reminder to inspire nail-grooming in the busy ladies of the present. The innards, as you see, come out completely and sit up by themselves—a goodly supply of nail polish, polish remover, cuticle oil, cuticle remover, a cotton caddy and five fine implements. The bag itself—in crepe with needlepoint medallion — is smart to carry in the afternoon. A lot for the little sum of $5.00, isn't it?

## 15. DINNER AT 8:00

Your hostess says "Don't Dress," but show us the gal who won't dress anyhow, in something festive even though it isn't very formal! For instance, this Helen Harper dinner-sweater—a peekaboo black chenille basque with gold galloon glitter-border and golden balls and chains for extra flash. Team it with short skirts or with long. Around $4.00.

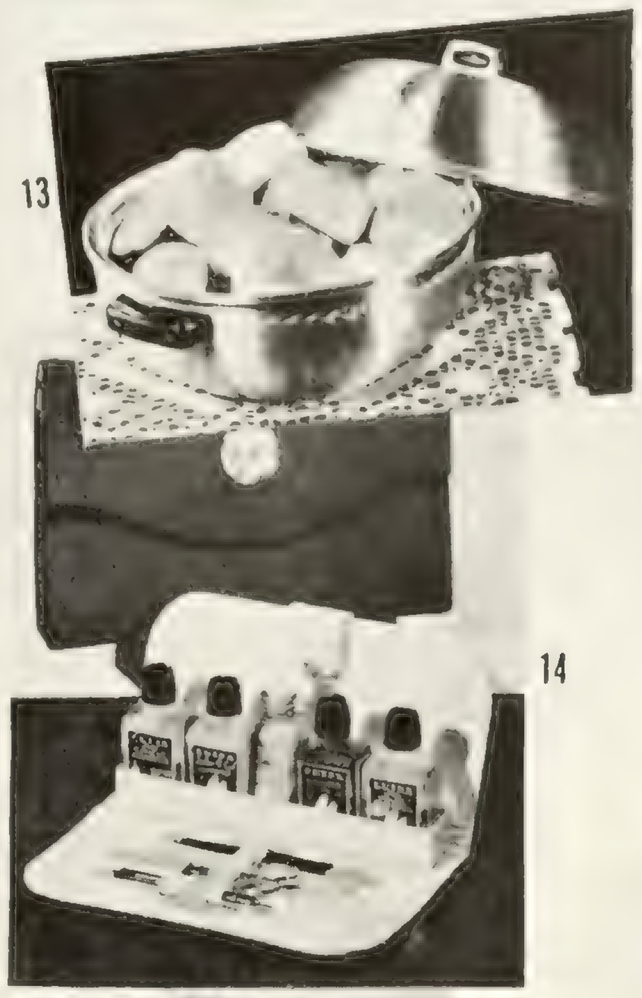
## 16. "VANITY FAIR"

As businesslike a Hartmann wardrobe case as ever we saw, with a hanging system all its own that gets a girl places with blouses, jackets and tailored suits as fresh as she took them from her closet! If you've $35.50 and want to do the really handsome thing, give her "The Brigadier," famous for its striped tweed covering, rawhide binding, streamlined clasps, velvet hangers, cellophane bags and striped Celanese rayon curtain and lining. Not to mention a well like a bottomless pit inside for the longer things that simply must have leg room.

## 17. A CROSLEY FOR CHRISTMAS

And what a Christmas! A tiny car for the best-beloved lady on your list. Something to run her around in style at the tiny toll of a penny a mile. Santa can bring this bantam-weight car down the chimney on his back—in fact, he will for $350, F.O.B. Richmond, Indiana.

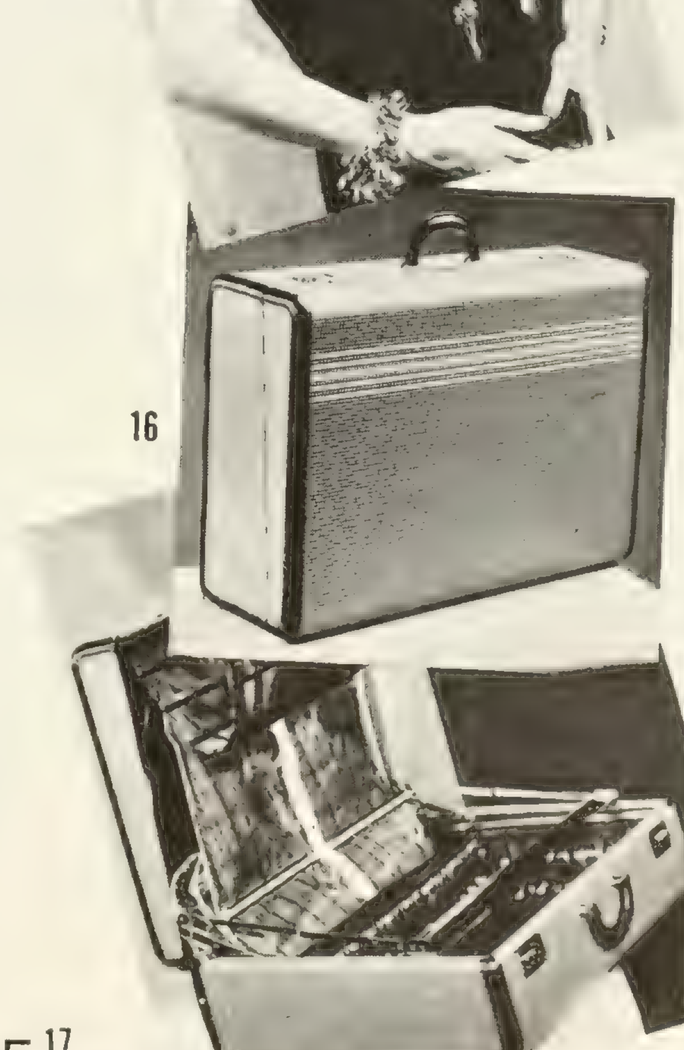
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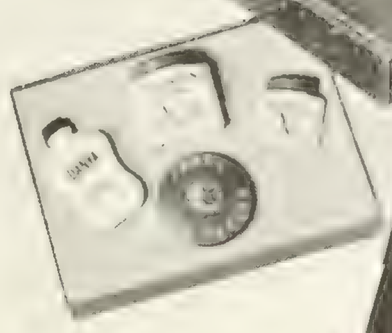
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## 18. CARRYING ON THE DU BARRY TRADITION

[illegible]

## 19. JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED!

[illegible]

## 20. POND'S BEAUTY BOX

[illegible]

## 21. TIME ON YOUR HANDS

Perfect timing, too, from a swell little pink-faced 7 [illegible] Avia watch, and the Avias, you know, have been making time since 1849! A dainty little Colonial square with a two-tone pink dial, a golden border and glistening copper links. Surprisingly inexpensive, too, at $18.[illegible].

## 22. A BONNY CHRISTMAS FROM BONNIE BELL

Bonnie Bell has [illegible] everything in a handy little [illegible] zipper kit, that starts with Bonnie Bell "The Brix," the wonder [illegible] and ends up with cream [illegible] for [illegible] softening and vanishing, eyeshadow, lipstick, powder, rouge. $13.50.

## 23. FUN FOR THE FAMILY

[illegible]

## 24. SKATER'S HEAVEN

[illegible]





A necklace and bracelet of make-believe golden leaves on golden cords change the mood of Mary's gown



Another "change of props"—velvet grapes in her hair and a matching drawstring pouch

Mary Martin, star of Paramount's "The Great Victor Herbert" and the stage play, "Nice Goin'," wears the holiday dream-dress described below

# Holiday BUILD-UP

By FRANCES HUGHES, *New York Fashion Editor,*
*Assisting* GWENN WALTERS, *Fashion Editor*

THAT cute little Mary Martin whose "heart belonged to Daddy" for a whole season in the highly entertaining musical "Leave It to Me," and who has since rung up new laurels for herself in the new musical, "Nice Goin'," will make her motion picture debut in Paramount's "The Great Victor Herbert" on New Year's Eve. It's down in big red letters on Mary's calendar, along with a number of holiday parties with which Mary will celebrate this big event.

So Mary's been thinking about clothes. Who wouldn't! And she worked out a wonderful system of quick changes. "Changing props," she calls it, so that even if she wants to wear the same dress over and over again—you know how it is with your favorite dress—her mood and appearance are different as she shifts from flowers to fruits.

Mary hit on this dream-dress of copper-colored lamé and tulle—full of holiday glamour even though it's under $40.00. Criss-crossing bodice-drapery makes the most of Mary's tiny waist, emphasized again by the whooshing, whirling skirt.

Now we'll show you some of Mary's props and how she rings her clever changes. . . .

A necklace and bracelet of make-believe golden leaves on golden cords (above left)—soft as kid and just as easily twined into the size and shape you like best for the neckline of *your* gown. Wear it as a choker if you want to! The necklace $2.95; the bracelet $1.50.

You've heard of vine leaves in the hair! Well, Mary chose the fruit of the vine instead (above right), velvet grapes dripping in two lush clusters from a velvet band that clings to the back of her head. From her wrist she slings a pert little drawstring pouch of velvet grapes to match. The headband, $4.95; the bag, $5.95.

In addition to the props illustrated here, Mary has other favorites for wear with her basic dress—and you may well follow her suggestions. If you want to look like Velasquez' portrait of the Spanish Infanta, build out your headdress with sage green ostrich tassels clipped with tiny velvet bows to your curls. The twin tassels, $2.95.

And here's a conversation piece—necklace and hair-bustle of dripping ermine tails (and we mean real ermine) and a bracelet, too, for good measure. The necklace, $5.95; the hair-bustle, $3.95; the bracelet, $2.25.

Why don't you see what *you* can do with Mary's props? Ring these changes on your very simplest frocks, for there's holiday build-up in each and every one of them!

The dress and all props by Lord & Taylor, New York.




# Hedda Hopper's GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

*Our own Intelligence Service peeks into the private life of filmland, and we give you the latest reports!*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

### Sphinx Story

JOAN CRAWFORD wins the gold-plated artichoke for the best Garbo story to come our way. Seems Joanie had often wondered just what she'd do if one day she should come face to face with Greta, the chatterbox. Only last week it happened. Coming out of a sound stage as Joan was about to enter, they met.

"Good morning," Joan chirped. Garbo said nothing. Garbo stalked on.

Next week it happened again.

"Good morning," said Joanie and again Greta silently strode on.

Well, pish-tush to her, thought Joan, so when the third meeting happened last week Joan passed right by, saying nothing. Like a flash Garbo wheeled and catching Joan by the shoulders whirled her around,

"What's the matter?" she asked. "Why do you not say 'good morning' to me?"

For once Crawford was as speechless as the Sphinx. She couldn't think of a thing to say! Could you have?

### Pride Goeth . . .

JOEL McCREA tells this one on himself and Cesar Romero. Seems they got to talking about track one day when Cesar dropped in on the "He Married His Wife" set at Twentieth Century-Fox, where Joel was working. One thing led to another and finally they found themselves discussing their own prowess as sprinters.

"I could do a hundred yards in ten, three," Cesar boasted.

"Hell, that's nothing," Joel told him. "I used to do it in ten, one!"

The upshot of the thing was that they decided to stage a race. Director Roy Del Ruth was to be the timekeeper, and to make the event a little more imposing, the two "sprinters" asked Roland Young to run with them. "Just for color," they explained.

Whereupon, with the entire company looking on, and placing bets, the Big Event came off.

Roland won.



Studying the program at the concert for Polish medical relief—Patricia Morison and brother

Music-lovers, sartorial experts, philanthropic souls, program-scanners: Adolphe and Verree Teasdale Menjou

Still another smiling duet of program-scanners: Tim Durant and current screen belle Olivia de Havilland

In the absence of her new husband, Alexander Korda, Merle Oberon goes escortless to the Philharmonic

### Sister Act

THAT friendly professional feud between sisters Olivia de Havilland and Joan Fontaine goes merrily on to the amusement of Hollywood, with Joan the winner in their last skirmish. It happened when Olivia was called back to Selznick Studios for added scenes for "Gone with the Wind," and found herself seated before a rickety old make-up table with a cracker box to sit on.

"But why can't I have my usual dressing room?" Olivia cried.

"Oh, our star, Miss Fontaine, is using that for 'Rebecca,' " was the awed answer.

Olivia burned. She sputtered and stuttered. Of course, when Joan invited Olivia over to use her room, Olivia discovered she had been badly ribbed.

### Fire Chiefs

AND now we have firemen Gable and Taylor, proud proprietors of their own fire-fighting apparatus, by cracky! While posing for pictures for publicity recently with the swanky M-G-M fire truck, Gable and Taylor were struck with the idea—and intrigued, too, so to speak—that a fire company of their own to protect their property in the Valley wouldn't be such a bad notion. So, upon the recommendation of the fire chief, they purchased a neat secondhand job in the way of a chemical truck and are now offering their services to all their friends and neighbors. And to make the thing official Greer Garson, who is now appearing with Robert Taylor in "Remember?," donated fire hats to the cause with ceremony and flourish.

### News Flash

A LITTLE actress by the name of Miss Shirley Temple is once again facing motion-picture cameras after six long months vacation. Oh, you know her? Pardon me, but Cal must contradict. You see this is a new star, taller, slim-



Why editors get grey: Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson at Beverly-Wilshire's Florentine Room—13 hours later, they announced their separation!

Circus stars for the night, at the annual party given by the West Side Tennis Club—Jimmy Cagney, Mrs. and Mr. Bob Montgomery, Mrs. Cagney

More "Big Toppers" at the W. S. T. C.: George Murphy as a Cossack, Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks as—your-guess-is-as-good-as-theirs!

mer, wiser and more reserved than the roly-poly little bundle of delight we once knew as Shirley Temple. Without our realizing it, we bade adieu forever to that little cherub in "The Little Princess" and "Susannah of the Mounties." In her place has come a young lady with deep bronzed hair (no more goldilocks), and a deep contentment in her brown eyes.

I sat with her mother one very hot day on the back lot of Twentieth Century-Fox studios for outdoor scenes for "The Blue Bird."

"The decision to go on with her career as an actress rested entirely with Shirley," her mother told us. "It's the thing she wants to do more than anything else in the world. That's why I'm here on this set today."

The way Shirley glanced up at Director Walter Lang after her first take and said, "I was so afraid I'd forgotten how. But you see I haven't," showed how deeply she thought of her work while away.

Yes, it's a new Shirley Temple, we can promise you that. Not only in appearance with her two added inches in height and pounds lost to slimness, but in mind and soul. She's become a real little girl now, interested in angel food cake baking and the delight of whipping egg whites to foaming froth. Alone, she made the decision as to which way her life should go. She has chosen pictures and at eleven is courageously following her heart's desire. You'll note the physical change instantly, and I feel sure you'll note the change within when once again Shirley steps out on the screen in "The Blue Bird."

### Seeing It Through

RUMMAGING through a stack of old film magazines the other day, we came upon a strange and rather frightening story: "She Lives in Shadows."

It was the story of a girl newly risen to stardom and the tragedy that stalked her. It told how she could scarcely see without her grotesque, thick-lensed spectacles. It prophesied only fleeting success in pictures because of her affliction.

"She will never," the writer insisted, "be able to overcome that obstacle characteristic of acute myopia (better known as near-sightedness) the tendency to squint. Klieg lights are vicious. She may have managed to face them for one or two pictures, but year in and year out—that is another story. Comparatively soon, she will either have to wear her spectacles all of the time or abandon herself to this disfiguring habit. And which ever it may be, she's through in pictures."

Well, that story was published more than six years ago, and yet that girl is still one of our top stars. True, she wears her glasses whenever she is away from the camera. But when you see her on the screen, you'd never dream there is anything wrong with her eyes. She doesn't squint at all.

"I *made* myself stop. I knew I was through if I didn't," she told us when we asked her about this apparent miracle. She added, "You can do anything if you try hard enough."

Her name? Oh, pardon us! Joan Bennett.

### Things We Never Knew About Cartoons

WE'RE just fresh from a talk with Walter Lantz who makes animated cartoons for Universal—you know, Oswald, the Rabbit; Speedy, the Mouse; "Li'l 8-Ball"; and the new brush and paint star, "Andy Panda." Seems there are a lot of tricks to the cartoonist trade which don't exactly meet the eye. Or rather, they do meet the eyes, but you don't realize it.

For instance: Animators draw only a thumb and three fingers on a hand; the fourth finger gets in the way. The same goes for toes. Characters seldom have freckles in cartoons; they are too hard to repeat. Characters are dressed in as few clothes as possible; it saves work for the animators. Buttons and buttonholes are practically taboo. Almost everybody in the profession shuns sea pictures due to the amount of work involved in animating the waves. Beards are allowed, only if solid; the work involved in the drawing of individual hairs is prohibitive. Dialogue is kept to an absolute minimum, since very few cartoons are translated for

# Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood *(Continued)*



Posies for the wife's hair, dark glasses for them both—the Gary Coopers are all set for the Beverly Hills Tennis Club

foreign consumption. In cartoons, as in flesh pictures, there are plenty of faces on the cutting room floor; approximately 50,000 drawings are made for one cartoon, while the number finally used is about 15,000. Cartoon factories rarely show characters wearing shoes with laces; again too much detail. Instead they wear slip-on gaiters. Hound dogs are favored; it would increase production cost $300 to use a dog with long hair. However (and don't ask an animator why), it's easier to draw chickens with feathers than follow the anatomy lines. One suspender strap is the order when galluses are needed; the other strap gets in the way in animating and also runs up the cost. Animators keep away from tigers, leopards and zebras if possible; same reason as freckles—too many spots.

To those technical taboos, the Hays Office adds a few of its own, i.e., cows with large udders, nude babies, "Chic Sales," bank robberies.

### Orange Blossoms

SO Andrea Leeds is in love at last and wedding bells have rung and maybe she isn't even going to continue her screen career. . . All of which must mean that when Andrea said yes to Bob Howard, she had found something she had been looking for a long time. We are particularly sure that she must be simply head over heels in view of a conversation we had with her a year ago. She got to talking about why she hadn't married, and even though she was then terribly cut up about the death of Jack Dunn, whom she had been going around with, she was very definite about saying that, really and truly, she had never been in love.

"I am waiting for something the likes of which so far, I haven't even glimpsed," she told me. "I mean a romance like my father's and mother's. They're really in love, as much in love today as they were when they were married more than twenty-five years ago. And I shall never marry unless I have found the same thing. My marriage is going to be for keeps—like theirs."

She's a swell girl, Andrea. We hope this dream come true will last.

### Jinx Day

HEDY LAMARR is afraid of Friday; considers it her unlucky day. This is why:

She signed up for "Ecstasy" on that day and it was also released on a Friday. Her father died on a Friday. The first time she ran away from her too-possessive husband, Fritz Mandl, the munitions baron, it was Friday—and she was caught. Her most serious illness began on a Friday. She went to work in "I Take This Woman," which was later shelved, on a Friday. During filming of "Lady of the Tropics," she barely escaped death from a falling beam—on a Friday.

Small wonder, then, that whenever she can, she spends Fridays in bed, to thwart the jinx.

### Cal Breathes Easier

WE sat with our chair as far away as possible from the gruesome countenance of one Boris Karloff on the "Tower of London" set and watched Basil Rathbone stride about, handsome in black tights. But one thing fascinated us beyond words, and that was why nobody paid the slightest attention to the largish round hole in the back of Basil's tights. Surely this choice bit of Rathbone wouldn't be preserved for posterity by way of the films, we thought. Surely not. At last we could bear it no longer and leaning over to the unit man, we drew his attention to it.

"Oh, that's all right," he shrugged, nonchalantly. "Nobody's ever been able to get Rathbone's back to the camera yet, so it will never be seen."

We breathed easier.

### Small Fry Secrets:

BILLY HALOP and Bobby Jordan dressed in their best, went calling on Judy Garland the other evening. They'd no sooner arrived, than Judy had them pulling taffy. Billy got most of it on his new red necktie and Bobby is still trying to get it out of his hair . . . Mickey Rooney danced every dance he could get with Lana Turner after the première of "Babes in Arms." But Mickey claims it's only because Lana's a swell stepper. That new streamlined Judy Garland has set Mickey's heart off on a double-quick pace. (And don't miss the Mickey Rooney story on page 8) . . . Helen Parrish is turning her lovely brown orbs on Robert Stack, that handsome new leading man of Deanna Durbin's who can't keep away from Deanna's set even when he's not working. But Vaughn Paul is still Deanna's true love if one can judge by the glances that pass between the two at luncheon.

### Entertainment Chez Gable

THE funniest thing in all Hollywood, to Cal's notion, is that loud speaker attached to the locked gates leading into Clark Gable's ranch home. Since his experience with an impudent intruder, Clark is taking no chances. The speaker in itself, which connects with a telephone inside the house isn't funny of course, but the conversations that can be heard for acres around are a panic.

Andy Devine's cracked-voiced pleas of, "Clark, it's me—open the gates," scare even the chickens out of their feathers.

"Here's your steak," comes the booming voice of the butcher through the speaker. But the pay-off came when a car salesman went through his whole sales speech over the loud speaker, with cows wandering up to the fence to see what it was all about. "And you should see the paint job, Mr. Gable," he yelled.

"Okay, sounds good. Think you've made a deal," came back Gable's booming voice and with that the salesman tripped head on into a passing load of hay. He was that excited.

### Bennett and Son

TOO bad the world can't know Connie Bennett the mother as well as Connie the glittering sophisticate. Too bad, we thought as we watched Connie and her ten-year-old son, Peter Plant, at the airport the other day. Peter, resplendent in his school military uniform had come in from boarding school to bid his mother good-by. There was a look of longing in the boy's face so like his mother's.

"Now remember, dear," we heard her say, "it's not always the easiest things in life that are best for us. I expect you to go back to school and work hard. I want good report cards. And I want you to be a real soldier even without the uniform."

The boy's shoulders straightened as he waved good-by.

Incidentally, those blue ribbons won by Peter for his outstanding horsemanship are as great a source of pride to Connie as they are to Peter.



Children's horse show at Riviera Country Club—and Peter Bennett Plant leads out Mary Brown, Joe E.'s daughter. Cal has a fine story to tell you here about Peter and mama Constance Bennett—and uniforms

### Dead Pan Kids

WHAT a relief it is for us to meet, in pictures, a couple of kids who aren't paragons of virtue. Meaning those ornery little brats who brought down the house in "The Under-Pup." When they were not playing the accordion and bass fiddle, which they did with remarkable virtuosity, they were being, merely for camera purposes, of course, as generally obnoxious as the Katzenjammer Kids, whom, indeed, they seemed to resemble in appearance as well as actions.

The obstreperous pair includes Billy Lenhart, aged 8, and Kenneth Brown, better known as Kennie, aged 7. The two got together one day in October, 1938, when both had been called to a studio for auditions. Billy had his "slap fiddle" with him, of course, and Kennie his accordion. First thing others present knew, they began playing duets, and proved so good their parents figured it would be a fine thing to team them.

Yes, both had had experience in vaudeville, charity benefits, children's orchestras and so on, but hadn't been able to make the grade in pictures . . . nor did they have any luck for a long time after they joined forces. They tried every studio in Hollywood and got nowhere. Incidentally, having employed them to perform at a party for Jane some time ago, Mrs. Withers went wild over them and tried her best to get Twentieth Century-Fox to sign them—without avail. Finally, however, Joe Pasternak, producer of "The Under-Pup," gave them an audition and was so excited over them he had "spots" written in the picture for their benefit. You who have seen "The Under-Pup," know how they went over. They now have a long-term contract with Universal.

Kenny was born in Baltimore, Maryland, and he began playing his accordion, his mother says, almost before he was big enough to hold it properly. In 1937 he won a scholarship at a Baltimore conservatory of music. Billy comes from a family of vaudevillians and his mastery of his "slap fiddle" also dates back practically to babyhood. Billy is the one who looks like a diminutive Ned Sparks and particularly is his "dead pan" brand of comedy like the sour-pussed Ned's.

Besides playing anything you ask for on their unusual instruments, the kids can dance a mean rhumba, and sing. That is, it is rumored they can sing. For some reason, they don't like to and only do it when they feel like it.

### Reckless Romeo

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX officials don't know this, but their big, money-at-the-box-office star, Tyrone Power, is addicted to the reckless, sometimes fatal habit of taking chances. We refer to the flying Ty has been doing lately. Of course, Darryl Zanuck doesn't like this very well, but what can he do? This is a free country and other screen glamour boys such as Jimmy Stewart, Errol Flynn and Brian Aherne blithely pilot their own planes all over the country. It was even rumored recently that Errol was going to try something like Corrigan's "wrong-way stunt"—fly over to Ireland. . . .

But as we were saying . . . Seems that Ty is a very good flier; has a definite knack for it, and was at home at the controls practically the first time he took 'em over. But that recklessness keeps cropping up . . . Like the time his flying instructor, Marion McKeen, took Ty and Annabella to the Grand Canyon for the four-day honeymoon they had right after they were married. While they were there, Ty went flying in that very intriguing, to any flyer, but very dangerous airway between the canyon walls. Seems the down-draught there is terrible. One flyer was caught in it so completely, he couldn't gain altitude again; had to make a forced landing on a shelf near the bottom and have his plane hauled out, piecemeal, by mule. Others have been wrecked by these same currents.

But nevertheless Ty, then more of a novice than he is now, took over the controls and went sailing gaily down the canyon for miles . . . And then flew back again.

Wouldn't Mr. Zanuck's hair have turned grey if he had known that?

### Professor Quiz I. Cal, If You Please

WHAT Hollywood biggee was so burned up over a recent marriage he almost threw a bomb into the proceedings? And would that bomb have shaken the landscape from here to China!

What star has become so high-society minded, all of a sudden, he's forgotten all his causes and isms and justice-for-all ideas?

What comedian has a very red face because Hollywood kindness and sympathy forced him into a bad situation he otherwise wouldn't have had to face?

What actor who recently came of age wishes he hadn't because of that determined young pursuer?

The studio of what he-man star lives in constant dread the hot-tempered lad's many pranks may one day lead to an investigation that will reveal he was not the knight so bold, as we've been told, but only a mild-mannered young typewriter salesman?

### Summer Idyl

PERHAPS if we hadn't been at Margaret Lindsay's when the postman came, that afternoon, we shouldn't have heard the story back of the postcard she received from "somewhere in France." As it was, she read the card slowly, tears bright in her eyes, then quoted it to us—*"Quand l'avenir nous apparait sombre, c'est alors que nos pensées se tournent vers le passé."*—"When the future is dark, thoughts turn back to yesterday. . . ."

It happened several years ago when Maggie, after studying for the stage in London, had traveled to glamorous Capri for a brief vacation before returning to America and laying siege to Hollywood. On the morning after she arrived, she had difficulties with the hotel clerk. Per the custom of every hostelry in Italy, he had taken over her passport upon her arrival that it might be recorded, and had failed to return it to her. As she found out later, nothing was amiss except the forgetfulness of island authorities, but she spoke no Italian and the clerk very little English. They had reached an impasse when a handsome young Frenchman came to her rescue. He spoke Italian fluently and since Margaret knew French, the passport matter was quickly straightened out.

Wasn't it natural, then, that the two of them—young, attractive, lonely—should remain in each other's company throughout that long and lovely day? Anyway, that is exactly what happened. Together they rode down the steep mountainside on the funicular for a swim in the blue Mediterranean. Together, they took a *carozza*, one of those picturesque, pony-drawn carriages which abound in the land of *Italia*, and went jogging along that fabulous road around the side of the mountain to Munthe's *San Michele*. Together they ate wild strawberries drenched in *vino* at a tiny table on the *Piazza Vittorio Emanuel*, listening to music that never ceased, laughing because Capri is pronounced "Cah-pree," with the accent in the "cah," and not at all the way it must be sung in the American song, "Isle of Capri," which every Italian on the island knows by heart. Together they visited the incredible Blue Grotto.

That night, on the eve of the young man's departure for France, as they stood by the piazza wall high above the sea, he took her in his arms and kissed her. "Marry me, and we shall go home to Paris together," he begged her.

But Margaret was very ambitious, then, and very young. She put him off. "Perhaps I shall return next summer," she told him and promised to write.

But, somehow, she never did, and he, sensing perhaps that this, for her, was only a summer idyl, never wrote to her . . . Until, a soldier of France facing war and its tragic exigencies, he sent her the postcard which made her cry.

### Torch Carriers

THEY say it's the women who pay and pay, but strangely enough it's the men of Hollywood who pay most in heartaches from broken marriages and romances . . . Anatole Litvak, who knew nothing of Miriam Hopkins' divorce until it was filed, is crushed over the affair . . . "Ham" Nelson makes no bones over the fact his love for Bette burns on despite the fact he divorced her . . . Wallace Beery shed tears over Rita's divorce, and Jackie Coogan has been depressed and moody since Betty Grable said good-by.



Cocoanut Grove-ing with "Prince Mike" Romanoff and Cesar Romero, Joan Crawford looks stunning in a crepe dinner costume created by Gladys Parker. Half aqua and half white, it features a high waistline, shirred bodice, bias skirt—and a draped turban!



**ALL WOMEN HAVE SECRETS—Paramount**

IN Paramount's new picture with a college background, football gives way to the problems of undergraduate marriages. The story revolves around the marital woes of three couples: Joseph Allen Jr. and Jean Cagney, John Arledge and Betty Moran, Peter Hayes and Virginia Dale. None of the couples is financially secure, and when Miss Cagney, because of her delicate condition, loses her extracurricular job, and husband Joe has to give up his because of his studies, that couple's future looks particularly gloomy. When Joe has an opportunity to do further research work in Europe, Jean plans on going home to live with her stepmother—but that lady's a righteous old battle-ax who will allow Jean to come back only after a trip to Reno.



**RENO—RKO-Radio**

THAT square jaw of Richard Dix's is more outthrust than ever before. The film was undoubtedly intended to be an epic of Reno when it was a silver mining town, but somehow you can't get worked up about its past. Dix brings the piece up to date by thinking up the "Easy Divorce" plan. Then Gail Patrick, his wife, divorces him and later his daughter, Anita Louise, comes west to get a divorce, too. She runs up a debt at his gambling joint, proves the tables are crooked—all because she is unaware she is prosecuting her own pappy. The muddle ends on a somewhat happy note. Miss Louise has not much of a role; Miss Patrick does good work; Laura Hope Crews has one of her character sequences to do. The picture lacks pace.

# THE SHADOW

## A REVIEW OF THE NEW PICTURES

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES



**★ DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK—20th Century-Fox**

THE newness of this picture is in the magnificent use of color and in the approach, which is simple and clear cut—not in the story, which is not so much a story as a picaresque tale. Incidents of adventure and heroism are strung together on hyphens of peaceful romance. The descendants of hardy upstate New York pioneers will get a particular bang out of the gory defense their progenitors made of the old homestead—a fight that would make the plight of latter-day Poland look like a prayer meeting. Those Mohawk Indians were mean fellows.

Claudette Colbert plays the highly bred city girl who leaves her luxurious home for Henry Fonda's log cabin; naturally, at first, the crudeness of it all gets her and she simply has hysterics. One cannot blame her, with murderous Indians burning her house around her head. Homeless, she and Hank hire out to Edna May Oliver, a widow; and after three or four raids by Tories and Mohawks, met with great loss of life by the villagers and loss of blood by Fonda, near-loss of sanity by Claudette, comes the Revolution's end. Fonda and Miss Colbert are at their best, but then all the performances are electrifying, particularly those of Miss Oliver and Jesse Ralph. John Ford directed, with his characteristic good touch. The picture looks as if it cost a fortune, it's that grand. Most charming incident is that in which Parson Arthur Shield gives his prayer in the church, speaking with God as to a neighbor.



**REMEMBER?—M-G-M**

IT seems months now that people have been saying, "What Bob Taylor needs is a good picture." This was supposed to be it. Certain forms of audiences, and those fans of Bob's who are staunchly loyal, will believe what they see; certainly for an unsophisticated audience there should be some entertainment. Critically speaking, the film has many mistakes in it and would be better for a bit of shrewder writing. Taylor is cast as an advertising genius who steals Greer Garson away from her fiance, Lew Ayres. Bob and Greer marry and later, because of his devotion to business, quarrel and get a divorce. Ayres is upset about the entire thing and doses both of them with a drug that makes them forget. Whereupon the piece becomes a bedroom farce and there are a lot of naughty allusions—which should get you into the theater out of curiosity. All three of the principals work away at their roles with everything they've got, although Miss Garson is somewhat incongruous in a comedy part after the dramatic debut in "Mr. Chips." However, she's a good sport and gives it as much as possible of that shining charm which first captivated American audiences. Billie Burke fares rather better in one of those fluttery roles which she handles so inimitably. The pity of it all is that Greer—who needed a good story for her first American-made film—and Bob—who needed a good story for a change—were handed such a silly plot. "Remember?" has its sparkling moments—but the trio of Taylor, Garson and Ayres deserves more than mere "moments."



**★ FIRST LOVE—Universal**

IF one had not set such a standard for Deanna Durbin one would merely start raving about her new picture. It may be the change from child to charming young lady, a grown-up quality in that lovely voice of hers—some subtle difference of that sort which lets you down just a little. Then, too, there is no conflict or suspense in the story since it is frankly the Cinderella yarn. Now, with those mild criticisms out of the way we can tell you how superior otherwise the film is. It is gay. It has climactic moments of charm and pathos that will make you say "Aaaaah," quietly and wipe away a pleasurable tear. Deanna, of course, plays the very modern Cinderella who graduates from a swank school where she has been kept by a rich uncle; her Prince Charming is new and attractive Bob Stack, catch of the season; the servants in the uncle's house are the collective Fairy Godmother, who get Deanna to the ball despite the fact she has been ordered to stay at home by her aunt, screwy horoscope addict, and her cousin, glamour debutante. Universal has followed the famous tale even to the extent of having Deanna lose her slipper on the staircase just after midnight. Much of the piece is done with Producer Joe Pasternak's tongue in his cheek. Lively and exceptional performances are turned in by Leatrice Joy as the aunt (it's a comeback), Helen Parrish as the meany deb, Eugene Pallette as the uncle and Kathleen Howard—at her very best—in the role of the eccentric schoolmarm. Deanna sings a Viennese waltz and an aria and "Home Sweet Home."



★ JUDGE HARDY AND SON—M-G-M

THAT incomparable father-and-son team gets better with each chapter of the *Hardy* saga, by golly. When a little old lady and gentleman are about to lose their home, they appeal to *Judge Hardy* for help. He's pretty sure they have a daughter, and *Andy* gets himself into difficulties trying to help find her. Being a little too cocksure about winning a prize for an essay, the kid goes in debt before he finds the cash prize is offered to girls only. His father has said that finding the above-mentioned daughter would be worth money to him, so Andy sets out forthwith in order to collect his father's reward in time to avert financial disaster. Martha O'Driscoll, a new character, is excellent, and you know what to expect from Mickey and Lewis Stone.



MEET DR. CHRISTIAN—RKO-Radio

RKO has converted the radio serial, "Dr. Christian," into celluloid drama. Jean Hersholt plays the village practitioner who heals his patients with word as well as pill. This first offering concerns itself with Hersholt's efforts to establish a hospital in the town. Balancing the serious adult squabbling are several adolescent romantic intervals—and through the whole production runs a vein of uninvolved, unsophisticated humor. Marcia Mae Jones and young Jackie Moran both do very good jobs, and in the supporting cast are Dorothy Lovett, Robert Baldwin, Paul Harvey and others. Of course the Hersholt bedside manner, that voice, and that kindly face are eminently adaptable to such a role as this lovable doctor allows him.



ALLEGHENY UPRISING—RKO-Radio

FACED with the need for picturization of purely American backgrounds since the new war killed so many European markets—and remembering John Wayne's work in "Stagecoach," RKO offers you this. It is adequate for the first contingency, but Mr. Wayne is certainly wasted. You students of history may remember that fifteen years before the American Revolution a group of Allegheny Valley settlers worked up a minor rebellion in an attempt to keep industrialists from selling supplies—ammunition and such—to the Indians. Wayne plays *Jim Smith,* the leader of the protesting settlers. Claire Trevor is very pretty as Wayne's woman. Recommended with reservations to audiences who always go to see historical films, good or indifferent.

## SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

### THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

**Drums Along the Mohawk**

**First Love**

**Another Thin Man**

**Balalaika**

**Judge Hardy and Son**

**Bad Little Angel**

**Indianapolis Speedway**

**The End of a Day**

### BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Claudette Colbert in "Drums Along the Mohawk"
Edna May Oliver in "Drums Along the Mohawk"

Deanna Durbin in "First Love"
Helen Parrish in "First Love"
Kathleen Howard in "First Love"

William Powell in "Another Thin Man"
Myrna Loy in "Another Thin Man"

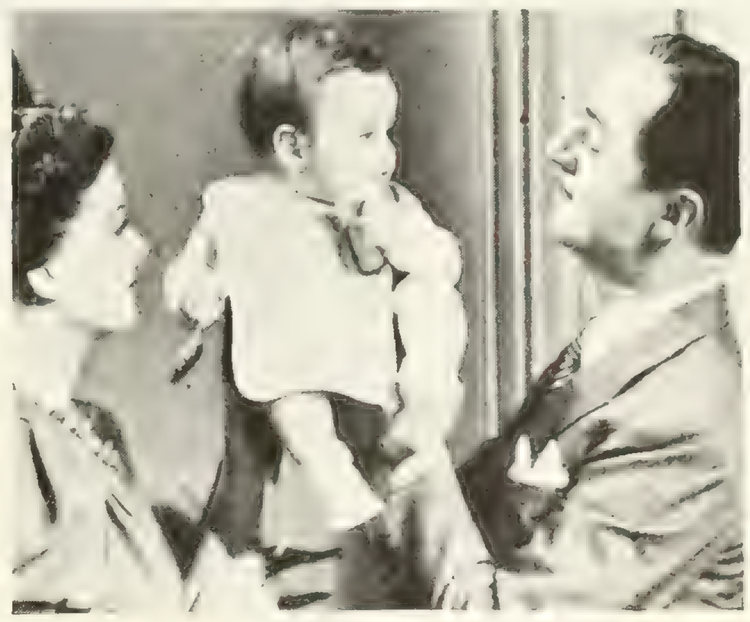
Nelson Eddy in "Balalaika"
Ilona Massey in "Balalaika"

Mickey Rooney in "Judge Hardy and Son"

Virginia Weidler in "Bad Little Angel"

Zorina in "On Your Toes"

Louis Jouvet in "The End of a Day"
Michel Simon in "The End of a Day"



★ ANOTHER THIN MAN—M-G-M

THIS title is synonym for another sparkling picture, of course. It is Bill Powell's first since his long illness, and he's swell, you'll be glad to know. The Myrna Loy-Powell family life is now blessed with a baby. C. Aubrey Smith is a bombastic old millionaire with a questionable past, a slew of enemies, and lovely Virginia Grey as his daughter. She proves to be no nicer than her daddy *was*—before the great bumping off, we mean. Which brings in Otto Kruger as police inspector, aided and hindered by Nat Pendleton, to solve the mystery of Smith's murder. Otto Kruger provides an excellent foil (although he doesn't look as if he enjoyed his role), for Powell's witticisms. Everyone's after a gentleman who has nightmares about how his victims are going to get killed.

As usual in "Thin Man" epics, the picture glitters with smart talk, cocktail glasses, well-dressed women; and additionally a Cuban Club atmosphere which surrounds villain Sheldon Leonard and his Cuban stooge, *Dum-Dum.* It is in the Cuban night club that Powell and Loy are at their funny best.

The murder-dreamer doesn't carry out his latest nightmare about Powell because somebody shoots him—thus adding to the confusion of the finale, wherein things are solved but not too clearly. The hows and whys of the mystery are impossibly involved, and you may be left in a fog, doubting that even William Powell could have unraveled the mystery without help from the director and scenario writers. But that's a trifle. The film's a honey.



★ BALALAIKA—M-G-M

SINCE you're undoubtedly wondering what that unpronounceable title stands for, we may as well say at the beginning that it's a café. It's a café in Russia in 1914, and Ilona Massey's Pa, Lionel Atwill, owns it. Which brings us to Ilona, who is more fun to talk about anyway, being as she's so stunning and has such a swell voice. She's teamed with Nelson Eddy, who has to look and act like a Cossack prince. This he does quite well, besides singing. Of course, there are some leaders of a revolutionist plot, including Atwill and Dalies Frantz, the famous pianist. Now Nelson knows being a Cossack doesn't put him in too good a light with Ilona's family, so he disguises himself to get her an audition in the Imperial Opera; a street brawl happens, and Frantz is killed, and Ilona discovers all about Eddy, and there is just hell to pay. At this psychological moment, along comes the war, and forth to battle goes Nelson. Shift scene to Paris, 1923. Charlie Ruggles, who used to be the hero's valet, has a Café Balalaika of his very own there, and practically the whole cast is celebrating when there is a knock on the back door and guess who it is? Ilona Massey! She's been in prison and she thought Eddy was dead, and here he isn't a Cossack any more. . . So they all sing.

Nelson really does a fine job and you couldn't expect to find him in better voice. Miss Massey is a Discovery and a pretty important one. Frantz is exciting at the piano. You'll like this.

*(Continued on page 82)*

# BOOS AND Bouquets




One of the reasons why Paramount's "The Great Victor Herbert" should not be missed — Betty Bryson, featured ballerina, better known in private life as Mrs. LeRoy Prinz, wife of the studio's dance director

### THAT DIET QUESTION AGAIN!

I WANT to write an answer to Rayburn Davis of Lawrenceville, Illinois, regarding Bing Crosby's being somewhat on the fat side.

Evidently Bing has been on a diet, because in his latest picture, "The Star Maker," he looked so thin, especially his face, and he looked years older. He wasn't the old Bing; the charm seemed to be gone from his voice.

His face looked so tired and drawn, fairly shouting of melba toast and lamb chops, while you could tell his heart belonged to a thick steak.

Please, Bing, get pleasingly—and I mean *pleasingly*—plump again. Enjoy life and let the women of Hollywood do the dieting (some of them could really stand to lose a few pounds).

MILDRED COADY,
Tulsa, Okla.

### HYMN OF HAPPINESS

I'M glad because—

Our Greta has come back to us.

Joan Crawford, in "The Women," has shown us she still can act.

William Powell is in good health again—maybe it was my prayers.

I can look on a face as beautiful as Hedy Lamarr's.

The movies have given us two new stars—Greer Garson, whose warm, vivid personality captivates us, and "Baby Sandy" Henville, one female star who isn't glamorous!

BERNICE MORTON,
Regina, Sask., Canada.

### MIRACLE

PLEASE send me the casts of *every* picture reviewed in the October PHOTOPLAY. Your excuse for omitting this feature because of so-called unusual features is getting monotonous and wearing thin.

The "Casts of Current Pictures," "The Shadow Stage" and Cal York's "Gossip of Hollywood" are your three best features and there are three more you should add—(1) a foreign film department, (2) a "shooting schedule" for every month, and (3) a serial department in which you would give us every bit of serial news you could lay your hands on, besides titles and synopses of every chapter of every serial released, good or bad. You should carry these six features permanently.

Perhaps some day a miracle will occur and the letter which I sent to the editor will be printed in PHOTOPLAY. . . .

JOHN WASSO, JR.
Pen Argyl, Pa.

### SISTER ACT

WE have always adored Deanna Durbin and dreaded the day when she grew up, but now it's all right because we have another edition of her in charming little Gloria Jean! She even walks like her!

Why not cast them in a sister picture? Wouldn't it be lovely to hear them sing together? Or why not produce "Elsie Dinsmore"—as some fans suggested—with Gloria Jean as *Elsie* at eight and Deanna as *Elsie* in her teens?

It would be a big drawing card. Nearly every girl, regardless of age, loves the "Elsie" books, whether she admits it or not. And those who don't will change their minds when they see Deanna and her miniature in the role!

THREE GRAMMAR SENIORS,
Elizabeth, N. J.

### FLAG WAVING

RECENTLY, my father and I attended the showing of a Paramount picture entitled, "Our Leading Citizen," featuring Bob Burns. That was one of the finest productions I have seen for quite some time.

The next afternoon, I was glancing through PHOTOPLAY and noticed a review of this picture. The writer's comments about "flag waving" and the organization I believe to be the finest patriotic organization in the country—The American Legion—greatly surprised me. I refer to the "American Legion Rally" comment. If a few more people thought about and acted upon the principles for which the American Legion was organized, there would be little suffering due to war.

I feel especially deeply about this most vital subject because my father is a citizen of the United States by choice, migrating here in 1910 and going to war against his own brothers in 1918. He is a member of the American Legion, 40 *et* 8, and a Disabled American War Veteran, having been gassed, lost the use of one lung, and finally an entire eye.

May I suggest that, if you continue to use as a motto "The Aristocrat of Motion Picture Magazines," you discontinue criticism of any patriotic organization? If, however, the printing of that comment was an error, I would like to know of it so I can once again enjoy PHOTOPLAY as I have so many years in the past.

IRENE C. HENNINGTON,
Sioux City, Iowa.

[If PHOTOPLAY'S reviewer sounded critical of any patriotic organization, sincere apologies.—ED.]

### HAYSTACK?

THE supreme test of an actress lies in her ability to make a series of characters, diverse in mind and body, become real in the minds of the be-

holders. Hence, this big Boo for Dorothy Lamour. She hasn't even the faintest conception of the job of creating characterizations. She is simply a gal with a deep and not very true voice, a svelte figure, and useless yards of long and not very pretty-textured hair, who wears either very few or very many clothes quite well. It's rather a pity, too, for it is evident she has the desire to act, and to act well. Two things only hamper her—lack of instruction in acting by a competent coach, and her continual consciousness of that haystack of hair. Her mind is on it all the time, no matter if it is up or down; if up, to balance her head; if down, to display it as though it were a personal triumph to have grown it, which it isn't, since Nature will do as much for any gal, however dumb, if left alone for two to four years. So, for Dorothy, here is the prescription: First, six months or so with the best acting coach to be had, and second, a thorough-going and radical short haircut. No compromise! No shoulder bob! No "basic fashion" medium bob! But a regular close clip which will, both literally and figuratively, "take her hair off her mind."

I wonder if Dorothy is brave enough to go the course. . . .

BETTE ROBINSON,
Aurora, Ill.

### GIVE THE GIRL A CHANCE

I HAVE a big boo for people in general.

When I went to see "The Rains Came," I went in expecting to be thrilled up and down by Brenda Joyce. When I came out I was heartily disappointed in her acting. Sure, she is pretty, but that isn't what I like in an actress. I had read so many magazines on how wonderful she was, that I thought Brenda Joyce must be another Bette Davis. If that girl has any talent, why do you have to put her in a picture in which she doesn't get a chance to exhibit it? I am looking forward to seeing her in "Here I Am a Stranger," to see her do some acting. If she isn't any better, I am through with hope for pretty Brenda Joyce.

JULIA SMITH,
West Los Angeles, Calif.

### THE GANGSTER'S LOT

IF modern times have some advantages over the days of old, modern crime has not. Contrast the screen's picturesque old outlaws with its present-day gangsters, and it becomes evident that Crime Does *Not* Pay—now.

Everything smiled on the outlaws of "Girl of the Golden West" and "Robin Hood." Gaily dressed and splendidly mounted, loved by beautiful ladies, for them roast meat and wine flowed perpetually, and mirth and music filled the air. Their weather was glorious, their scenery superb, their comrades loyal, and their coups successful.

Now regard the life of the slinking curs in "Winterset" or "Dead End," and it appears that the gangster has a pretty thin time. He sometimes sneers but never laughs —and, indeed, has nothing to laugh at, for it rains whenever he shows his face. He has no home, only some haunts—garish night clubs, shabby speakeasies, grimy billiard rooms—where he takes his sordid pleasures. He sometimes drinks whisky, but takes no interest in food, and a haggard moll acts as chief mourner at these funeral feasts. His clothes are no great shakes, and though he earns many a "grand" he gets very little out of it, but "fleeth as a shadow, and never continueth in one stay." As for his comrades' loyalty, the less said about it the better. And, if his coups are sometimes successful, death is not far behind—and he knows it.

What puzzles me is: If the films are right, why weren't *all* our ancestors outlaws? And why is *anyone* a gangster?

ELIZABETH FLETCHER,
Blackpool, Lancs., England.

## How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?



A holiday at home—that was Loretta Young's idea of fun after completing "Eternally Yours"

GRADE yourself five points for every one you guess right. If you get sixty or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as PHOTOPLAY. Check up on page 81.

1. She made a big hit in her first picture, which was also her last:

*June Preisser* — *Carolyn Lee*
*Brenda Joyce* — *Gloria Jean*

2. This picture won 1938's Academy Award for the best picture of the year:

*Gunga Din* — *Sweethearts*
*You Can't Take It With You* — *Camille*

3. Joan Crawford has never worked for any other studio than:

*Universal* — *Paramount*
*M-G-M* — *Warner Brothers*

4. This actor receives more fan mail than any other star:

*Tyrone Power* — *Clark Gable*
*Gene Autry* — *Robert Taylor*

5. Two of these have returned to their own country to enter the war:

*David Niven* — *Basil Rathbone*
*Leslie Howard* — *Charles Boyer*

6. She first made a success in radio before she was brought to the screen:

*Alice Faye* — *Brenda Marshall*
*Lana Turner* — *Gale Page*

7. Her first success was on the screen, then she went on the radio:

*Claire Trevor* — *Kate Smith*
*Frances Langford* — *Gracie Allen*

8. He was a Phi Beta Kappa:

*Richard Carlson* — *Richard Greene*
*Errol Flynn* — *Melvyn Douglas*

9. Her sister married Brian Aherne:

*Loretta Young* — *Joan Blondell*
*Olivia de Havilland* — *Priscilla Lane*

10. Besides his screen and radio work, he runs his stable of horses:

*Don Ameche* — *Bing Crosby*
*Eddie Robinson* — *Bob Hope*

11. This favorite night spot uses the trade-mark "World Famous":

*Trocadero* — *Café Lamaze*
*Victor Hugo's* — *Cocoanut Grove*

12. Two of these stars live on ranches:

*Joel McCrea* — *Nelson Eddy*
*Rosalind Russell* — *Carole Lombard*

13. He's the father of the Jones Family:

*Lewis Stone* — *Jed Prouty*
*Charles Winninger* — *Walter Connolly*

14. This actor was also a director:

*Bruce Cabot* — *Ralph Bellamy*
*Lew Ayres* — *Cary Grant*

15. 20th Century-Fox is reviving:

*Ruth Roland serials* — *Bathing Beauty comedies*
*Ben Turpin comedies* — *Keystone Kops*

16. This famous director was once a strong man in a circus:

*Frank Capra* — *Gregory Ratoff*
*William Wyler* — *Michael Curtiz*

17. There are this number of Brown Derby restaurants in Hollywood:

*One* — *Two*
*Three* — *Four*

18. He played the **Thin Man**:

*John Carradine* — *Edward Ellis*
*William Powell* — *James Stewart*

19. This star is the composer of "Count Me Out of Your Dreams":

*Adolphe Menjou* — *John Howard*
*Richard Dix* — *John Payne*

20. The Sunset Strip is:

*A night club* — *A new dance*
*A theater* — *A shopping district*

### BLACKOUT!

ALTHOUGH this is neither a Boo nor a Bouquet, it might be of some interest to your readers.

At eleven o'clock on Sunday, September third, Britain declared war on Germany. Shortly after this momentous hour, several announcements were made over the wireless; included in these announcements was an order closing all cinemas, theaters and places of entertainment in the interests of public safety. And so, for nearly a whole week (one of the gloomiest I can ever remember), the population of Great Britain had to do without one of their favorite pastimes, the "pictures." Shortly after this, however, it was left to the local police authorities to open cinemas where it was considered safe. *One* opened —in Aberystwith, a town in Wales; for the first time since hostilities had broken out, the inhabitants of this town were the first people to have the opportunity of visiting a cinema.

This caused a great stir, as you can imagine, and many cinema-managers ridiculed the situation by posting outside their premises such signs as this—CLOSED, NEAREST CINEMA ABERYSTWITH — 350 MILES. In the local cinema here we had a poster which went as follows:

It's a long way to Aberystwith,
It's a long way to go,
It's a long way to the nearest cinema,
With the sweetest girl you know,
Goodbye, Mickey Rooney,
Farewell, Lewis Stone,
It's a long way to see a movie,
But we hope to open soon!

But now, thanks to permission from the Home Office, all cinemas are open once more and everything is back to usual, with the exception of two items — the performance must terminate at 10 P. M. and— everybody must carry his or her gas-mask!

HARRY SHAW,
Musselburgh, Scotland.



Playing with his son, Nick was quite satisfied with the world, but Nora was losing patience. "Stop clowning, Nick, and answer my questions!" she ordered

"Keep off fire escapes when there isn't any fire!" said Nick

said, "It came from your gambling house!" Vogel wilted

# The Thin Man

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FICTIONIZED BY

## LYON MEARSON

### Nick Charles Reporting

GOD knows I didn't want to get into the MacFay murder mess. I'd given up detective work, Nora and I had settled down in San Francisco determined to raise a family—and we'd made a fine start with Nick, Jr.—and I never wanted to hear about another crime. Then we went to New York, taking Nick, Jr., along, and trekked out to Long Island for a week end with Colonel MacFay, that crusty old gent who'd been the partner of Nora's father and who still managed Nora's estate. A former employee of the Colonel's, Sam Church, had just finished a prison sentence for financial juggling. Swearing that he'd taken the rap for the Colonel, he demanded money, and on the Colonel's refusal to come across, Church proceeded to terrorize the household, which consisted of Colonel MacFay; his adopted daughter, Lois; Dud-



"I didn't say Dudley killed father," Lois protested. "But if you'd married him," insisted Van Slack, "your father would have disinherited you!"

ley Horn, the Colonel's right-hand man of business and, in spite of the Colonel's objection, Lois' fiance; Freddie Coleman, the Colonel's secretary, who was also in love with Lois; and Mrs. Bellam, the housekeeper.

I thought the Colonel was screwy when he said Church was trying to scare him to death. Church had dreamed twice that the Colonel was dead; a third dream would mean the Colonel was really dead—and the only way for the Colonel to avert that was to pay Church what he asked. Finally the Colonel wore me down and I promised to investigate. I went to the small cottage near by where Church was living with a Cuban servant named Dum-Dum and a blonde named Smitty. Church said if I didn't persuade the Colonel to come across he'd start dreaming about Nora and me and the baby. So I hung one on his eye. Then Smitty pulled a gun on me and Dum-Dum threw a knife at me. The knife missed and Asta—why Nora insists on dragging that dog with us everywhere we go I'll never know—thought it was a game and ran around with the knife in his mouth.

When I got back to the Colonel's, Nora and Lois and I sat around and talked. While we were talking we heard a shot, then all the lights went out. We ran to the Colonel's bedroom and found him dead—his throat was cut, just as Church had dreamed. It looked as though he'd put up a fight. His revolver was on the floor and there was a bullet hole in the wall. The cord of the bedside lamp was broken and a glass of water had spilled onto a crumpled newspaper. There was no sign of the knife that had killed him so the police began to search the grounds for it. I joined in when one of the cops saw our dog, Asta, with a knife in his mouth. I'd just cornered Asta and was trying to get the knife when I heard something in the shrubbery behind me. Then Lois crashed through the bushes from the other direction,

***Do Nick and Nora find the murderer in the new Myrna Loy-Bill Powell thriller? Just read Photoplay's gay, exciting novelette based on the film***

yelling, "Look out!" (Now go on with the story.)

AT the moment her scream rang out in the night air Lois lunged at Nick, shoving him aside. Caught off balance, Nick fell. A pistol shot rent the darkness, the bullet nicking a bush right behind the place where Nick's head had been.

Nick came up instantly, but, with his assailant's second shot, the police were already riddling the bushes with their forty-fives. Lois cried out and sank to the ground as the figure in the shrubbery staggered, fired a last wild shot, fell—and was still.

Nick and the policemen bent over him. "Why, it's Dudley Horn!" exclaimed Van Slack, the district attorney.

"It was," Nick said, and turned to the unconscious Lois. "It's her arm," he said, relieved. "Here—get her inside. Your medical officer's still there, isn't he?"

"Yes." Van Slack was picking up the knife Asta had abandoned. "That's the knife that finished the Colonel, all right."

"It could also be the one that was thrown at me," Nick said.

Van Slack sighed. "Not much chance of fingerprints after that dog of yours has been playing with it."

"I'm apologizing," Nick said.

In the living room, Lois, her arm—not seriously injured—bandaged, tried to control her nerves while Van Slack questioned her. Next to Lois sat Nora, with the baby. Nick watched quietly, as did Mrs. Bellam and Freddie Coleman.

"I didn't say Dudley killed Father," Lois protested.

"But if you'd married him your father would have disinherited you!" insisted Van Slack.

Questioning Lois further, Van Slack learned that Dudley Horn had come to her immediately after the discovery of the Colonel's murder and told her to say—for her own protection—that they were together when it happened.

"Her protection, nothing," Van Slack said. "Horn was fixing up an alibi for himself. We know Horn and Church were enemies. Horn sees a chance to frame Church by using a knife belonging to Church's servant to murder the Colonel. See?"

"If he wanted to frame Church with the knife," said Nick, "why try to kill me when I find it?" Van Slack winced at Nick's exploding of his theory. "Now you know why I retired," Nick added. "Good luck!" He started for the door.

"You're not walking out on me, are you?" Van Slack protested.

"No. Running. Nice quiet week end. My family is threatened, I have a knife thrown at me, get shot at—and I'm not sure I'm not suspected of murder. I'm going back to New York to forget the whole thing."

Nick beckoned to Nora. "Come on, Mom," he said.

Surprisingly, Nora started for the door. "Come on, Lois," she said. Lois rose, followed

by Mrs. Bellam and Freddie. As they all filed past Nick, he realized that he might be walking out on the case, but the case wasn't walking out on him.

"Maybe I'm not going to forget it," he said.

Lois lay asleep in her bedroom of the Charles suite in the Normandie Hotel. Mrs. Bellam and Freddie had been installed in rooms down the hall. In the living room of the suite Nick was saying to Nora, "How about a show tonight—a murder mystery, for a change?"

"Not until I see that paper you just stuck into your pocket," Nora retorted, fishing into his pocket and reading the crude, hand-blocked message:

LOIS MACFAY BETTER PUT ON HER SHROUD. SHE WILL SOON BE WITH HER FATHER.

"Oh, Nick," Nora gasped. "Is Lois all right?"

Nick nodded. "Freddie brought this in. Found it underneath his door."

Nora was mystified. "How'd it get there? The hallway's full of plain-clothes men."

"Exactly," said Nick.

There was a knock on the door and Van Slack hurried in. "I wish you'd reconsider and come back on this case," he blurted.

"What's up?" Nick asked over the highballs he was mixing.

"The New York police have located that woman, Smitty, who was with Church. I'm going up there now. Want to come?"

"Sure," said Nora. Nick eyed her suspiciously.

Van Slack was embarrassed. "It won't be any place for a woman."

"Any place that Nick is, is a place for a woman," Nora retorted. "The more women, the better, is Nick's idea."

"What about the man I saw watching Church's house last night?" asked Nick, hurriedly.

"We checked the car registration number you gave us. It belongs to a gambler racketeer named Vogel. I'm seeing him later."

The telephone rang and Nick answered it. A low, menacing voice said, "Lay off the MacFay case, if you don't want to go home in a box." Then Nick heard the click of a broken connection.

Nick spoke into the phone evenly. "Sorry. We have an encyclopedia." He hung up. He reached for his hat. Then he paused intently. "Listen! It's the baby—crying!"

Nora, instantly maternal, flew out of the room. Nick jammed his hat on his head. "Come on, Van Slack," he said.

Outside Smitty's apartment they picked up Lieutenant Guild of the Homicide Squad, who told them that Smitty was in the clear for the MacFay murder. "She telephoned me last night and asked me to hang around," Guild said. "We've had the place covered since midnight and your murder was at one."

Nick was amused. "She telephoned herself? Sounds as if she'd fixed up a nice alibi—with your help."

They got little help from Smitty. Church, she insisted, had said he was going to Cuba. She knew nothing of any murder.

Nick pointed to an overcoat hanging in a corner. "That's his, isn't it?"

Smitty nodded. "Sure. It's been here two, three weeks." Guild and Van Slack were going through the pockets, tossing out handkerchief and gloves, cigarettes and a book of matches.

The doorbell rang. Guild opened the door. "Hello, Vogel," he greeted the man who entered.

Paying no attention to the three men, Vogel addressed Smitty. "Told you you'd get into trouble, hanging around Church."

"What do you know about Church?" asked Van Slack.

"Nothing, except he was spending too much time with Smitty."

"Is that why you were watching her and Church last night?" asked Nick.

"Why, you big ape!" Smitty burst out at Vogel.

Vogel turned to the men. "Her husband's a pal of mine. He's in stir, so I promised to keep an eye on her."

Behind them the door opened quietly and a dark, evil face looked in. Nick recognized Church's servant, the man who had thrown the knife at him, and said, "If it isn't Dum-Dum."

Dum-Dum turned and retreated swiftly down the hall, followed by Van Slack and Guild.

Smitty didn't notice what was going on. Her attention was centered on Vogel. "What did you do to Sam Church?" she screamed furiously. She made a vicious swipe at him, knocking off his heavy glasses. Vogel groped blindly for the glasses and Nick, grinning with amusement, slyly kicked them into a corner, then picked up the book of paper matches that had come from Sam Church's overcoat. The West Indies Club, read the advertisement on the back. Losing interest in the Smitty-Vogel battle, Nick rushed from the apartment and hailed a taxi.


*Next Month -*

A feature of vital importance to all thinking Americans—by the First Lady of the Land:

**"How the Movies Can Help Keep Us Out of War"**

by ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

in FEBRUARY PHOTOPLAY


THE West Indies Club had a small crowded dance floor and a small noisy orchestra. Nick had no sooner sat down than he knew he was in luck, for he was joined by a small-time thug, one Cookie, who was full of information and very talkative. From Cookie, Nick learned that Smitty's predecessor in Church's affections was Linda Mills. Cookie told Nick where Linda Mills lived, commented at length on her appearance. With every word of Cookie's description of the girl, Nick's interest mounted. So did that of a man who was sitting at the next table, toying with a roulette chip, who from the first mention of Sam Church's name had listened in.

"Yeah, Linda's a looker," Cookie'd finished. "But she ain't got the class of that dame." He pointed to a table surrounded by a crowd of men. As Nick glanced up the men moved aside and the woman seated at the table arose to dance with one of them. The woman was Nora.

A man slipped into a chair beside Nick. It was Dum-Dum, Church's servant.

"Ah, my knife-throwing friend," said Nick. "Where's Church? Still in Cuba?"

Cookie laughed loudly. "Cuba! Why, I seen him about seven o'clock—"

Cookie didn't finish, for Dum-Dum landed one on his jaw that sent him sprawling over the neighboring table. In a moment the place was in a riot. The lights went off. Bodies fell, voices screamed, a police whistle shrilled and over the din the orchestra played louder than ever. When the police had arrived and the lights were turned on, the room was deserted except for one couple, dancing serenely to the agitated music. One half the couple was Nora, the other half was Nick. Nick was saying, "Just fancy meeting you here, Mom."

At the checkroom Nora retrieved Asta. Nick said thoughtfully, "You know we have a baby. Did you check him, too?"

"He's home. Asleep."

"And why aren't you?"

Nora was nonchalant. "Home life is so dull. Right after you and Van Slack left someone telephoned that Dum-Dum hangs out here—so I came to meet him—and missed him. Well," brightly, "where are we going now?"

Nick shrugged in resignation. "To talk to Sam Church's ex-sweetie, Linda Mills."

BUT Linda Mills wasn't home, her landlady said, hadn't been there for some days, and her goings and comings were pretty irregular anyhow. The landlady let them look at Linda's room, however—a shabby little room which Nick examined thoroughly. He found a book of law cases fifty years old. A section of about ten pages had been cut from it. Next he went over the pictures on the wall, until Nora asked, "Thinking of renting the room?"

"Not a bad idea. It's well ventilated, anyhow," said Nick, pointing to a bullet hole which had been hidden by one of the pictures. The bullet hole slanted up from the floor. Nick followed the slant, walking backwards, until he reached a point on the rug beside the bed. He stooped down, saying, "This would be about where the gun was." There was a burned, discolored mark at the very spot where his hand rested.

"Well, Mom," he said, starting toward the door, "what about going home—if you don't think home life would be too dull—"

From behind them came the sound of a window being opened. Two men were crawling in through the fire escape. The one in the lead was the man who'd sat next to Nick at the West Indies Club, playing with a roulette chip. He was carrying a gun. He said, "Put them up. Now turn on the radio—loud—and think up some famous last words. You've got until the radio warms up."

"A little longer than that, I guess," Lieutenant Guild spoke from the doorway. "Well, get going," he ordered his men. "I'll keep 'em covered while you get 'em ready for the wagon."

"And let that teach you to keep off fire escapes when there isn't a fire," Nick warned them.

In his living room at the hotel Nick examined an old law book identical with the one found in Linda Mills' room except that no pages were missing.

"There's a man to see you," said Nora, coming into the room. "A big man with heavy glasses."

"Must be Vogel."

Just then a man slipped out from behind the draperies at the window. His hand, in his coat pocket, obviously gripped a gun.

"Why, Church," Nick greeted him. "Thought you were in Cuba."

"Yes, I'm Church. I've been dreaming about you. I've dreamed about you twice, and each time you were messed up the way MacFay was. If you," Church turned to Nora, "don't want to be a widow, you'd better get him on a train right away, because I've got a feeling I'm going to have that third dream."

He backed toward the window, still covering them with his gun. "If you're smart, you won't blow any police whistles for at least five minutes." He turned toward the window, crawled out on the ledge leading to the next apartment.

"Get him, Nick," Nora urged.

"Why should I?" Nick shrugged. "It's all part of his plan. I never saw a man try so hard to get caught."

*(Continued on page 75)*

# CHOOSE THE BEST PICTURE OF




## WAS ONE OF THESE YOUR FAVORITE PICTURE OF 1939?

**Here's your chance to vote for your favorite picture of 1939. It may win PHOTOPLAY'S famed Gold Medal—so don't delay! Vote now!**

ONCE again it is time for PHOTOPLAY readers to cast their votes for the best picture of the year. It is an old PHOTOPLAY custom—this annual selection of the most outstanding film of the preceding year. Perhaps you were one of PHOTOPLAY'S readers who, way back in 1921, cast your vote for "Humoresque," the first picture to receive our Gold Medal Award; or perhaps you have never before cast your vote. But whether you are an old-timer or a new-timer, we cordially invite you, one and all, to vote this time—for your favorite picture of 1939. Tell your friends about the Award. Get your classmates, your office associates, your bridge club, to pick their favorite picture. And we don't want to start any family arguments, but why not suggest to Mother and Dad, to Sister Sue and Great-Aunt Kate that they cast their votes?

Each and every vote counts! Since this is the only award of its kind in which the public absolutely has the whole say, we urge you to take advantage of this opportunity to tell Hollywood what kind of pictures you like best. The final choice will serve as a measuring rod for the films of 1940.

Put on your thinking caps! What picture stood out above all the pictures you saw during the past year? Was it a romance, an adventure story, a screw-ball comedy, a gangster thriller, a costume drama? Was it gay and light or was it tragic and heavy? Did it bring a laugh to your throat or tears to your eyes? You will not all agree, of course, on what type of picture gave you the most all-around pleasure, but a majority of you are going to select one picture as tops. It is the producer of this picture who will be the proud recipient of PHOTOPLAY'S famed Gold Medal, reproduced above.

To aid you in jogging your memory, we are listing a number of 1939's outstanding films. This, we emphasize, is by no means a complete list. If your favorite is not included in our list, don't feel you cannot cast a vote for it. For your convenience, we have also printed a ballot. You may use this, or simply write your choice on a slip of paper and send it to the Gold Medal Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd St., New York City.

DON'T DELAY! VOTE NOW—FOR THE BEST PICTURE OF 1939.

### PREVIOUS GOLD MEDAL WINNERS

1920
"HUMORESQUE"
1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
1926
"BEAU GESTE"
1927
"7TH HEAVEN"
1928
"FOUR SONS"
1929
"DISRAELI"
1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
1931
"CIMARRON"
1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"
1933
"LITTLE WOMEN"
1934
"THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET"
1935
"NAUGHTY MARIETTA"
1936
"SAN FRANCISCO"
1937
"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS"
1938
"SWEETHEARTS"

Abe Lincoln in Illinois
Allegheny Uprising
Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever
Another Thin Man
Babes in Arms
Bachelor Mother
Balalaika
Beachcomber, The
Beau Geste
Broadway Melody of 1940, The
Broadway Serenade
Dancing Co-ed
Dark Victory
Daughters Courageous
Destry Rides Again
Dodge City
Drums Along the Mohawk
Dust Be My Destiny
Each Dawn I Die
East Side of Heaven
First Love
Five Came Back
Four Feathers
Golden Boy
Goodbye, Mr. Chips
Good Girls Go to Paris
Gunga Din
His Girl Friday
Hollywood Cavalcade
Honeymoon in Bali
Idiot's Delight
In Name Only
Intermezzo, a Love Story
Jamaica Inn
Jesse James
Juarez
Lady of the Tropics
Let Freedom Ring
Little Princess, The
Love Affair
Man About Town
Man in the Iron Mask
Man of Conquest
Mr. Smith Goes to Washington
Ninotchka
Nurse Edith Cavell
Of Mice and Men
Old Maid, The
On Borrowed Time
Only Angels Have Wings
Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex, The
Pygmalion
Rains Came, The
Real Glory, The
Roaring Twenties, The
Rose of Washington Square
Rulers of the Sea
Stagecoach
Stanley and Livingstone
Stolen Life
Story of Alexander Graham Bell, The
Story of Vernon and Irene Castle, The
Three Comrades
They Shall Have Music
Three Smart Girls Grow Up
Under Fup, The
Union Pacific
Wall in the Night
We Are Not Alone
What a Life
Wizard of Oz
Women, The
Wuthering Heights
Young Mr. Lincoln

PHOTOPLAY MEDAL OF HONOR BALLOT

GOLD MEDAL EDITOR
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
CHANIN BUILDING, 122 EAST 42nd STREET
NEW YORK CITY

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion-picture production released in 1939

NAME OF PICTURE

NAME

ADDRESS

# "WHAT I PLAN FOR MY SON IN TODAY'S



## A FATHER TALKS
## BY DON AMECHE
### AS TOLD TO BARBARA HAYES

Donnie—Don—Honey—and Ronnie (who still resents the arrival of Tommy). Big Don's currently in "Swanee River"

ON July the 20th I became a father for the third time. Like our other two, this baby was a boy. We named him Tommy. Immediately the story was published that Honey and I were disappointed, that we had wanted him to be girl. That is not true. We would have liked a girl very much indeed but this newest son is just as welcome as were Donnie and Ronnie. We were a bit surprised at his being in such a rush to get here that he arrived so much ahead of schedule that we had to leave him in an incubator at the hospital for awhile instead of bringing him straight home. But we most certainly were not disappointed in him. Honey and I think he's swell.

I have the advantage of charming Maureen across the page in that I now have six years' experience in parenthood. Still, I might as well confess that all those six years have taught me is that it isn't safe to generalize about how you are going to bring up your children. Each one is different.

For instance, Ronnie, who is four, is a bit disturbed these days over this new baby around the house. He was accustomed to being the baby. He can't quite get used to being just another boy now, out of the spotlight for the moment. So by way of getting himself back into the spotlight, he's been getting a bit out of line.

I believe in discipline for children. I was one of eight kids, four boys and four girls, and my father brought us up pretty severely. Growing up, I had times of resenting that but now I appreciate it. Today I sincerely believe that self-denial is the greatest of benefits for the soul, that discipline is one of the greatest of all forces for human happiness. Thus I discipline my boys—that is, I do or Honey does—whichever one of us happens to be around when the offense takes place metes out the punishment. Neither one of us wants to become something frightening to our boys. There is none of that "wait until your father gets home, young man" with us. The discipline goes into effect the instant the infraction of rules has happened.

SO far it hasn't had to be much of a punishment. I've never done anything more violent than slapping Donnie's hands. I have spanked Ronnie, but only once. That hurt us both a lot and I doubt that it will have to be repeated. But right now, as I said, Ronnie is being difficult. Honey and I both see this but we are letting him alone, watching him until his hurt pride adjusts itself, until he comes to love this newest brother of his so much that he will get over being jealous of him. I'll miss my guess if that doesn't cure all—but I do admit it's only a guess.

For there lies the greatest joy of being a parent. Watching kids grow, trying to help them develop their own characters—not some character you want them to have for some selfish wish of your own—trying to give them a set of values that will make them happy adults, is the most wonderful thing in life. I believe if you will talk to most parents you will find it is not they, but the people who don't have children, who worry about bringing kids up. People say that the world is in terrible shape today, that the end of civilization may be at hand.

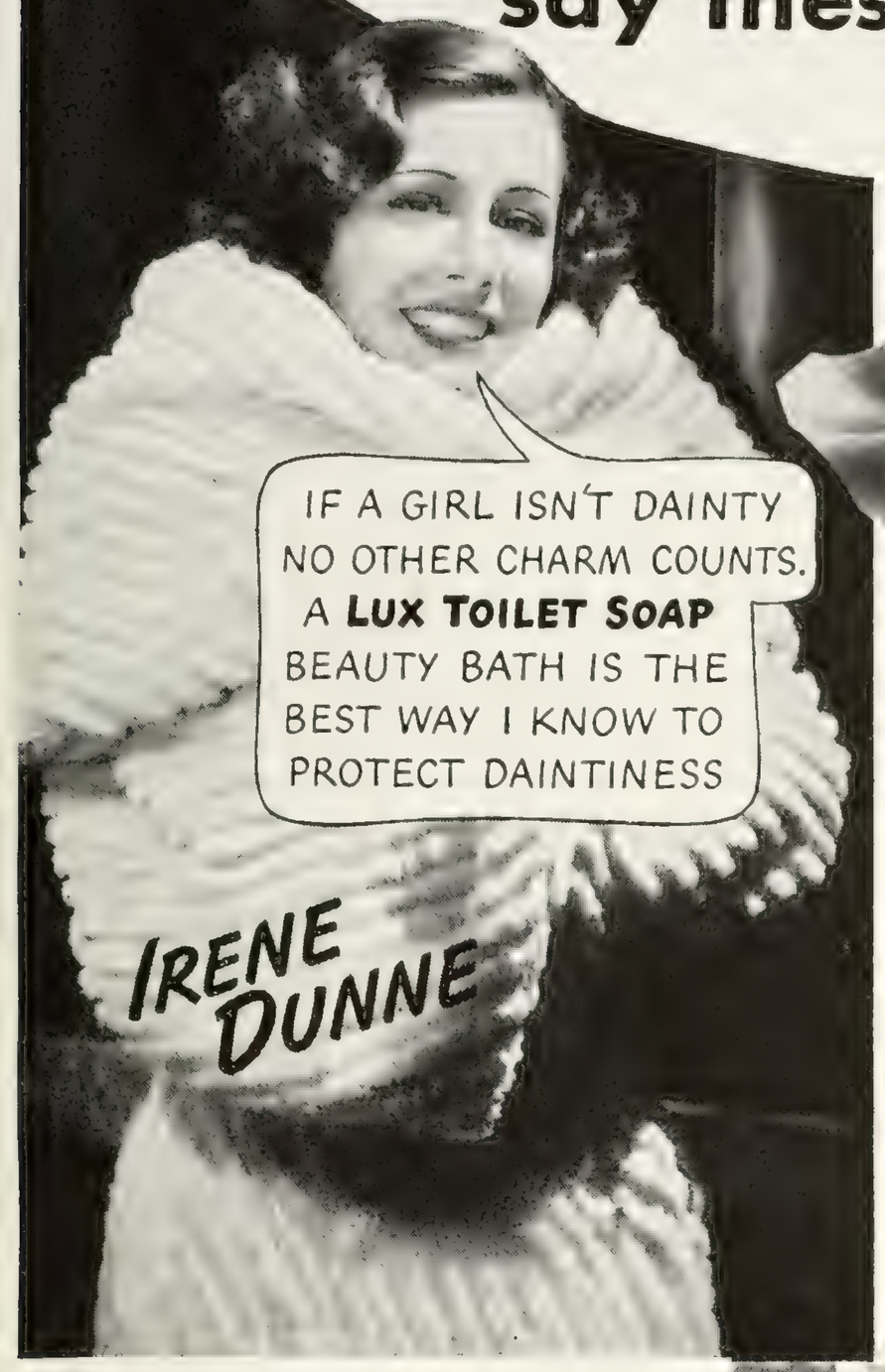
Now I know I am a lucky guy. I have my work, the kind of work I love most. I make a lot of money at it. I'm healthy. A beautiful girl loved me enough to marry me and become the finest wife a man could have. I've been blessed with the greatest riches life can hold. A lot of fellows much more talented, much more intelligent than I don't have that kind of luck. Just the same, knowing I'm seeing life from a pretty soft spot, I still must say I do not believe civilization is about to end. In Europe, a ghastly war is raging, a war that seems to me to be unnecessary. There are many people out of work all over the world. But just the same I think the world is a better place today than it has ever been, and that it will be still better in my sons' time, and better yet in my grandsons' time. I say this because I believe in God and, watching His works, I see that all things which He creates evolve slowly but steadily toward His perfection.

I'll wager almost anything that the Egyptians thought everything was going to pot when they watched the rise of Greek civilization, and I know the Greeks were convinced the Romans would ruin the works. The Romans certainly shuddered over the mere thought of those barbarians, the Britons, ever getting ahead in the

*(Continued on page 78)*

# "Dainty Girls Win Out"

## say these Famous Screen Stars—

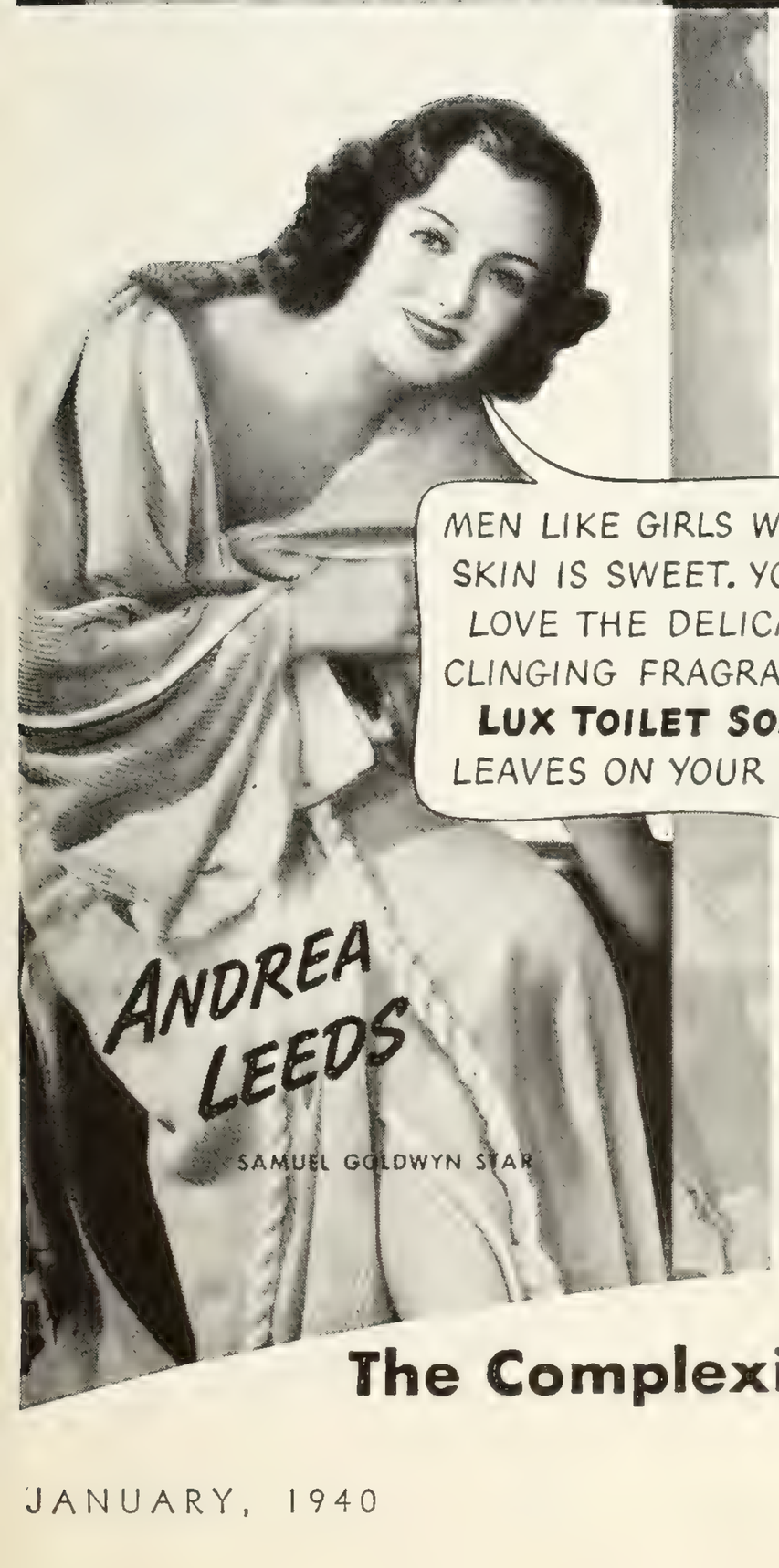


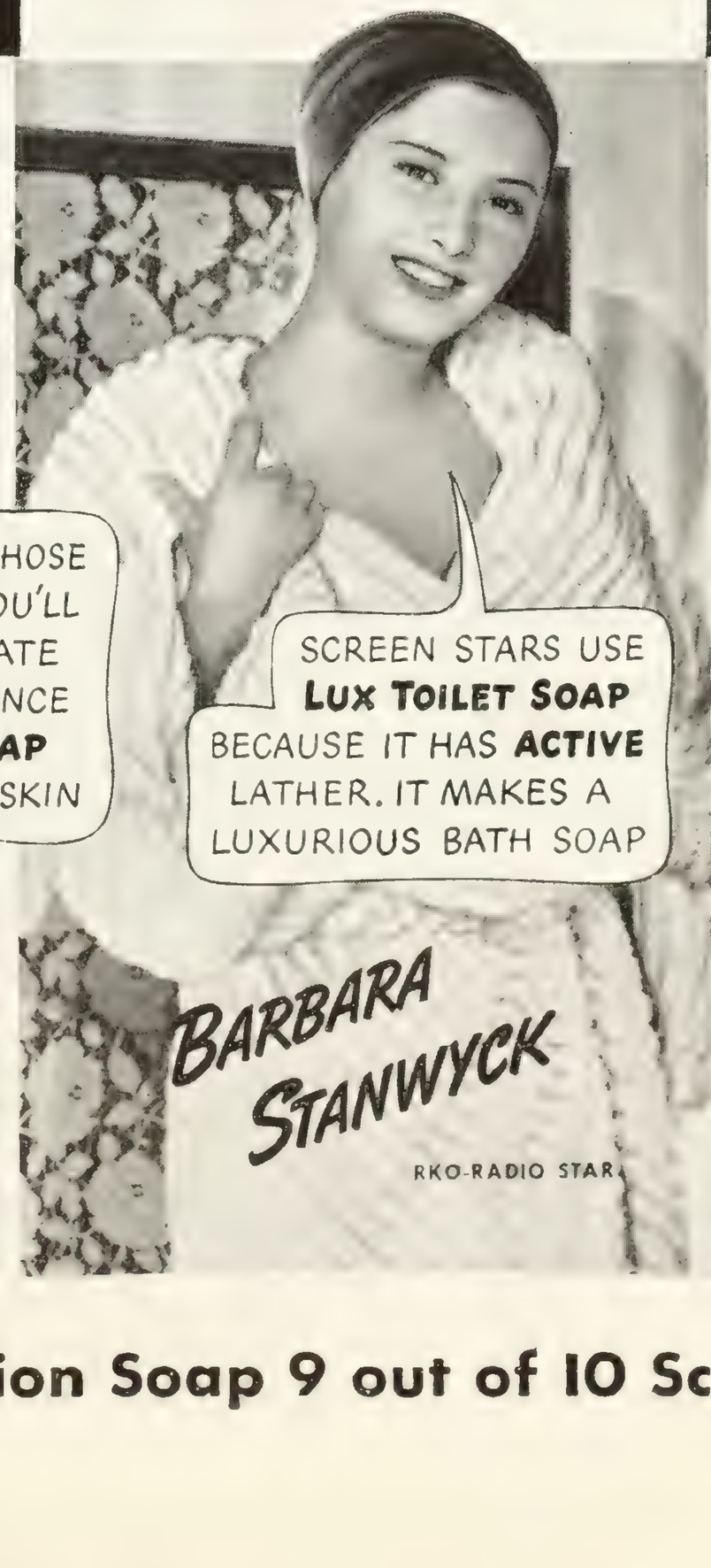


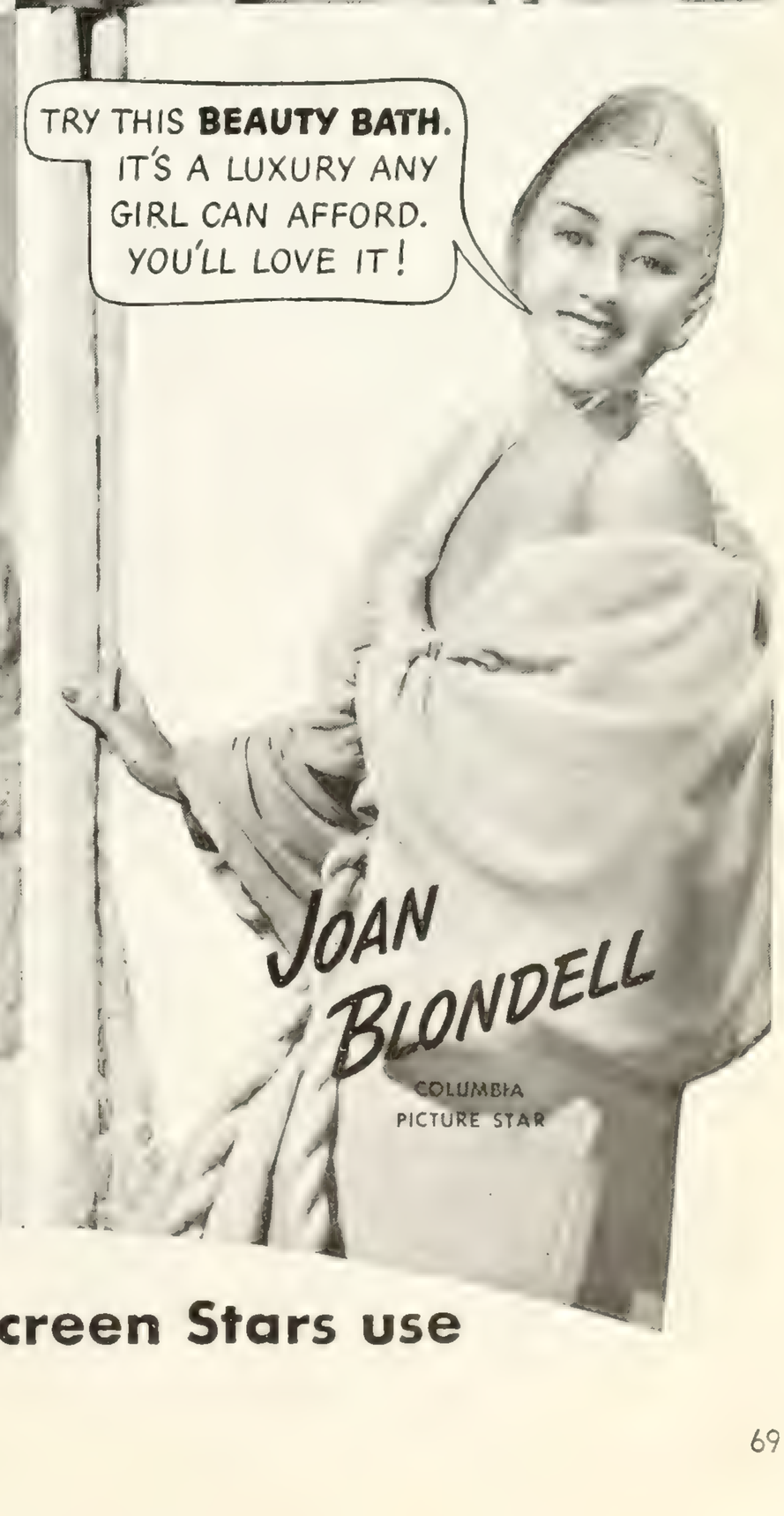


LOVELY Holly-wood screen stars use their complexion soap, gentle Lux Toilet Soap, as a daily *bath* soap, too. This fine white soap has ACTIVE lather that leaves skin really fresh—with a delicate, clinging fragrance—makes you *sure* of daintiness. A luxurious soap, but inexpensive enough for *any* girl to use!




**The Complexion Soap 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use**

(Continued from page 68)

## An Englishman from New Jersey

We've heard plenty of English accents, but never one to equal that of John Sutton, who was born in Orange, New Jersey. Isn't that remarkable? But reasonable, when you realize John was born during his family's visit to the New Jersey town, where they owned extensive property. John looks like a movie star. Black eyes and hair and mustache. He knows Davey Niven, too, having gone to Sandhurst with him, that West Point of England.

I guess you can call John a Bette Davis discovery. She noticed his fine work in a small part in the "Elizabeth" picture and praised him so highly Rowland Lee tested him for a part in Universal's "Tower of London" and, instead of a bit, gave him the lead. He's the doctor in "The Invisible Man," too.

He traveled extensively with his father, the late Edward Sutton, a British Army officer, between Africa and the Orient, and finally, after school, settled down on a ranch in Rhodesia, Africa. There was only one thing wrong, though. The ranch didn't belong to the man who sold it and neither did the cattle and John almost landed in the hoosegow as a result.

So he said, "Well, I'll plant tea in India." That didn't work, either. It's China they plant it in. So he took a boat and landed in San Pedro, California, without having heard of Hollywood, only in a vague sort of way.

Oh yes, of course, he has money of his own. Lived here quite a while, golfing and riding, before the movie bug bit him. He has it bad now, though. The day we saw him he had fallen over Boris Karloff's clubfoot and nearly broken his knee cap in "Tower of London," so the scene *would* be good. Then he tore off his tights (no, not before us) and dressed in modern clothes for the "Invisible Man," and was about to limp back to the tights and Karloff for another scene when we left.

And he was still smiling that handsome smile.

Married? Yes, doggone it.

## Little Boy Blue—Blows His Horn

John Russell is six years old. Unfortunately, John was born with the capacity for deflating adult egos exactly as you would balloons—by sticking pins in them. John's pins are mental—guaranteed to take the smugness out of any human being over twenty-one who thinks he's pretty smart. Consequently his victims go about wearing that slightly silly grin that bespeaks the man outsmarted. Poor man. Poor John. Poor everybody.

At the moment, John is playing leading man to Shirley Temple in "The Blue Bird." He should go down in history as the one man who has so far outsmarted Shirley in a business deal.

It seems John and his stand-in, during those between scenes lulls, went into the greeting card business, making their own cards right on the sets. But before they went into the actual labor, they were smart enough to solicit and tie up all orders from cast, crew, publicity men and all who so much as peeped round the corners. Said cards to cost one cent apiece. Naturally, when Shirley and her stand-in entered the field as competition, they were dumfounded to be told, "Sorry, but I just gave a large order to a rival company."

John, man-like, is gleeful over this coup de maître.

His real name is Countryman. And he hears a lot of the George Washington salute that goes, "First in the hearts of his countryman." He was born in Brooklyn, and his daddy remains in New York as art editor for the Associated Press. John, or Johnny, as they call him (heaven help us), misses his dad. So does John's mother who lives here with her boy.

His light brown hair is violently curly. It wasn't always. It had to be for pictures.

One could pour cream on his peachy complexion and eat him. His round face is interrupted by two very blue eyes and one cupid's bow mouth from which come such utterances as:

"We are all such a *congenial* group in 'The Blue Bird.'"

"Evidently Mr. Hitler is out to monopolize Europe. First Austria, then Czechoslovakia, then Poland. The Pope (John is a Catholic) is doing all he can toward peace."

"And how," we asked, "does his Holiness feel about Hitler, do you suppose?"

"Well," said John, "I'm sure he doesn't exactly warm up to him."

"What brought this on?" we asked, in an aside to his mother. "I mean, how do you account for having a child such as this? At *six*."

"First, because we wanted him so badly," she said. "Secondly, because we respected his intelligence, treated him as an adult and always answered all his questions to the best of our ability."

"Now tell me one thing more," we begged. "Doesn't this child wonder, frankly, wear you out?" (What do you suppose got into us?)

A little smile rose to her lips. "Johnny knows when to have poise and when not. You should see him at home sometimes."

We could have risen from the lunch table and given three cheers. The world seemed a wonderful regular cozy old world again. Johnny could be a mischief.

He was probably the best known boy's model in New York at four. His pictures adorned the covers of many magazines. It was Paul Hesse, the photographer, who suggested Hollywood and the movies, so, partly because they were so tired of cold weather, and partly to try their luck, John and his mother came west and right off, Johnny landed the child's role in "Always Goodbye."

"Barbara Stanwyck said I was *almost* her leading man," he told us.

He has a tooth right out of the middle of his angelic face and is in Second Grade A. He read and pronounced correctly the names of all the countries and cities that decorate Twentieth Century-Fox's commissary wall. But he does redeem himself by very bad jokes.

"Do they have Fourth of July in England?" he asked.

"No," we answered, thinking to ourselves, well, we know one thing this prodigy doesn't.

"Really?" he came back. "Then what comes after the third?"

Nobody laughed, especially me.

"This morning," he said, "one of the boys came on the set all dressed up in a new blue suit and I said, 'At last we've found the blue bird.'"

Then he fought like the dickens to get a piece of chocolate cake his mother didn't want him to have. He got it because I agreed to eat half.

His days are spent in work. On the set. Having his hair curled at night, eating his dinner, studying his lines, going to sleep. Off days he plays at laying out maps of a new Europe as he imagines it. Dear little boy. In such a strange world.

"Definitely a great big NO to the New York climate," he said. "But it's been so long, since I've *throwed* a snowball."

We went away loving him.

## Actress

Funny thing when you think about it, but among the newcomers that pour into Hollywood there are so very, very few who rate the single descriptive word —actress. Nine times out of ten they're labeled "finds," having been found, as it turns out, in drugstores over sodas, or in manicure parlors over some male nails or in high-school plays in tights or some such places. That's why among the group of feminine newcomers the only one that rates, through actual knowledge and years of experience, the title of actress, is Miss Betty Field. And like most sincere Thespians, Betty is the shyest, most retiring, least colorful, serious-minded, and hardest-working of the lot.

Actress! Yes, that's Betty. In three pictures she has revealed to Hollywood the meaning of the word. In "What a Life" she earned its attention. In "Seventeen" she became a seventeener (Betty's in her twenties) who brought forth all the nostalgic qualities of the "dreadful age." In "Of Mice and Men" Betty becomes a common, cheap, trashy girl. And Betty plays her to the hilt.

Actress! She always wanted to be one, too. As a wee girl in Boston, Massachusetts, where she was born February 8th, Betty became a real one-woman band, writing, directing, acting, producing all her shows given on the public sidewalks to the startled and amazed passers-by. Many a pot of beans was dropped to the pavement by a scared native as Betty leaped forward, crying, "Do not take my child from me." It was in the play.

At eight she was trying out her capabilities. For example, she'd stroll along nonchalantly until suddenly she'd spy a stranger and dashing forward, she'd make a great fuss pretending she knew him or her of the blank bewildered face. If she finally convinced them they really knew her, Betty knew she'd be a good actress.

Her "boy" imitation wasn't so good, however. After putting on a long song and dance, dressed in boy's clothing, the stranger finally said, "Oh, run along, little girl."

That was a blow.

Betty's family moved to Morristown, New Jersey, in time for Betty to enter the local high school. But still the old bug was there, biting away, and every Saturday afternoon Betty would hie herself off to the Saturday afternoon matinee performance of the stock company in Newark. She'd haunt the stage door after performances peering at the performers. They really got to know Betty's very pretty face framed with light brown hair and glamorized by a pair of hazel eyes.

One of the actors was really kind enough to suggest if she wanted to act that badly, it might be a good idea to write to the director. She did. She wrote him not one but three letters, and joy of joys, he answered. Next week Betty peered behind a lattice screen as a Chinese girl on *that very Newark stage*, and the next week she was the girl who stumbled over the dead body, and the next she was at the American Academy of Dramatic Art in New York studying like mad.

Her first show flopped. In her second she found her fat part had gone on a diet and was only an anemic shadow of its former self.

But she finally clicked. George Abbott gave her the lead in "Three Men on a Horse," and from then on it was a gallop.

She comes up to measurements of this new kind of tallish girl movement that seems to have hit Hollywood. Betty is five feet five and weighs 110 pounds. They had a dickens of a time, those Paramount boys, coaxing her away from Broadway for pictures. Roach only borrowed Betty for "Mice and Men," and that after only *two* pictures.

She isn't aloofish so much as quiet. Between scenes she goes to her dressing room and reads. She doesn't talk of it herself but her ancestry goes right back to Priscilla, the Pilgrim maid, who had that wonderful line of dialogue that went, "Speak for yourself, John Alden." She's pretty Back-Bayish among the Boston clan, with the Atlantic cable lawyer, one Cyrus Field, a prominent member of her father's family.

She loved location in the country. The barley and cows and corn and horses she thought divine and she rode every morning and evening. In fact, there's something of a Vassar hockey team star about Betty with her low-heeled shoes, honest approach, refreshing manner. Her mother owns the famous Morris and Essex kennels in New Jersey and raises Irish Water Spaniels.

When the story of Betty and her wardrobe for "Of Mice and Men" made the rounds, Hollywood producers went mad for her. She persuaded Mr. Roach to let her go down to Main Street and buy her complete wardrobe.

He had three inward convulsions when she turned in the bill.

It came to a total of $11.50.



Shirley Temple shares the Technicolor glory of "The Blue Bird" with a little brother—a role won by Johnny Russell

# Swiss Family Hollywood

*(Continued from page 11)*

half-closed. He had made good in the toughest racket to beat in the world—motion pictures. And he had done it alone. He had come up the hard way. First the manager of a struggling nickelodeon in a small middle-western town, then a film salesman for the old Biograph Company, then manager of a film exchange in Chicago and from there to Hollywood to manage the old Mack Sennett studios on Glendale Boulevard. His rise to his present position, while not spectacular, was consistent. Yes, life was pretty good. Once Brooksie fell into his arms, he wouldn't have a worry in the world.

THEN his phone rang and Brooksie's voice announced:

"There is a Mr. Hughes out here. He says he's your brother-in-law."

"Oh."

"And he says his two sons, who are your two nephews, are with him."

"Oh, oh, oh. Send them in," he sighed.

Ralph Hughes, Christine's husband, was a thin, waspish little man, with the habitual furtive breathlessness of a fellow who has just gotten away from pursuing police. Donaldson quickly summed up his brother-in-law's rabbitlike qualities and wondered if they were the result of the marriage to Christine, or if he had always been that way. He tried to put heartiness in his voice.

"Swell, Hughes, swell to see you. This is 'um, 'er—quite a pleasant surprise."

Hughes held out a hand that felt like a decomposed eel and grinned foolishly.

"Glad to meet you finally, Donaldson. I feel as if I really should know you. My wife speaks about you all the time."

Donaldson winced inwardly. He hadn't seen Christine for more than twenty years, but he remembered she was always speaking about something.

The nephews, George and Ralph, Jr., hadn't been born when he left Central City. When he had thought of them at all (which was as seldom as humanly possible) he had thought of them as being just children. Now to acknowledge introduction to these full-grown youths was rather a shock.

George, the older by two years, had lasted only four months in Harvard, but he crunched his uncle's hand with the vigor of a four-year letter man in wrestling, crew and football.

Junior wore thick-lensed glasses, which gave him the air of a profound thinker. This to a certain extent was correct, except that all his profound thinking was about himself.

The nephews' impressions of their uncle weren't exactly flattering, either. Uncle Howard to them always had been a fabulous creature. To see him in the flesh was a disillusion. He looked almost fifty and he looked mild-mannered. A motion picture executive should, in their opinion at least, be a fire-eating ripsnorter.

THE ensuing half hour, despite Donaldson's conscientious efforts to put his kinfolk at ease, would go a long way to disprove the old adage that blood is thicker than water. He was decidedly uncomfortable himself, while his brother-in-law went on and on in a monotone about Christine's health, habits and activities back in Central City. He did his level best to concentrate (he was one of Hollywood's best listeners) but his mind kept reverting to the grim reality that, after all these years, flesh-and-blood relatives had descended upon him. He recalled how only last week he had kidded the studio manager about having eleven relatives plucking weekly pay checks from the Atlas coffers and his conscience smote him.

You see, Donaldson was an oddity in Hollywood, in that he was the only steadily employed craftsman in history who had never had a relative underfoot. He was almost as proud of that record as he was of the "Oscar" given him by the Motion Picture Academy.

Donaldson's mind came back with abruptness. Hughes was saying:

"—so when you sent the check for us to take in the World's Fair, Christine decided it wouldn't be much out of our way to stop by and see you."

Donaldson engaged in a speedy mental tour of the United States, but try as he might, he couldn't figure how one got from Central City, Iowa, to New York City, via Hollywood, without getting much out of the way. Hughes noted his perplexed look.

"Didn't Christine write you we'd decided on the San Francisco Fair instead of New York's?"

The producer looked guiltily at his sister's letter and shook his head.

"Christine couldn't get away," Hughes continued. "She's staging a charity carnival in City Park for the benefit of Polish refugees next week."

Donaldson gave a silent prayer of thanks to the Polish refugees. They were on his side even if the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce was not.

Ralph, Jr., entered into the conversation for the first time.

"We've got to get up there by tomorrow afternoon. There's a guy up there who borrowed two bucks from me before hitchhiking out of Central City."

The hitchhiker immediately took equal billing with the Polish refugees in Donaldson's esteem. His unbounded relief showed in his voice and manner.

"Say now, that's too bad," he said heartily. "It's a shame you can't stay over for a while. Lots of things to see and do in Hollywood."

At the time Donaldson was quite proud of that speech. It was one of the most convincing mouthfuls of deceit on record. But afterwards, he awakened many a night in a cold sweat and tried to figure out just what had lulled him into going off the deep end as he had.

JUNIOR, wandering idly about Uncle's office, came to a halt before a large framed photograph of Carole Lombard. He peered skeptically at the penned inscription which read: "To Howard—The Best Boss of Them All—Carole."

"Hey," he called over his shoulder, "did Carole really sign this?"

Donaldson looked his way, startled.

"Why, why certainly. Who else would?"

"Did you see her do it?"

"Of course. She wrote it right here in this office. Why?"

"Movie stars never autograph their own photos," Junior stated decisively. "They hire some slave to sign 'em for ten bucks a week and then clean up by charging twenty-five cents a copy."

Donaldson waived argument on that point. It was too silly.

"Think what you want," he said, "but in this particular case, Carole Lombard did her own writing. She always does."

Junior moved on to the next autographed picture—one of Irene Dunne, and raised the same issue. George caught onto the game and started at the other end of the room with Shirley Temple. Uncle Howard's categorical denials of forgery on each count made no apparent impression. He determined to have all future autographs notarized.

BROOKSIE accepted Donaldson's feeble excuses for canceling their luncheon date with exasperating sweetness.

"Of course, I understand," she said. "One must always think of one's relatives first, mustn't one?"

Donaldson clenched his fists. Brooksie continued:

"That matter you wanted to take up with me. Give me an idea what it is and maybe I can take care of it. You take care of your relatives and I'll do my best to take care of business."

"Dash it, Brooksie, I mean Miss Brooks. What I want to talk to you about isn't business—that is I mean it isn't studio business," he began desperately, only to be interrupted by George's loud demand of "Hurry up, Uncle Howard," from the other office.

"Some other time," said Brooksie, oh, so sweetly.

Hand on doorknob, Donaldson made one last attempt.

"Will you have dinner with me? I must talk to you."

"I'll be available, of course, Mr. Donaldson, but will you? Suppose you have to see your relatives?"

"Nothing will keep me," sputtered Donaldson vehemently. "You be ready."

Brooksie gazed at the closed door for a minute and then said into her vanity mirror: "He's a dear, Brooksie, if only you can get those relatives out of what's left of his hair."

The deference accorded their uncle in the studio restaurant made a more favorable impression on the nephews than anything he had said or done heretofore. Important stars, producers and writers, whose names were familiar to the Hughes family, made their way in a procession to Donaldson's table.

The celebrated Grace Darling joined them. She had just learned that her option was not being taken up and was out for revenge. She knew of Donaldson's antipathy to relatives of any sort, and saw a dandy chance to get a bit of fun.

"Going to be here long?" she asked George, politely. George swallowed a couple of times and managed to say they were only there for the day.

"That's too bad." She gave Donaldson a sly leer. "Really, Howard," she said, "you must persuade them to stay. There's so much for them to see here."

"What should we see in Hollywood, Miss Darling?" George asked.

"Oh, lots of things," she said. "The Planetarium, and the gas tank next to United Artists, and the way the writers eat at Republic and the Trocadero and Dietrich's legs on a clear day and. . . ."

"Would you show them to us?" George asked.

"I'd love to," she said, and arose hastily. "Got to get back to the set now."

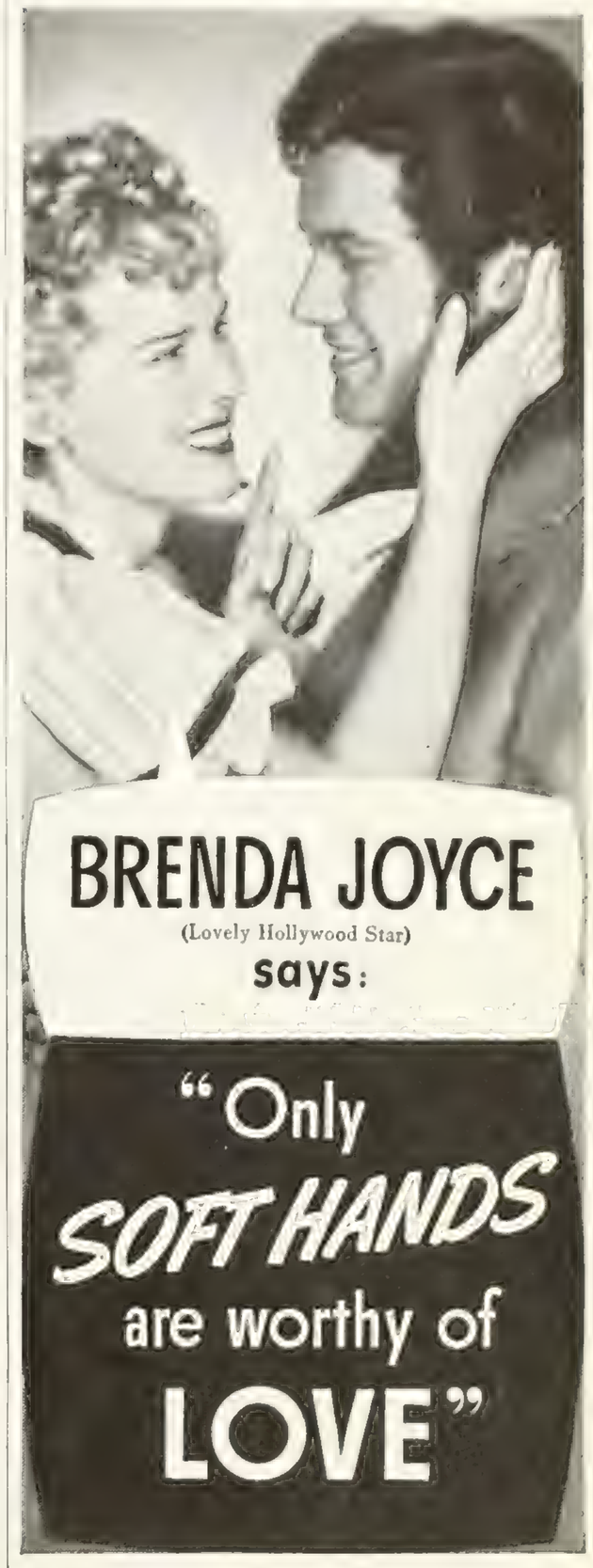
BY one-thirty, Donaldson had looked at his watch 267 times. The train didn't leave until six-thirty. He couldn't turn his relatives loose on a defenseless Hollywood, and yet he had work to do.

"Couldn't we visit a set and watch them make a movie?" asked Junior.

Donaldson tossed this idea around in his mind for a moment and made one of the worst decisions of his life.

"Jay Barnett is shooting some very interesting stuff on 'All for Yours,'" he said, and summoned an office boy to conduct the group to Stage Fourteen.


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He returned to his office under the impression that he could get some work done. He was wrong.

In the midst of a telephone conversation with the New York office, Brooksie broke in to inform him that his family had summarily dismissed the guide for rudeness when the boy had advised them that silence was particularly golden while a scene was being made.

It wasn't long after this that Jay Barnett, the director, arrived in person, the maddest white man west of the Mississippi—or east of it, for that matter.

"You know I'm not a temperamental director, Howard," pleaded Jay, "but what would you do if a couple of punk kids walked in on your set and held up shooting to ask your star if he actually autographed his own pictures?"

"What did you do?"

"I stopped shooting for the day, sent five hundred extras to get their checks, and am on my way to get mine," Barnett replied.

Donaldson mentally calculated the cost in dollars and cents that his nephews' visit had already cost Atlas, and began to feel ill.

"Jay," he said, "you've got to stand by me. Those visitors were—uh—uh—sort of relatives."

Jay stopped pacing the floor. Anger faded from his flushed features and was replaced by a look of compassion.

"You, too, Howard? I thought you were the one man in Hollywood to escape the pall." He shrugged his shoulders. "I'm sorry I lost my temper, Howard. I didn't know." He crossed to Donaldson, patted him on the back. Then he tiptoed out of the office.

Brooksie came in and said in the manner of a six-year-old child reciting something by Edgar Guest:

"Graves of the miniature department phoned to say your visitors tried to walk over that papier mâché Ural Mountain range we were going to use in 'The Return of the Cossacks.' Says it will take at least two days to rebuild it."

Donaldson groaned feebly. "I'm leaving for the day," he said in a hoarse whisper and looked furtively at the door leading out to the studio stages. "I've gone to Palm Springs. No, make it Seattle. Tell those—tell my relatives I'm sorry—business calls."

"I'll tend to it," said Brooksie efficiently. Then maliciously, "And I'll tend to my own dinner, too."

Donaldson started perceptibly. He *had* actually forgotten about the dinner date.

"No, you won't," he exploded. "That still goes. Nothing will stop me."

He was about to say more, but halted abruptly as he heard footsteps.

The deft manner in which Donaldson glided through the outside door reminded Brooksie of how superb David Niven had been in "Raffles."

AT the Hollywood Athletic Club Donaldson relaxed under the more or less gentle influences of a steam bath, a salt rub and a Swedish massage. Then he wandered into the bar.

"Hi, Pal. Howsh tricks?"

Donaldson looked into the flushed face of Jay Barnett. Jay was in a mellow mood. He seldom drank, but the sentimental Irish had come out in him today after his run-in with the producer's relatives and he had quaffed more than lightly from the cup that allegedly cheers. He was in the mood to feel very deeply for Donaldson.

Donaldson finally impressed upon Barnett that the brother-in-law and nephews would soon be gone. Then, in an effort to break away, he resolved on a little white lie. He told Jay gently, but firmly, that he must go and see that his relatives got safely out of town.

The director mused on this for a moment, then sailed away from the bar. Donaldson watched him go with considerable relief, and gulped his drink hurriedly. If he could just escape now.

On his way to the street, Donaldson was told by a bellboy that he was needed urgently in the locker room. There, under the supervision of a very misguided and practical-joking director, two husky attendants locked the amazed Howard into a closet.

Jay informed him through the barred door that he was to stay there until he (Jay) was sure the leeching relatives were out of town. To Donaldson's cries of baffled rage, Jay replied he knew how soft-hearted Donaldson was and, if allowed his freedom, he would probably ask the relatives to stay for months.

The tipsy director did even more to make things just dandy for his friend. Back in the bar, he answered a phone call for Donaldson and told the incredulous Brooksie on the other end that Mr. Donaldson had consumed too much liquor and had passed out.

Brooksie didn't know whether to cry or get mad, so she did both, before taking herself to a drugstore dinner and a neighborhood movie. Both parts of the double bill were sentimental love stories, which didn't help Donaldson's future with Brooksie at all.

DONALDSON'S one hobby, obsession, or what have you, outside of his devotion to Atlas Pictures and, now, Brooksie, was his home. It had been built under his personal supervision ten years ago when the exclusive residential section, Bel-Air, had been more a realtor's dream than the beautiful spot it is today. The house was a large place for a bachelor but it suited his grandiose ideas perfectly. Secretly, he enjoyed the feeling of importance it gave him to be the master of a mansion of fifteen rooms, a swimming pool, badminton court, tennis court, miniature golf course and ten acres of landscaped hillside. He had selected his domestic staff with the same care used in erecting his home. There hadn't been a change in eight years. Each one, from Bing, the chauffeur, to Herman, his all-too-perfect valet-butler, co-ordinated with clockwise precision to make the Donaldson's home his castle. Donaldson loved it.

Donaldson's mind was seething with outraged injustice all the ten miles from the athletic club to the circular drive that led to his front door. Suddenly, he awakened as one awakes when a pail of ice water is dashed in his face. Every room in his mansion blazed with light. Donaldson blinked rapidly, p i n c h e d himself, looked again. The lights were still on.

"Burglars—an earthquake—a fire," ran through the producer's mind before he could move a limb. This was but momentary. He galvanized into action. His home, his pride and joy, was in danger. He pushed open the huge front door, ready to do or die for good old Donaldson Manor—then stared unbelievingly. He thought he was seeing hundreds and hundreds of men and women. Men and women sitting on his grand piano singing lustily; men and women tearing his radio to pieces; men and women being both bartenders and customers around his built-in bar.

Donaldson stood rooted in his tracks, overwhelmed by the unexpectedness of it all. But not so the strangers. They immediately swarmed around and insisted he make himself at home. Seemingly, only to make the impossible scene even more fantastic, the guests were arrayed in outlandish costumes ranging, at a quick glance, from an Alpine mountain climber to the son of Frankenstein in a careless moment. The only thing that kept Donaldson from losing his mind completely at this juncture was the realization that he had seen these same characters on the screen of his private projection room the night before. They were the extras being used in the filming of the Halloween costume ball sequence for Barnett's picture.

Nephew George somehow materialized out of the sea of faces and figures. He took his bewildered uncle by the arm and carefully steered him through this Tower of Babel, to the privacy of a guest bedroom and said:

"I can explain everything, Uncle."

Donaldson gave him as tolerant a look as he could manage and said:

"I'm all ears."

George's explanation was quite simple. "You're throwing a party."

"Why all these people?"

George smiled tolerantly:

"They worked for you, or at least they did. When that sorehead director on the 'All for Yours' set blew his topper and sent everyone home, I felt kinda guilty."

"Guilty?"

"Just by family ties," continued George blithely. "I felt guilty as soon as I realized you had sent Dad and Junior and I out to that set just to get us out of your office. And you'd already issued orders that there were to be no visitors on that set. Well, that's what we did. Then we find out you're sending us in places that we could only get in because you're our uncle.

"It's Czaristic things like that that make people like these," a wave of his arms took in the entire party going on outside, "class-conscious. It tends to make them feel inferior."

"So?"

"So I followed the crowd over to the cashier's office and while they were being paid off, explained that you weren't the snob you appeared to be."

"Then?"

"Then I offered to prove to one and all that you were at heart as basic and down to earth as they are. That you were not class-conscious. That you would apologize personally to them for losing possible overtime checks, just because you made the mistake of thinking you and your relatives are better than they are. So I invited them to a party."

"I see," answered Donaldson. As a final try, he ventured sarcasm, "Find everything the way you wanted it?"

"Pretty much so," George replied. "That gang of broken-down slaves you had running the place kept trying to clutter up things, so I gave them the night off. A couple of them tried to argue and I had them take their belongings with them. I told them to drop into your office if they had any pay coming."

Donaldson shook his head, sadly. He was a beaten man and knew it.

DONALDSON wanted pajamas and toothbrush, but not badly enough to run the gauntlet to his own room. He lay down on the bed, fully clothed, and tried to concentrate.

George popped out of the room, only to return a moment later. He tossed Donaldson's pajamas, bathrobe and slippers on a chair.

"You might just as well be comfortable, Uncle. It looks like a long siege."

"Why?" asked his uncle, weakly.

"No way for the gang to get home. We got out here in a couple of studio busses, but the night man at the studio won't send out the busses without a written order from the Superintendent of Transportation and the Superintendent of Transportation is among the missing. He and the Pater."

Donaldson sat up with a start.

"With your father?"

"Yeah," George replied in a matter-of-fact tone. "The Super came out here about nine o'clock to send the bus drivers home, and he and the Pater got quite chummy over a bottle of your brandy. They decided they were kindred souls, both under the yoke of females who didn't understand them. Just before you got home, they left with a case of your champagne to celebrate their own Emancipation Proclamation."

With an effort, Donaldson determined to worry with one problem at a time and concentrated on Dilemma No. 1—his unwanted house guests.

"Do you think they'll go home if I can get transportation?" he asked.

"Most of them will," George told him, "after they've eaten. What's the plan?"

"Call Tanner's Limousine Service. Get as many cars as you need and charge it to my account."

"A good idea. I wonder why I didn't think of that myself." He turned to the door. "I'll see about the food, first."

FOR the next two hours, Donaldson paced the confines of the guest room alternately cringing against the wall, and trying to gather courage to charge out and put a stop to the shambles going on outside. Even in his agitated state, he realized that the sound effects Atlas Pictures had used in the war epic, "The Last Days of Madrid," had been entirely inadequate. He should have sent a sound truck to record the bedlam of a Hollywood party.

Gradually things began to calm down. When he hadn't heard a tray of dishes crash to the floor for ten whole minutes, he ventured warily into the drawing room. It was devoid of human casualties, but the physical proof of wassail and ruin left nothing to be asked for. Donaldson mentally calculated that one hundred men, working in eight hour relays, might restore the place to a semi-livable state in six months.

Then the telephone began to ring, and Donaldson, expecting anything, said: "Hello."

The voice at the other end of the line sounded like Dracula's grandfather.

"This is Tony Spangler at the Casino Club, on the Sunset Strip. Is this Howard Donaldson?"

Donaldson knew Spangler and his Casino Club by reputation. The toughest guy in Hollywood, running the toughest gambling house in California. Donaldson felt like an aviator who had just seen his left wing drop off, as he admitted his identity.

"You got a brother-in-law named Ralph Hughes?"

Donaldson said yes, hoping that it somehow sounded like no.

"Well," the voice continued, "he's quite a guy. He has been here for hours. He has just lost twenty-six hundred bucks at roulette. When I asked him to settle up, he asked me for a blank check, and when I asked what bank, he said, any bank. In addition to that, he has drunk seven bottles of my best champagne, broken a window, hit my kid brother in the nose and made a pass at my wife. If you value this guy, you'd better come and get him."

"I'll be right over," Donaldson said wearily, and got into his car. As he drove toward the Casino Club, he recalled that scene of the plague of locusts in the "Good Earth." And those people thought they were having trouble, he reflected.

He found a gloomy tableau at the Casino Club. Ralph, looking rather dejected, and with good cause. Spangler had batted Ralph around a little.

"I'll tell you what," Tony said to Donaldson. "I'll forget about the champagne, the window, the sock in the puss my brother got and the lad's conduct toward my wife. But about the twenty-six hundred skins. . . ."

"I'll make it good," Donaldson said.

"Such as when?"

"Naturally, I haven't got that much on me, but I'll write a check."

"I don't like checks."

"My check is perfectly good."

"I don't doubt it, but it won't be when you stop payment on it in the morning. So, sonny boy, you'll just write that check and then you'll sit here until the bank opens."

Donaldson wrote the check and resigned himself to waiting.

Ralph had an idea.

"Any use of my staying?" he asked.

"You ain't any use," Spangler said, "whether you stay or not."

At the door, Ralph turned to Donaldson and said, "He can't get away with this. I'll fix everything."

"Ralph, please . . ." said Donaldson apprehensively. But Ralph was gone.

It was just getting daylight when Tony and Donaldson heard the sirens coming down Sunset Boulevard, and before they realized what the sirens meant, the place was full of policemen.

"We got a report you guys have had a lot of trouble over some gambling," said the head cop. "Come along."

Donaldson had never been in jail before. He didn't like it there, but then people seldom do. His incarceration was made less pleasant by the fact that Tony, unable to sleep, kept describing the revenge he was planning.

At seven o'clock in the morning, a policeman said he'd make a phone call for Donaldson so that bail could be arranged. By eight, Donaldson got up sufficient courage to call Brooksie, and at nine the bail money was there.

Eyes bloodshot from lack of sleep, and with the vague feeling that even a shower and a change of clothes had not completely removed the jail odor from him, Donaldson walked into his office. Brooksie gave him a look which might have meant anything.

"I'll explain all this to you a little later," he said.

"You don't have to explain," she said, and handed him the first edition of the *Herald-Express*. Big black headlines screamed at him:

NOTED FILM PRODUCER
JAILED IN GAMBLING RAID

As he stared at the lurid account of the happenings of the last few hours, Donaldson thought that he was as miserable as he could possibly be. He was wrong, however. Brooksie presented him with a telegram. It read: "Have you lost your mind? What are you doing to my family Stop Am taking plane for Hollywood at once to straighten things out Stop Stop making a fool of yourself Stop Stop Stop Christine"

Howard shook his head slowly.

"The lunatics," he said, "have taken charge of the asylum."

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*But even Howard, who knows his sister of old, isn't prepared for the holocaust to come! Three relatives are bad enough—but, with four, how can he ever hope to win peace—let alone Brooksie? Read the hilarious wind-up in February* PHOTOPLAY.

## Miracle Men at Work—to make you Lovelier

*(Continued from page 21)*

Our Hollywood experts now have the floor. . . .

### When People Look at You What Do They See?

A First Impression Quiz in Which Our Miracle Men and Women Ask Pertinent and Impertinent Questions. Can You Take It?

1. Does your face have more than one feature? Or are you a make-up monomaniac? Have you become so intrigued with your favorite feature that you've neglected all the rest? (Factor)
2. Your stockings? Rolled-top stockings are as dated as roll-top desks. They're never as attractively taut as stockings that are fastened with invisible supporters. And they do make ugly bulges—which too often show beneath a dress. (Factor)
3. And what about the length of your skirt? Who decides what length it should be? You? Or Paris? Or Hollywood? After all, you and only you know how good your legs are and how much of them it is advantageous to show. (Adrian)
4. Do people get spots before their eyes when they look at you? Have you gone berserk with colored accessories? Don't match too many accessories. If, for instance, you wear a beige wool dress, don't have a brown bag, brown hat, brown gloves, brown shoes and a brown belt. It's better to have everything beige but your shoes and bag. (Orry-Kelly)
5. Think about your hands for a minute. Do you fidget with them to proclaim you're ill at ease? Don't! Let them rest quietly at your sides, where they belong, and you never need be even a little self-conscious about them. (Burns)
6. Are you condescending? To cover embarrassment do you say, "Lovely little place you have here" or something similar? It's a mistake! It's a great mistake! You'll be forgiven self-consciousness or shyness but you'll never be forgiven patronage. (Dunn)
7. Are you amusing—unconsciously? Because you resort to affectation? There's nothing that puts people off you faster. A false British accent, too broad A's, vulgar references to family servants, or any other indication of wealth are unforgivable. For not only do such affectations brand you as a snob, they also indicate you think others stupid enough to be fooled by such superficial things. (Dunn)
8. Are people embarrassed because you tell them more about your personal affairs than they are prepared to hear? (Dunn)
9. Do you enter homes or offices with a cigarette in your mouth? And what about your cigarette ashes? Are you careful they land in an ash tray, and not on the table or the chair or the floor? (Dunn)
10. When someone is talking to you, do you make faces in your hand mirror while you smooth freshly applied lipstick or brush your eyebrows or powder your nose—apparently far more interested in this repairing process than in what is being said? (Dunn)
11. Analyze your conversation occasionally—just to make sure it isn't a little top heavy with comments or anecdotes which give you the best of it. (Dunn)
12. And what about your handkerchief? Is it something fresh and fragrant which you flip from a well-ordered bag? Or is it an unsightly little ball? And do you sometimes make the unfastidious error of carrying said handkerchief tucked down


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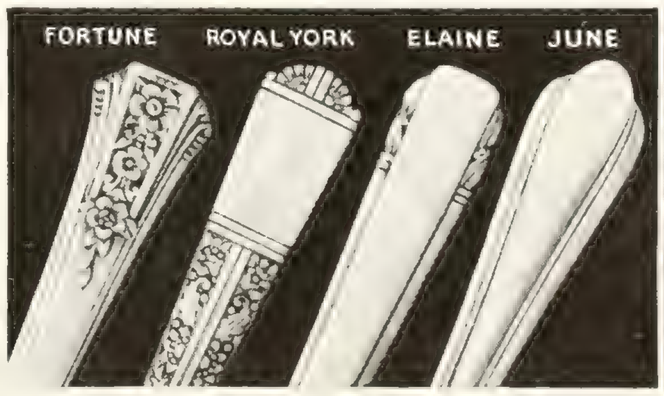
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*TRADE-MARK

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your blouse, or in your sleeve, or in your belt? (Head)

Above everything else our experts unanimously declare it is important—and then some—to have:

THAT FRESHLY SCRUBBED LOOK*

* Incidentally—We Simply Mention This in Passing—This Look Goes Especially Far in Creating a Favorable Impression with Men. Even if They're Untidy Themselves!

1. Blackheads should be pressed out only after the skin has been prepared for this process with a cleansing cream—and only with a gentle pressure. And, to eliminate all chances of infection, the fingers also should be protected with cleansing cream. (Factor)
2. Unless you wear your hair in a flyaway manner deliberately, see that it is neat and tidy. It can be this without being stiff and prim. And, if it's supposed to be flyaway style, see to it that it's well-brushed and well-shampooed and healthy looking. You can't be the flyaway type or have that freshly scrubbed look with stringy dusty hair. (Westmore)
3. The really well-groomed woman removes her make-up once or twice a day, depending upon her activities. No amount of nose powdering can cover those spots where powder has caked and become slightly darker, or those spots where the lipstick has smeared or run over the line, just the least bit. A good cleansing cream and a skin freshener should be used before the new make-up is applied. (Dawn)
4. When you have white touches on your costume—*let them be as white as freshly fallen snow!* Discouraged white will detract from your freshness. Discard collars and cuffs that have gone over to the yellow side from many launderings. And throw away that jewelry that was immaculately white—*last year!* You can't afford to do anything else! (Adrian)
5. Spots on stockings, shoes that need to be polished, or to have their heels straightened, belts that curl a little . . . these things cannot be dismissed as trifles. They have a tremendous influence upon your appearance. (Head)

FIRST AIDS FOR THAT FRESHLY SCRUBBED LOOK

IF YOUR HAIR IS DRY

Don't reconcile yourself to a head that looks as if it were covered with old straw. Shampoo your hair weekly. Between times brush it with a cotton brush. Manipulate your scalp to circulate whatever oil there is there. And before every other shampoo treat your hair with olive oil. Do this the night before your shampoo and wrap your head in old linen to protect the bedding. Merely heat a little oil and, with small pledgets of cotton, apply it thoroughly to *all* parts of your scalp and *all* parts of your hair. (Westmore)

IF YOUR HAIR IS OILY

Don't let it remain that way—to lie dark and lank against your head. Shampoo it once a week. And as often as possible, preferably every blessed day, and certainly before your shampoo, give it a *good* brushing. (Westmore)

TO KEEP YOUR HAIR HEALTHY AND SHINY AND ALIVE

Give it extra-special, semi-annual cleanings just like those your dentist gives your teeth. For these extra-special cleanings you need ten cents worth of white iodine. Every other day, for one week, apply this iodine to your scalp. Use a cotton swab. At the end of seven days your scalp will appear heavily sunburned, and it will feel as if it were heavily sunburned. Then it will peel. The entire forestructure will open and the scalp will be well-cleaned.

If you're one of those people subject to iodine idiosyncrasies you naturally will side-step this treatment. But for the great majority of people it works wonders. (Westmore)

IF YOUR SKIN IS DRY

There is no need for you to mope around with your powder and your rouge looking as if it was about to flake off. Get busy! After you've washed your face with soap, dab it with cold water—*not ice!* Then, before you start to make up apply a powder foundation. This will keep your skin moist and flexible. (Westmore)

IF YOUR SKIN IS OILY

Don't, for one minute, believe that the oily secretion in your skin will act as a powder adherent. What it will do—*and all it will do*—is make your skin look downright dirty. Use a powder base, *by all means.* And if any of the oily secretion works through, don't try to cover it with more powder and more powder—or you'll look messy. Wipe off your skin with a handkerchief or a cleansing tissue or a cool, damp towel. Then repowder, but gently! (Westmore)

And to go on about this important business of being a million dollar baby. . . .

1. Choose clothes of a color that will harmonize with your complexion. Never try to harmonize your complexion with any ill-advised color you have chosen. After all, your complexion was there first! (Factor)
2. Don't be too picturesque or quaint. Be very sure your costume wouldn't be more fitting for a masquerade ball than for ordinary dress, irrespective of whether it's evening or daytime wear. (Head)
3. Before you start to dress give thought to what you are going to wear, beginning with your head and ending with your feet. Any old hat or any old gloves or any old necklace won't do with a new, fresh-looking gown. (Head)
4. Naked or décolleté dresses are suitable only for small parties or extremely formal occasions. A dinner dress is more suitable for the theater or the opera. If you are of limited means, buy a dinner gown rather than a formal gown. For you can wear the dinner gown to a formal affair but you can't possibly wear a formal gown to a public gathering. (Orry-Kelly)
5. Sweaters are sports attire and when they have the décolletage of an evening gown they're improper. The same rule holds for low necks with tailleurs and tweeds. (Adrian)
6. Learn to sit still and learn to stand still. This contributes to your physical poise. And physical poise is always important. (Burns)
7. When you fiddle with any object not only do you let the world know you're nervous and ill at ease but you make the world—that little part of it that happens to be near you—nervous and ill at ease, too. Moreover, nervous habits like this suggest you aren't interested in what goes on. (Burns)
8. Wait until others have completely finished talking before you talk. If what you have to say is worth saying it will serve just as well a few minutes later on. It's unkind, and it's selfish, and it's ill-bred to interrupt, and it gains you more resentment than respect—even if you have something to say that is brilliant. And how often have you? (Burns)
9. It is poor manners and it also is stupid to monopolize the conversation. Among other things it keeps you from discovering what others have to say and usually it obliges you to talk more than you can—with profit! (Burns)
10. Few people really want advice. They ask for advice and hope for flattery. So don't be simple—and objectionable. (Burns)
11. Never make personal remarks or jokes. It will get you exactly nowhere to be tactless enough to comment upon anyone being underweight or overweight, or bald, or minus a tooth, or anything of the kind. If people want to make such jokes about themselves, let them. But stop there, don't you be encouraged to follow suit. (Dunn)
12. Don't ask many questions. Once you show interest people will go into details *if they wish to.* And if they don't wish to, they'll resent you for prying. (Dunn)
13. If someone in the room is called to the telephone, continue to talk, in a considerately low voice, to others who are present. Or pick up a magazine. Don't sit there, all ears. (Dunn)
14. Eliminate trite greetings, such as "How're things?" and "What do you know?" and "What's new?", from your conversation. (Dunn)
15. Don't make it difficult for people to thank you. Don't pass off their appreciation with a brusque, "Oh, it was nothing!" or anything similar. For when you do this you rob people of their pleasure in whatever you have done for them. (Dunn)

That's all there is; there isn't any more! Go ahead! Be a glitterbug!

## BE A MILLION DOLLAR BABY!

### You Don't Need a Million Dollars! All You Need Is Good Taste

THERE can be no doubt about it—one of the first requisites of good taste is a make-up which suits your hair and skin and eyes. So we offer: "The Cosmetic Palette for You," as created by Max Factor, Junior.

**Blondes**—with hair that is lighter than average blonde, blue eyes, and a fair skin should use:

Rachel powder of that shade which comes closest to their skin tone, blonde-red rouge, orange-red lipstick, grey eyeshadow, brown mascara, and brown eyebrow pencil.

**Medium Blondes**—those with hair of that degree of lightness usually described as blonde, with grey or light blue eyes, and a medium skin require:

Rachel tinted powder, blonde-red rouge, light red lipstick, grey eyeshadow, brown eyebrow pencil, and brown mascara.

**Redheads**—whose hair is Titian, whose eyes are grey and whose skin is fair are far and away the loveliest with:

A darker tint of rachel powder, vivid red lipstick, blonde-red cheek rouge, brown eyeshadow, brown eyebrow pencil, and brown mascara.

**Dark Redheads**—with dark red hair, olive skin, and brown eyes are best served by:

An olive tinted powder, blonde-red rouge, vivid red lipstick, brown eyeshadow, brown eyebrow pencil, and brown mascara.

**Medium Redheads**—on the other hand, those whose skin is medium and whose eyes are blue, need:

Powder with an olive tint, rouge that is blondish red, a vivid red lipstick, brown eyeshadow, brown eyebrow pencil, and brown mascara.

**Brownettes (light)**—the light brown hair, fair skin, and hazel-eyed variety should go for:

A rachel tinted powder, blonde-red rouge, vivid red lipstick, brown eyeshadow, brown eyebrow pencil, and brown mascara.

**Brownettes (medium)**—the average brown hair, brown-eyed and olive skin variety require:

Powder of an olive shade, carmine rouge, medium red lipstick, brown eyeshadow, black eyebrow pencil and black mascara.

**Brownettes (dark)**—the medium brown hair, brown-eyed and sallow skin variety do well for themselves with:

A natural tinted powder, carmine rouge, medium red lipstick, brown eyeshadow, black eyebrow pencil, and black mascara.

**Brunettes (light)**—in other words those who have dark brown hair, brown eyes, and a softly creamy skin will find their way to glamour with:

Powder of a rachel tint, carmine rouge, medium red lipstick, brown eyeshadow, black eyebrow pencil, and black mascara.

**Brunettes (dark)**—those who have black hair, dark brown eyes and an olive skin should always use:

A dark olive powder, raspberry-red rouge, natural red lipstick, brown eyeshadow, black eyebrow pencil, and black mascara.

**Grey Blondes or White Heads**—(over fifty years of age) their make-up should be:

An olive face powder, a natural red lipstick, blonde-red rouge, grey eyeshadow, brown eyebrow pencil, and brown mascara.

**Blue or Grey Eyes** call for:

Powder of a dark rachel shade, a vivid red lipstick, blonde-red rouge, grey eyeshadow, brown eyebrow pencil, and brown mascara.

# Another Thin Man

*(Continued from page 64)*

From outside came the sound of a shot; screams. Nick was at the window in a flash, looking down. Nora rushed forward, too, but Nick pulled her away before she could see the bullet torn body of Sam Church lying in the street below.

A tenseness hung over the group gathered in the living room. Lois, Mrs. Bellam, Nora, Freddie, Vogel, Dum-Dum and Smitty; Van Slack and Guild. Nick, in charge of the proceedings, had questioned Smitty and Dum-Dum, but both protested their love for Church and their innocence of his murder.

Nick turned then to Vogel. "We've eliminated you. We know you were just trying to keep Smitty from two-timing your friend. But why did your men follow me to Linda Mill's apartment and try to keep me out of the case?"

"They weren't my men," said Vogel.

"One of them was carrying this roulette chip—and it came from your gambling house."

Vogel wilted. "All right—they're my men. I didn't want Church caught yet because he was trying to use me for an alibi. He was at my club when MacFay was murdered and if he'd got on the stand he would have implicated a lot of my best clients—and finished me."

"If you were trying a man for murder," Nick asked Van Slack, "and he produced and air-tight alibi, what would happen?"

"He'd go free."

"Suppose, after you'd freed him, you found he was guilty?"

"You couldn't do a thing," said Van Slack.

"Exactly," said Nick. "And that's what Church wanted—to be tried for MacFay's murder, spring an alibi, and get cleared." He slapped the book of old law cases he'd found in Linda Mills' apartment. "A similar stunt was described in this book. There's also a diagram of the device that shot off the gun in MacFay's bedroom—shot it off after MacFay's throat had been cut—to give the murderer an alibi."

"What do you mean?" came in startled tones from Lois.

"I'm glad you asked that," Nick answered quietly, "because I came across this whole thing in Linda Mills' room—the book, the hole in the wall where Linda had tried the gun trick—and other data you might be familiar with."

"I don't understand you," said Lois.

"You should. You have so much in common with Linda Mills—even the same initials—L. M.—Lois MacFay."

Lois laughed. "You must be crazy."

"Possibly," Nick conceded, "but let me show you that gun trick. . . ."

Nick sat on the floor, engrossed in playing with his son. Baby Nickie laughed politely at the sight of his teddy bear perched on Nick's head. Nick was satisfed with the world, but Nora was losing patience.

"Stop clowning, Nick, and answer my questions!" she ordered.

"You heard all you needed to know before they took her away," said Nick. "For the last time, Lois was in love with Church and planned the whole thing with him. As she said, she was tired of the restricted life with the Colonel. Her real life was the Linda Mills' life. She used to sneak off to New York after the folks had gone to sleep. It was as Linda Mills that she discovered the gun trick that killed MacFay. It took five minutes to work, which gave her time to reach our room for an alibi before it went off, after she'd killed MacFay.

"Dudley Horn was a complication. He was really in love with Lois, which would have been a barrier to her going away with Church, but he also knew she'd murdered MacFay and that if it were pinned on her he'd never get her or her money. So she engineered things so that Horn in trying to protect her would attempt to kill me—then gave the alarm so the police would kill him.

"A nice dame," murmured Nora. "But why did she kill Church—and how?"

"When Church crawled out the window onto the ledge that runs from our room to the one Lois had, she just poked her gun out her window and let him have it. As soon as he fell into the street she threw her gun after him. You see, Church had ditched her for Smitty—and that not only made Lois furious, it scared her. Because she knew that Church would blackmail her for life for the MacFay murder—after he himself had been safely acquitted for it. Does that satisfy you, Mom?"

"No," Nora said positively. "I won't be satisfied until I'm back in San Francisco. In case you don't know it, Nickie and I are leaving for the Coast."

Nick grabbed his son. "Without me the baby doesn't stir a step!"

Nora smiled slowly. "Well, you have to take the good with the bad, I suppose," she said. "Start packing."

The End.

## THE CAST

| | |
|---|---|
| Nick Charles | *William Powell* |
| Nora Charles | *Myrna Loy* |
| Van Slack | *Otto Kruger* |
| Lois MacFay | *Virginia Grey* |
| Col. MacFay | *C. Aubrey Smith* |
| Dorothy Waters | *Ruth Hussey* |
| Asta | *Himself* |
| Nick Charles, Jr. | *William Poulsen* |
| Dudley Horn | *Patric Knowles* |
| Freddie Coleman | *Tom Neal* |
| Mrs. Bellam | *Phyllis Gordon* |
| Sam Church | *Sheldon Leonard* |
| Dum-Dum | *Abner Biberman* |
| Vogel | *Don Costello* |
| Lieut. Guild | *Nat Pendleton* |

Screenplay by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett, based on an original story by Dashiell Hammett
Directed by W. S. Van Dyke II
Produced by Hunt Stromberg
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture


"PEPSI AND PETE".... THE PEPSI-COLA COPS



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FILLS YOUR GLASS TWICE

# We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 39)

with Joel McCrea in "He Married His Wife," a divorce farce, then Sonja Henie, switching from skates to skis in "Everything Happens at Night."

She's wearing a cute blue ski suit and cap the day we find her on the golf course of Fox Hills. Ray Milland and Robert Cummings, on loan from Paramount and Universal, woo Sonja in this little mystery comedy. They're supposed to be rival reporters trying to solve the disappearance of a famous journalist. Sonja, really their quarry's daughter, poses as a nurse and kids them along romantically. The scene we see, shows her gliding down over the shaved ice snow and crashing into Ray and Bob—her introduction to the pair.

They have to film it fast. The sun is turning the synthetic snow into slop. Sonja shoots down, doing daring Christianas with the greatest of ease. She rockets right in between Bob and Ray, tripping them neatly. She does it over again and again. Pretty soon there's not enough "snow" left to give her a ride and Director Irving Cummings says he thinks he has an okay print. Sonja is fresh as a daisy. As for Bob and Ray, they're stretched out on the side lines, gasping. "Now I know how a tenpin feels," says Bob, "when a bowling ball comes along."

WARNER BROTHERS' movie males seem to be getting a little better break the day we look in on the Burbank bad men, although on the first set we visit, "Invisible Stripes," George Raft takes the count. George has clicked like a turnstile at Warners, since he parted from Paramount. "Invisible Stripes," a story of a paroled convict's fight to stay straight, is his first solo starrer. It's another Warden Lawes' Sing Sing case history, with Bill ("Golden Boy") Holden and Humphrey Bogart providing the tough-guy opposition, and Jane Bryan, the woman's touch.

On the set of "The Fighting 69th," we find Warners' other tough guy, James Cagney, in the doghouse, although strictly for dramatic purposes. For the first time in his long and stormy career, Jimmy plays a craven coward. What's more, he's liking it, and so are George Brent, Pat O'Brien, Jeffrey Lynn, Bill Lundigan, Frank McHugh, Alan Hale and a few thousand male extras. It's a man's picture—the World War saga of Father Duffy's famous New York regiment. And there's not a woman in it, except a few French girl extras. William Keighley directs the whole outfit.

Pat O'Brien is in his glory playing one of his real life heroes, Father Duffy. Two other actual characters come to life via George Brent and Jeffrey Lynn—Major "Guild Bill" Donovan, and Joyce Kilmer, the poet. The entire 69th regiment was Irish—yep, even the coward that Jimmy plays—but he gets brave at the end.

So, when Keighley lines up for a crowded extra shot of the entraining soldiers and is about to order a take, he suddenly cries, "Hold it!" and points to an extra in the front camera line. "Will you," Bill requests, "step around in back?" The extra obeys.

"I wonder what I did?" he wonders.

The answer is—nothing. But we know why he was moved out of the front line. All the soldiers in the 69th, as we said, were Irish, and this extra is almost a double for Sammy Cohen, the Jewish comedian.

Meanwhile, "Brother Rat and a Baby" is keeping the younger generation at Warners out of mischief.

The studio we head for now is RKO-Radio where Kay Kyser and his College of Musical Knowledge are educating the natives in a loud way.

"That's Right, You're Wrong," titled after Kay's famous radio catch phrase, brings the good professor, Ish Kabibble, Ginny Simms, and all his gang before the camera for the first time, with Adolphe Menjou, Lucille Ball and Dennis O'Keefe showing them the movie ropes.

THE main idea is hilarity in Hollywood. Kay's a band leader who gets a break in Hollywood. But he's such a lousy actor he can't make a picture! The band conspires to fix all that.

The set we visit is in front of the magnificent mansion of Jay Paley, an RKO tycoon. Kay's supposed to have rented it, swimming pool and all. His scene is to trot down the front steps and address his band airily, thus: "How come everybody's not swimming in the itty bitty poo?" At least a dozen times he comes down the steps repeating the "itty bitty poo" line a dozen different ways with as many grimaces. He looks very silly. But not quite as silly as when Ish Kabibble, the dead pan, says "Thanks, Kay, for the pictures."

The maestro whirls. Ish Kabibble holds up his own little movie camera and pats it lovingly. He's caught every one of Kay's absurd practice emotings!

Two screwy Hollywood playwrights, called *Village* and *Cooke*, figure in the plot of the Kyser insanity, a take-off on Towne and Baker, RKO's vociferous Hollywood plot scribblers, whose first independent production, "The Swiss Family Robinson," is just starting with Thomas Mitchell, Edna Best, Freddie Bartholomew, Tim Holt and Terry Kilburn as the desert island family.

Carole Lombard's nurse movie, "Vigil in the Night," looks like a good bet, too, at RKO. It's the story of a nurse who loves nursing and her sister, Anne Shirley, who doesn't. When Anne gets in a messy accident, Carole takes the blame. The picture shows her fighting her way back again from disgrace and helping a disillusioned surgeon, Brian Aherne. As we enter the hospital set, Carole and director Stevens are trying to get a bunch of kids to act like suffering patients. All they do is giggle.

PARAMOUNT is practically on relief this month, with just one picture going. Dorothy Lamour is still seductive but not sarongy in another of those South Sea things, "The Road to Singapore." It's much ado about playboys Bob's and Bing's attempts to dodge matrimony in the South Seas, surrounded by beautiful cocoa-butter babes.

We are a steady Bing Crosby fan and Bob Hope pleases us, too. But if you've ever listened to Bing croaking through the lazy first singing of a new song, you're bound to be slightly disillusioned. He smokes a pipe at the same time which makes it worse. Dottie Lamour is out with Bob Preston today and—all in all—"The Road to Singapore" leads us right over to Columbia and Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant and Ralph Bellamy in "His Girl Friday."

We might as well tell you right now that this is the old newspaper play, "The Front Page," with sexes switched. If you remember "The Front Page," you'll know that *Hildy Johnson* was a departing ace reporter whose managing editor tricked him into one more exciting assignment. This time *Hildy's* a girl, an ace female newshawk, divorced from Editor Cary Grant and about to marry dumb-bunny Ralph Bellamy. Roz, as *Hildy*, just drops up to tell Cary to leave her alone when the story breaks and from then on it's "The Front Page," woman's edition, with murder, politics and everything.

As we watch, the gang is razzing Roz Russell for her hat.

"Why don't you take that thing off," Cary suggests, "and plant a geranium in it?"

"This is a very nice hat," she retorts coolly. "It will do a lot for the picture."

"S-h-h-h-h-h!" shushes the sound man. "I'm trying to work this out." They ask him what and he says he is trying to work up a certain sound effect before they can shoot the next scene. Everyone moves over to watch his contraptions when suddenly he cries, "That's it! Who did that?"

"I'm sorry," apologizes Roz. "My hat hit the mike."

"Do it again," the sound man says. "Yep—that's just what I've been looking for."

Rosalind eyes Cary and gloats. "I told you that hat would do a lot for the picture!"

At Rosalind Russell's home studio, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, her old playmate of "Night Must Fall," Robert Montgomery, has talked the studio into another try at tragedy, we find. Nobody but Bob himself knows how hard he has fought to get away from playboy comedy. "The Earl of Chicago" is a big step in the battle.

It's the story of a former Windy City gangster who, by a freak of fate, inherits an estate in England, a seat in the House of Lords.

Bob is on a prison set when we see him, fixing things up for a few of his screen gangster pals. "This is the very same set," Bob informs us, "where I got my start in Hollywood. We made 'The Big House' right here. I hope," he adds, "it isn't where I finish." He's joking, of course, but a picture and a part like this are always a gamble.

M-G-M swings into full stride soon with the next Joan Crawford picture, "Not Too Narrow, Not Too Deep" and the reunion of Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald in "New Moon," based on that tuneful old Broadway hit. Ernst Lubitsch, having successfully brought Garbo back with a bang in "Ninotchka," will have the same job next with Margaret Sullavan in "The Shop Around the Corner."

Meanwhile, two possible new movie series are getting their start at Culver City—"Nick Carter, Master Detective," and the first screen adventure of Damon Runyon's average Americans, "Joe and Ethel Turp Call on the President."

M-G-M had to buy the rights to twelve hundred lurid Nick Carter dime novels, published over the past fifty years to launch the former. There wasn't a story in the lot they could use, so they've cooked up a modern mystery yarn involving super airplanes and international spies for Walter Pidgeon to make his detective debut. If the first one clicks, there'll be plenty more.

The same goes for *Ethel* and *Joe Turp*, or Ann Sothern and Bill Gargan, whom we see calling on the president, Lewis Stone, in a very elegant White House office set, which M-G-M has taken pains to make look as different as possible from President Roosevelt's. Unlike most Washington movies, too, there's no attempt to make Lewis Stone look like the real president.

*Joe* and *Ethel* are calling on the president, we learn, because Walter Brennan, a tender-hearted old postman, has just been fired for destroying a registered letter. They know he did it to spare the feelings of an old lady who thinks her son is a great success, when he's really a jailbird. So they're here to tell his boss.

Director Robert Sinclair orders "Places!" and Ann, dolled up within an inch of her life, plumps down in a White House office chair. Lewis Stone takes his place behind his desk. Bill Gargan stands by Ann.

"I used to imagine myself in a lot of places," Ann remarks, "but I never thought I'd be sitting on a chair in the president's office."

Lewis Stone smiles, "My dear," he replies, "you have nothing on me!"

Director Sinclair, who has been listening, says, "That's great! Say those lines again. We'll use them!"

Ann looks surprised, but Lewis Stone smiles.

"That's Hollywood for you," he says. "You can't even give birth to a thought, without getting it in pictures."

MOVING over to the Hollywood radio studios, we find the picture star parade swelling every week, though new faces are making hits and old favorites are falling by the wayside. Nelson Eddy is through with Chase and Sanborn for keeps after November. David Niven, the most popular male radio-screen star of the year, has gone to war. And Tony Martin has served notice to his sponsors that unless "Tuneup Time" stays permanently in Hollywood, he's ditching radio for pictures and home life with Alice Faye.

Of the new faces, Dennis Day, Mary Livingstone's Irish tenor discovery for the Jack Benny singing spot Kenny Baker deserted, leads the list. He's a solid hit on the air and the movies are after him. Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce are laying off pictures until they make "Sherlock Holmes" a sure thing.

The Screen Guild-Gulf show is expanding Radio Row to include Earl Carroll's famous nitery, where programs draw the greatest galaxy of stars in Hollywood, complete with footprints in the sidewalks, à la Grauman's Chinese. There's a waiting list of stars for both performers and ushers, and a fortune is coming right out of the air to assure the Screen Guild sanitarium and home. $220,000 came in last year. $390,000 comes in this year, and half-million is all the Guild needs to get going.

Other gossip gags and Hollywood radio goings on: The whole aircast of "Tuneup Time"—Tony Martin, Kostelanetz and Kay Thompson—are set for a movie at Columbia, "Music in My Heart" . . . Career note—Kenny Baker's two thousand a week on the Texaco show isn't making him happy; he thinks only four minutes on the air is killing his career . . . Ginger Rogers is balking at reading commercials . . . Mary Livingstone won't be in Paramount's "Buck Benny Rides Again." . . .

Herbert Marshall serves tea to his Woodbury Playhouse guests. . . The Edgar Bergen-Kay St. Germaine romance is on again and hotter than ever . . . Robert Preston and Randy Scott take turns beauing Dottie Lamour to her Chase and Sanborn broadcasts. . . Jackie Cooper hangs around rehearsals for Judy Garland. . . Bob Hope's new adopted daughter, Linda, is making him hate evening rehearsals. . . .

# Virginia Peine—George Raft—Norma Shearer—

*(Continued from page 13)*

But for all this they missed the intimacy and contentment of marriage. They could not share a home. They could not have children. They could not travel together. And if a strain eventually came into their relationship, it isn't surprising. It would have been surprising had it been otherwise. For George always must have offered larger settlements than he would have offered if Virginia had not been in his life. And Virginia always must have been deeply concerned lest—because of her—George would agree to terms he would regret later on.

Virginia described their life very accurately when she said they lived in abeyance. That is exactly how they lived for seven years. For they never gave up hope.

But it was no use. All their waiting and all their hoping and all their trying brought them, finally, to that night last spring when they sat beside the bright hearth they had hoped to share, and planned separate lives.

"At that time," Virginia told me, "I suggested to George that he use the vacation he soon would be having to go to Europe . . . get away . . . have some fun. It seemed the ideal way for us to make the first break."

George took Virginia's advice. He sailed on the *Normandie*. Half a dozen Hollywood people were on board. Roland Young. Charles and Pat Boyer. *And Norma Shearer.*

They headed for Paris—Paris which has long been famous for helping men and women to forget their personal torment and be gay.

If George told Norma how things were with him she understood. If George didn't tell Norma how things were with him she understood.

After a week or two in Paris, Norma and the Boyers, with whom she was traveling, went south. George went too. And what could be more conducive to a new friendship than life as it is lived on the Riviera.

While George was in Europe, Virginia went to work.

"I did a play, 'Unlucky Star'," she told me, as she concluded the Peine-Raft love story. "We toured all the cities on the Pacific coast. We made overnight jumps. I ate many a dinner at a drugstore soda fountain. Between performances I studied and rehearsed. I worked. And it was good for me.

"When George got back to Hollywood I knew I must move on. Under the circumstances we couldn't stay in the same town. George has to be there, naturally. His work is there. So I decided New York was the place for me. And when I landed here and let it be known—as I have—that I wanted work in the theater or on the radio I knew I'd feel more confident—as I do—if I had an apprenticeship behind me."

George came home from Europe long before Norma did. And a week or two after his return when Virginia and Joanie left for New York he was at the station to tell them good-by.

"Go live in the house," Virginia says she told George. "The servants will take good care of you. It isn't good for you to eat in restaurants all the time when you're working."

George shook his head. "Don't you worry about me," he said. "Just take care of yourself and Joanie."

They were being very civilized and sane but even while they were parting the habit of thinking of each other first was strong within them.

In spite of all this the talk about George and Norma persisted.

So when Norma reached New York and I was seeing her on another story I asked her for a statement about the Raft rumors. That very morning the newspapers had been peppered with items and one columnist had insisted she and George had talked to each other at length over the cross-continental telephone every day since she had landed.

"I knew Mr. Raft before we crossed together on the *Normandie*," Norma said, flushing in that lovely quick way she has. "I had met him casually in Hollywood.

"I know no one who has nicer manners. I admire Mr. Raft for his spirit of humility. Because of that spirit of humility, I'm sure he still has far to go."

Norma went out of her way to be cautious and reserved. Plainly! She didn't, however, say one word in denial of the rumors. And that might be construed as important.

Was the time George and Norma spent together in Europe significant, the beginning of things yet to be? Or did little Joanie Peine sum things up on the station platform the night George waited with her and her mother when she said, "I'm not going to say good-by, Uncle George. Because it isn't good-by. It's just So Long."?

These are questions only the future can answer.

Virginia Peine . . . George Raft . . . Norma Shearer. For the present there's romance and drama enough in the linking of their three names. . . .

Virginia comes from an old conservative family. She was educated in the best schools. Always her social position has been respected and secure.

Norma long has been "First Lady of the Screen" and should a title be conferred upon her in private life it would carry no less esteem.

It's different with George. He was very poor. He danced in New York cabarets. He followed the horses. He numbered among his friends men who served time as underworld figures.

But that's only the half of it. In gesture and deed George is more truly a gentleman than many born to high places. And when he scorns "the falseness of society," it is not out of pique or social inferiority. For long and often he has sent his courteous regrets to top-flight parties.

It's more than romantic and dramatic, really, that Virginia Peine should love George Raft and that in his time of stress he should have Norma Shearer for his friend. It is fitting and proper.

# Subject: Lombard

*(Continued from page 17)*

in your dreams when you rescue them from horses' hooves, after you eat too much pork at night.

She came downstairs in that robe, and if there ever was a million dollars cash she was it—with her right hand just enough out in front to make you wonder whether to kiss it or shake it.

Behind her was a Pekingese pup, snorting and croaking with asthma, and just as she came into the room the pup stepped on the back of her robe.

I turned the color of a healthy beet. The director smiled in appreciation, because he had spent six weeks in an art school. Miss Lombard took a sharp breath and then said "Haw!"

So we can put down that she has a good build.

The picture was starting, and I was to remain on the set working on a script I thought I had finished.

"It's noisy," I told the director. "Can't I work in my office?"

Lombard was listening. "I'll fix you up," she said.

I came back later and Lombard led me to a corner of the set where stood a small building with a crescent cut in the doorway. On it was the identification: "Binyon's corner." So we'll have to admit the lady is a good judge of stories.

There are about twenty members in a duck club I mentioned before, and when the hunting season opens it's an excuse to let your beard grow and wear old clothes and camp in the dust and play poker and live in a world without women.

So Lombard showed up in a trailer, because there were sleeping quarters only for men. Her clothes were old, and could she grow a beard she'd have had one.

The first night the men at the poker table mumbled and grumbled about the dame in the trailer parked fifty feet away. The second night there was no poker game, and Lombard in her trailer had to send to town for drinks for her guests.

When the boys got home, one of them mentioned Lombard to his wife. She straightened. "I thought," she said icily, "that this was a club for men."

"That's right."

"Then why was she there?"

"Gable brought her."

The wife's eyebrows went up. "Gable?"

"Yeah. He slept in the cabin with us and she slept in her trailer."

The wife's eyes were dreamy. "How far," she asked, "was the trailer from the cabin?"

The man rubbed his head and wished he had hair. "Oh—fifty feet. Why?"

There was no answer from the wife. The husband pulled at a small, ineffectual ear. "If you think—" he began. "You should know her. Why, she's as—"

"Gable," said the wife softly.

So we can put down that Lombard really picked herself a husband.

We were looking at the day's rushes. Lombard watched herself on the screen and laughed.

"What do you think?" asked the director.

"She's a goof," said Lombard. "I could cut her throat."

"That's you," said the director.

"You're telling me," said Lombard.

So three days later she signed a new contract—for more money.

You're telling me.





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# "What I Plan for My Son in Today's Troubled World"—A Father Talks

*(Continued from page 66)*

world, and what most of the British thought of the American colonists couldn't, at that time, bear printing. Yet steadily, century by century, and despite several bad setbacks, the standard of health and happiness of the average man has risen. What justification have we, then, in believing that time will turn backward? And I must add here that I think it is unfortunate that right now it is considered "smarter" to be an apostle of gloom than to believe in the inherent dignity and aspiration of man.

As for the chances that my boys won't have the advantages when they grow up that I had when I grew up, I must say I can't let that worry me. I shall probably have some money to leave them but I think the most precious endowment I am able to give them is our love—that, and the life in the sun they are getting right now. Honey and I have a ranch down in the San Fernando Valley—we are shopping for one with a large house at the moment, what with our having to have five bedrooms now that Tommy has come along—and those busters of mine play, practically naked, in the sunshine all day long. If that doesn't represent a step upward from my dad's day when a boy had to be swathed in clothes all day long, then it's the sky I walk on and the earth that's over my head. And suppose my boys do grow up with a little bit of luxury and then, for some reason or other, I lose out and they don't have a cent? Well, George Washington, who was brought up in luxury in England, walked shoeless through the snows of Valley Forge to become a hero! If my boys have it tough for a while, okay. I had it tough for a while, too. So did my dad. But we got by and had a lot of fun, too.

I haven't the dimmest idea of what I want my boys to work at eventually. They will most certainly have their livings to earn, but I want them to earn them in the ways that seem most pleasant to them. If they want to be actors or musicians, I'll think that's keen. It's a grand life with a wonderful income and one that I sincerely believe does good in the world. On the other hand, if they want to become lawyers, doctors, salesmen or even peanut vendors that's all right with me and Honey, too. They have their own lives to live and we can't live them for them.

I'll send them to Catholic schools, not alone because of my faith, but because I know the Church schools will give them the proper discipline. Life without restraints doesn't guarantee happiness but rather just the opposite. The Church knows this and by its laws guards against it. I want my boys to have the benefits of its laws. I'll probably send them to Catholic colleges, too, unless there is some special course some one of them wants to study that can't be found there. If so, they'll go to whatever university is necessary for it.

One thing my sons will never have, and that's a lot of servants to wait on them and individual private cars to ride around in, too much money to spend, and all such character destroying indulgence. This business of waiting to have your children until you can give them material benefits is the most tragic of delusions. Material possessions blight more people than any other single factor. If you don't believe that, go over the lists of rich boys vs. poor boys that have accomplished something in this world. You won't find the ratio one to a thousand. Right now I'm on top, but next year I may be just another guy trying to get in to see the casting director. But even if I can keep up my present pace I'll see to it that my boys will not get accustomed to a style of existence that will kill every bit of natural initiative in them.

I wouldn't want my boys to be soldiers. I hate war and all that it stands for. Naturally if America should ever be attacked and they were needed to defend it, I know they would do their duty, but I pray that such a time never comes. And speaking of prayer, that is one of the things that Honey and I have taught them from their earliest days. We have proved the power and solace of prayer many times in our lives and we want our boys to have that eternal comfort always. We are bringing them up, of course, in our faith.

As for love—well, they wouldn't be our children if they didn't find that! I hope they will fall in love and marry young, not only so that they can experience the sheer enchantment of young love but also that they may have this safeguard against ever becoming bitter or disillusioned. Besid[illegible]'m selfish about it. I want to be able to see the expression on my father's face when I tell him he's a great grandfather. That will be something!

For you see the real thing Honey and I feel about raising our sons is that it isn't a job for a day but one that goes on over the years. Donnie has a visibly easier conscience when he is guided regularly, told exactly what to do. Ronnie hates orders and is stubborn as a cement wall. It's been a two-ring circus managing them, and now, with the entrance of Tommy, it's a three-ring. And if, in the future, it gets to be four or five—or even ten—we will rejoice. For how can a man be afraid of either the past or the future when through the very fact of his children's presence he knows that he is in tune with the infinite?

# "What I Plan for My Son in Today's Troubled World"—A Mother Talks

*(Continued from page 67)*

took this forcing attitude with me and I have many reasons to thank them for it.

Parents should endeavor to cultivate in their children two or three separate interests, I believe, because in so doing the child has that many more opportunities. In these days it is possible to be set on one job and have it go completely up the chimney. The girl or boy who then has another direction in which to turn is fortunate. Such training should begin in the nursery by teaching a child to care for his own belongings and to be responsible for possessions and to have personal duties he must perform. As a child I was helpless, due to the attention of my parents and servants. This was meant as a kindness but it later proved a handicap since it took twice the courage to develop my sense of personal responsibility in later years. A child who has had strict nursery training doesn't find that so hard, so while I believe that children should be allowed to follow their natural tendencies, my child will also be disciplined.

I come of a military family. My father, brother and uncles were all in the army, to say nothing of my grandfathers. I am not, therefore, quite as frightened as many women by the threat of war. I want peace with my whole heart, as I believe almost all women do, yet even if my child had been a girl I would not have taught her to be an active pacifist. I know by experience that preparedness has nothing to do with wanting war, and I do not believe that peace is brought about through being controversial.

For that reason, which has nothing to do with militarism in its more horrible sense, I believe in a military training and would like my son to receive that training while at school.

I plan to send my son to American schools for the first years of his life and after that abroad. For a boy I think enrollment in an English university means getting the edges knocked off. I will encourage him to travel, because in so doing his viewpoint will be broadened. Travel will force him into other than his immediate circle of acquaintances and thus increase his interests. But for the first years of his life, I plan to bring him up in California. In spite of what the outside world hears of Hollywood I think it is a wonderful place in which to bring up a child. The California climate is perfect, the schools good—and by this I mean public as well as private schools—and the people are so nice. Hollywood has given me much happiness and I hope it will do the same for my baby. I feel the same way about America. It has been very kind to me and I will try to see to it that my child will be true to the ideals of this great nation.

Perhaps I am being completely mother-like when I say that I can't quite face the thought of my boy's marrying. I hope that he will marry someday but I don't want it to be when he is too young. I want him to be well established first. I want him to have seen the world and to have no doubt in his own mind as to what marriage means and to know how true is his love. Marriage is a serious proposition and I do not want my son to take it lightly.

I shall give him a religious education. I believe it will teach him to run his life and I hope it will give him the peace that it has given me. I shall do all I can to encourage the widest variety of interests and talents in him. A peaceful and a sincere heart, a busy and interested mind seem to be the best guarantees against any disaster the future may bring. I would rather my son became a writer than any other thing. It is not alone because his father is a writer, either. I feel a writer carries his own medium with him. That is not true of the other professions. All a writer needs beyond his own gift is a pencil and paper. His own brain encourages him to delve more deeply into himself. One has to have knowledge and live deeply to be a great writer, which is what I hope my son will do.

These are the dim, dreaming things I plan these days as I watch my son grow in today's world, but at no time do I worry. There is war in the world today, yes. There is unemployment. Yet there are so many blessings. Silver nitrate was dropped into my child's eyes the moment he opened them in this world so that he need never fear blindness. Never can a "Black Plague" steal over him, unaware and unrecognized. If disease attacks him, he will know it is not the punishment of an angry god, as his primitive ancestors believed. He will know what it is and how to conquer it.

These benefits my child today inherits through no credit of his or mine, but through the enlightment of the modern age. My child sleeps in the sun and drinks quantities of orange juice daily so that his bones will grow long and strong. If he should seem to be growing too fast or too slowly, I can take him to doctors who will know how to cure that condition.

Suppose material things go badly with his father and me. Even at that the home in which my child will be raised will be finer than any palace those most luxurious kings ever knew, for it will be always comfortably warmed, always clean, always sanitary, always light. Entertainment will be in my child's home through the mere effort of his turning an electric switch. Music, news, great drama will always be there for him. A hundred miles of distance will be as nothing to him with that cheap little car he'll drive, and perhaps a thousand won't either, since probably planes will be inexpensive by the time he grows up.

Or suppose the very worst does happen and this war does darken the world and destroy all the art and beauty and sensitive living which today we hold so dear. Nothing in me believes that this can happen, yet if it should, I shall always remember that even in the Dark Ages wise men here and there escaped and kept the lamp of knowledge burning in various hidden corners until intelligence came back to life again.

I cannot answer for other women, but I think it is my duty to try to bring better human beings into the world and not to question a future which I cannot foresee. For to me, you see, the important thing seems to be being alive, even though at times it may even mean being alive to pain or hunger or cold or poverty. For whether my child shall be rich or poor in his later life, he starts off with those great gifts we are all given, that ability to hear, and see, and smell and touch and taste. The sight of snow-capped mountains against a clear sky, or the sound of one person's voice on the telephone, or the flavor of hot food on a wintry day, the smell of lilacs washed by rain or the comforting touch of a friend's hand—these things are living and vital. Surely the only selfishness a mother can know would be to deny her child the right of birth to experience them.

# Portrait with a Russian Accent

*(Continued from page 24)*

has never worn a straw hat, and believes physical examination before marriage should be compulsory.

He is a bad horseman.

He recently acquired a taste for spinach.

He never takes sunbaths.

He has never had a nickname and he thinks he looks like a monkey in tails and topper.

He was flattered by autograph hounds until one night when they all deserted him at sight of Edward G. Robinson. He catches cold easily, and he plays the 'cello.

He cannot swim.

He enjoys music on the radio and wears a sixteen-and-a-half collar.

He believes fortune tellers can tell the past but not the future. He is very fond of jazz, believing it akin to the Oriental music of his youth.

He owns no beach house, mountain cabin or boat. His weight varies from 165 to 190.

His only gambling vice is chemin de fer. He owns two cocker spaniels, has never undertaken to cook and is very careless with his personal effects.

He thinks sincerity is an uncommon virtue.

He was seventeen when Constantin Stanislavsky, the great Russian stage director, selected him with three others from five hundred applicants for the Moscow Art Theater school.

His spelling is faulty, and his chief impression of Americans is their sporting attitude and sense of fairness.

He reads music, has never had the measles and likes hamburgers with onions.

Akim Tamiroff goes through a ritual when he sleeps, first lying on his right side, then turning to the left, and finally back to his starting position. He yearns someday to play Jannings' role in "The Last Command."

He has no children and dislikes writing letters.

HIS wife is Tamara Shayne whom he met on the stage in New York. He used to bite his nails.

He was very fat as a boy.

His favorite singers are Tibbett and Bing Crosby.

He doesn't understand baseball.

He takes advice readily from his wife whose intuitive wisdom sent him scampering to Hollywood in a rickety car. He went practically nuts for eleven months before her judgment was vindicated and he got his first part.

He takes direction very easily and quickly admits a mistake.

He doesn't know how to be alone and consequently always seeks company. He likes shrimps, and is incurably lazy in all things except his work.

He thinks a thing out before he acts, and he never wears a sweater.

He has a good memory and likes to rise about seven-thirty.

He has no hobbies, regards "Disputed Passage" his best picture and "Jungle Princess" his worst. He is a strong believer in matrimonial vacations.

He thinks men look like the devil in derbies.

He has no regrets, hates playing cards with women, and often finds himself getting blue for no reason at all.

He thinks the most beautiful building he has ever seen is the tower in Prague with the great clock and figures of saints in motion.

He does not rouse to anger easily.

He never smokes a pipe.

He recently adopted a fatalistic philosophy feeling that there were too many elements in life to upset one's plans. He does not like staying up late at nights.

He speaks French, Russian and English.

He used to be a very exceptional tennis player, now plays only fairly. He thinks that the mean average of happiness in Hollywood is very low.

He misses seasonal climatic changes.

Akim Tamiroff lives in a small English cottage.

He never reads detective stories, doesn't like prize fights or wrestling, and his method of studying dialogue is to first memorize his lines, proceed to forget them, and then recall them.

He prefers the city to the country.

He is fond of opera, concerts, Turkish baths, and Paris.

He likes Persian melons for breakfast.

His early viewpoints and attitudes were strongly influenced by Tolstoy and Dostoiévsky. He sadly opines that war is inevitable.

He was an outstanding soccer and hockey player at school.

He likes pictures better than the stage because "thought can be photographed." He is one of four children and he regrets the trend toward making the common hot dog "a de luxe production."

He deprecates his wife's temper whenever he has done something wrong. He is a great admirer of President Roosevelt, believing that he has prevented "what happened in Russia and because he makes me pay an income tax to prevent more trouble. I consider it a privilege and I am grateful."

He was once taught by Maria Ouspenskaya. He is superstitious about Boris Khmara, his stand-in, who, he insists shall be with him on every picture. Akim insists on this because there was one picture Khmara was not in and that turned out to be a total flop.

His devotion to his wife is best exemplified by his answer when he was asked if he had to spend the rest of his life on a desert isle and could have only three people with him, whom would he choose. His reply was "All three would be my wife."

# Close Ups and Long Shots

*(Continued from page 5)*

that Tracy calls Gable "Moose" and I'll wager for the very same reason—that amused admiration and annoyance of the character actor when he observes with what ease the plums of life come to the handsome leading man) . . . watching Alice Faye doing a gay, flirtatious scene five minutes after she had the shocking news that her five-day-old honeymoon house had burned down . . . discovering a beauty shop whose chief mission in life is to keep your long fingernails from cracking . . . well, it's just such a jumble as this that makes Hollywood so wonderful. . . .

To begin with Peterkin . . . he is a new cartoon character . . . he was originally thought up by Elaine Pogany as a character for a children's book . . . her husband, the famous Willy Pogany, one of the finest painters in this country, decided to draw him . . . Walter Lantz, an unsung pioneer of movies, saw the drawing and got Universal to let him create Peterkin in full color . . . Lantz and Pogany together created as backgrounds for their little creature, half fawn and half boy, the finest three-dimensional scenes ever recorded . . . nobody will make a fortune out of it all because shorts don't make fortunes . . . but everyone concerned is giving the very best of his and her creative ability . . . you and I will laugh . . . that's the nice side of Hollywood. . . .

I love Hollywood when I read about Mrs. Norman McLeod putting a bar in her station wagon . . . particularly when Hollywood has no station to go to . . . and some of the loyal Templeites at Twentieth Century-Fox objecting to June Preisser's hilarious performance of a baby star in "Babes in Arms," and when you ask them why they think June is doing their baby grown up they retort you can tell because she carries a Pekingese . . . incidentally I think Preisser is the most promising new performer of the month and if I were a $150,000 a picture star, what with all these new kids appearing with such fearsome regularity lately, I'd trade in my swimming pool for a down payment on a good stout tent . . . and I like it that while Cagney sits and worries about how to get more naturalness in acting, Joseph Schildkraut argues that acting in movies should be more flamboyant and exaggerated . . . and that both of them, acting such different roles, can be right. . . .

It's very pleasant to run across such a story as that of Douglas MacPhail and Betty Jaynes, both of whom are in "Babes in Arms" (which, as you may have guessed by now, is my favorite picture of the month) . . . and I do think that Mickey Rooney ought to get the Academy Award for his work in it . . . but I suppose the Academy Award will have to go to something solemn and dull . . . well, anyhow, Metro had been grooming both Doug and Betty, who are mere kids, for sometime now . . . this is their debut picture together . . . but meanwhile they fell in love and married. . . .

Not only did they fall in love, but even while the picture was being made, they knew that they were to become parents . . . and now . . . despite the fact that Betty is delightful in "Babes" and Metro wants her to go on singing, she's decided she doesn't want to . . . she's so in love . . . she says it is probably terrible of her, but she just isn't ambitious . . . all she wants is to be a perfect wife and an ideal mother . . . she wants to have a whole nursery full of babies. . . .

You know how you are always hearing that careers come first in Hollywood . . . they do generally . . . but Maureen O'Sullivan says the same thing that Betty Jaynes says . . . so you see it isn't always true . . . and it's just because you can't rely on anything always being true out here, that I love the place. . . .





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# How to Put a Star on the Spot

*(Continued from page 22)*

graphed. So sure are they that they are not what Jerome Zerbe calls "photogenic" that they do everything except throw the sugar bowl at photographers to keep from being snapped. I watched them one night at the International Casino where a patient lens-hound was prowling past their table waiting to get a candid pose. The Masseys piled bottles and glasses in front of themselves on the table, and when this proved an inadequate barricade, they resorted to making ugly faces at the cameraman!

The feminine award in the unpopularity league goes to Danielle Darrieux, the French actress, who is far and away the most disagreeable star I've ever encountered. I know one girl reporter who refused to interview her, on an early morning when Danielle was being especially tart. The girl just called her city editor and said, "I'm sorry, but if you want to know what Mlle. Darrieux has to say, get another reporter. I won't be insulted—even in French!" The paper didn't get another reporter—it just neglected to print a story about Danielle.

ADOLPHE MENJOU, on the other hand, is extremely popular with New York reporters—even male reporters. So is Robert Taylor, who proved—the hard way—that he can take it. When he was in New York in his bachelor days he used to like to sit around the Tavern, listening to the scribes exchange yarns and occasionally chipping in with one of his own. He likes to go to fights and baseball games, but he can't enjoy sporting events here the way he can in Hollywood. I went to a baseball game at the Polo Grounds once with Bob, and he spent nine innings autographing programs.

He likes fun, and loves the rowdy atmosphere of the Club 18 where he gets ribbed unmercifully and is made to stooge for the floor show. He dances now and then, at the Stork or El Morocco, but he's not a particularly good dancer. However, I suppose a girl dancing with Robert Taylor is not likely to complain about the footwork.

Dorothy Lamour always gets a kick out of being in New York and besieged by fans because she can't forget that three years ago she was starving here and nobody would give her a second glance. She stays now in a luxurious suite at the Sherry-Netherland, but she recalls when she lived in one room at the Wellington and had a hard time paying the rent. In those days, Rudy Vallee begged John Perona to let her sing at El Morocco, and even offered to pay her salary if Perona would just let her use the room, but the Duke of the zebra stripes couldn't see her.

Now Dorothy sweeps into El Morocco, a celebrated guest, and Zerbe trips over waiters in his haste to snap her picture. But New York and its audiences still awe her. She was so nervous her first day at the Paramount that she couldn't take off her evening gown overskirt and reveal her sarong—because the knees under the skirt were knocking!

The Manhattan escapades of Mickey Rooney are never recorded in the papers because the editors like to keep him in the *Andy Hardy* character, and nothing could be further from Mickey's actual routine than the suburban goings-on of M-G-M's profitable clan. Mickey is a swift man in the swing joints, quick to toss off a cocktail, ready to shag or truck or beat the drums, and always alert to snare a chorus girl's telephone number. He is fond of fast cars and the kind of show girls who look best in them; he is cocksure, impudent, extroverted and a conscious pixie, and the nightly table-sitters flee from him as the all-time brat of all time. *(But there's been a change in Mickey—see page 8—Editor.)*

NO flicker dream prince ever lured more audible sighs or more visible flutters from the deb ringsiders at the Stork Club than did Walter Pidgeon when he was making his Gotham rounds. As I recall, he strolled in a couple of times, casually attired in a blue suit with a chalk stripe, and never so much as lifted an eyebrow or a finger to attract attention—but on each occasion a score or more of tulle-clad, orchid-bearing fillies quietly bit the dust.

Franchot Tone is the models' delight. He went out with more pretty faces last winter than any other male in New York. He judged a few semispectacular contests, being one night an "uncle" to a Cinderella debutante, another night a beauty-guesser, but on the main he was a quiet figure in the night clubs, preferring to dawdle solemnly over his highballs rather than execute terpsichorean didoes on the dance floor, and he was a great "21" sitter in the company of Orson Welles, Jaro Fabry and Burgess Meredith. When he was dating Beverly Barbisch, the model, he sent her white lilies every day.

Probably the most gracious of the stars is Norma Shearer, who is charming to interviewers, autograph hounds, elevator men, taxi drivers and photographers. I have never seen her lose her poise, her good temper, or her amiable radiant smile. She hasn't the world's best figure, but she is always chic; she never looks, as so many Hollywood sirens do, as if she wished she were back in Santa Monica wearing slacks. She is the only motion-picture actress I've ever seen who looked as if she'd just washed her face—actually washed it, I mean, with soap and water. And she is the most dignified and discreet person in the colony about her romances.

George Raft spends most of his time in New York in the office of the sepian Cotton Club, playing pinochle and answering the telephone, taking messages for the bus boys and making table reservations for the headwaiter. He is a democratic fellow who still hangs around with the boys he knew when he was a Tex Guinan hoofer. He loves to dance, so a lot of the Manhattan midnights find him rhumbaing at La Conga, and occasionally he gives a solo exhibition on a night-club floor, but always and only to the tune of "Sweet Georgia Brown"—the sole song ever written to which George can keep time. He is a great night owl, and five A.M. finds him wandering through the late places looking for a friend to go strolling with him.

Gary Cooper, who was a hick cowboy in the films in his early days, and whose girls used to include the rowdier feminine members of the celluloid community, is now very social when he hits New York, and inclined to neglect the glided cafés for the elegant haunts of the exclusive Long Island set. He is well-tailored, an adequate conversationalist, and possessed of the narrowest hips of any dream prince extant.

The one girl who doesn't even bother about glamour is Miriam Hopkins. She is small, pugnacious-looking, and the swiftest, most incessant conversationalist this side of the Mason-Dixon line. Observers at "21" have passed many an hour watching her talk to her escort, and making book on how soon the guy would get in a word of his own.

Errol Flynn, the *Captain Blood* of El Morocco, migrates socially from the Brown Derby set to the fringe of café society when he comes from Hollywood to New York. He circulates with great out-door-man energy from debutantes to young society matrons; he is not a good dancer, but he is a persistent one, and makes rapid rounds from the Rainbow Room to the parquet of La Conga and the ringside of the Havana-Madrid. In his less Blue Book moods, he enjoys chit-chat with the cigarette girls in the Latin bistros, and sometimes sees them to their doorsteps of an early A.M.

BUT no star that shines in Hollywood or any place else can quite "put it on" like Marlene Dietrich, who, from the gold dust in her hair to the emeralds on her long lacquered hands, is what they mean by Glamour. She could make a grande entrance into a telephone booth at Lindy's. The table-sitters around the more gilded arenas are of the opinion that she must feel undressed without at least three escorts, for she is seldom seen out formally without: (a) her husband; (b) one former very close friend; (c) one present very great friend. The gaudiest first night is made more glittering by her appearance in the aisles; she usually exits after a performance running a comb through her shoulder-length hair.

Even her petty indignations make headlines. I shall never forget the night when she came into the Monte Carlo attired in a white evening dress with a white hood, spied a young society matron similarly attired in a white evening dress with a ditto hood, turned on her heel, summoned her three male escorts, and steamed out in high dudgeon, crying to proprietor Féfé: "My whole evening has been ruined."

They come in and go out by train and plane for Hollywood, and each one gets a score on the Manhattan report card. The only star about whom the night-lifers have no high or libelous opinion is Shirley Temple, who as yet has not made her debut in the Stork Club.

# How Andy Hardy Reformed Mickey Rooney

*(Continued from page 9)*

benefit of his well seasoned philosophy.

As for Cecilia Parker as Mickey's sister, she began giving him the benefit of the back of her hand when he got flip with her. He had never encountered such discipline before.

When he got, as a screen mother, Fay Holden, who could worry—and did—about how he ate and when he came home at night and the type of girl he was dating, he got a new feeling about what forces for good a family could be.

Then, one day, he went out to Santa Anita. Just as he was about to place a bet, he heard a woman say, "Oh, I didn't think *Andy Hardy* would gamble!" That cinched it. The woman was obviously a lady. If *Andy Hardy* and his manners won the heart of such folks, then henceforth *Andy Hardy's* manners were for him, Mickey Rooney.

He didn't change overnight, of course, but the very fact that his calf love portrayed in "Love Finds Andy Hardy" was so laughed at, made him realize that the calf flirtations in which he was indulging around Hollywood were ridiculous, too.

As his first *Andy Hardy* year emerged into the second, he observed many things.

The fact that Lewis Stone had saved his money and become independent made Mickey think about saving. He noted that while Gable's clothes were often style setters they were neither loud nor conspicuous. So he tried out a quiet coat or two himself. He realized Spence managed to dress without any valet and still win Academy Awards. So he got rid of the valet.

For his eighteenth birthday, Norma Shearer presented Mickey with the portable dressing room that Irving Thalberg had originally given her. So, when the mighty Louis B. Mayer told him about the earnings on "Love Finds Andy Hardy," and that its success made him a real star, he was in enough of a glowing mood to take Mr. Mayer's admonitions about his night-club appearances with such humble grace that the big boss gave him a fine thoroughbred horse as a reward of merit. Mickey promptly reacted like a typical kid by buying a ranch to go round the horse.

His mother built a rumpus room for him in the ranch house so that he could have his gang around him. She put in a soda fountain rather than a bar, which the kids saw through, but they honestly preferred the sodas. Mickey traded in his big blue car for a sedate station wagon. "Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever" emerged the greatest "Hardy" of them all—and Mickey was ready to be presented to the world as a full-fledged star in "Babes in Arms."

The success of "Babes" is very gratifying to the studio, naturally; but even that isn't so important as its success is to Mickey. For when he watched that flash of the little boy he used to be, that hungry, over-worked baby, he realized what he has become. He might have stayed just a tough kid who had to be tough to get along at all. But now he doesn't have to. With his new humility quietly gathered around him, he's seeing now how far he can go, thanks to his having learned his lessons and been graduated from his Andy Hardy Junior College, with honors.

# Casts of Current Pictures

"ALLEGHENY UPRISING"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by P. J. Wolfson. Based on the factual story, "The First Rebel," by Neil H. Swanson. Directed by William A. Seiter. Cast: *Janie*, Claire Trevor; *Jim Smith*, John Wayne; *Capt. Swanson*, George Sanders; *Callendar*, Brian Donlevy; *MacDougle*, Wilfrid Lawson; *Duncan*, Robert Barrat; *Professor*, John F. Hamilton; *Calhoon*, Moroni Olsen; *Anderson*, Eddie Quillan; *M'Cammon*, Chill Wills; *Poole*, Ian Wolfe; *McGlashan*, Wallis Clark; *Morris*, Monte Montague; *General Gage*, Olaf Hytten.

"ALL WOMEN HAVE SECRETS"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Agnes Christine Johnston. Based on a story by Dale Eunson. Directed by Kurt Neumann. Cast: *John*, Joseph Allen, Jr.; *Kay*, Jean Cagney; *Jennifer*, Virginia Dale; *Slats*, Peter Hayes; *Joe*, John Arledge; *Peggy*, Joyce Mathews; *Susie*, Betty Moran; *Doc*, George Meeker; *Jill*, Audrey Maynard; *Jessie*, Wanda McKay.

"ANOTHER THIN MAN"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett. Based on an original story by Dashiell Hammett. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke II. Cast: *Nick Charles*, William Powell; *Nora Charles*, Myrna Loy; *Van Slack*, Otto Kruger; *Lois MacFay*, Virginia Grey; *Col. MacFay*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Dorothy Waters*, Ruth Hussey; *Asta*, Himself; *Nick Charles, Jr.*, William Poulsen; *Dudley Horn*, Patric Knowles; *Freddie Coleman*, Tom Neal; *Mrs. Bellam*, Phyllis Gordon; *Sam Church*, Sheldon Leonard; *Dum Dum*, Abner Biberman; *Lieut. Guild*, Nat Pendleton; *Vogel*, Don Costello.

"BAD LITTLE ANGEL"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Dorothy Yost. Based on the book "Looking After Sandy," by Margaret Turnbull. Directed by William Thiele. Cast: *Patsy*, Virginia Weidler; *Tommy Wilks*, Gene Reynolds; *Luther Marvin*, Guy Kibbee; *Jim Creighton*, Ian Hunter; *Mrs. Perkins*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Edwards*, Reginald Owen; *"Red" Wilks*, Henry Hull; *Ellen Creighton*, Lois Wilson.

"BALALAIKA"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Leon Gordon, Charles Bennett and Jacques Deval. Based upon the play "Balalaika." Book and lyrics by Eric Maschwitz. Directed by Reinhold Schunzel. Cast: *Peter*, Nelson Eddy; *Lydia*, Ilona Massey; *Nicki*, Charlie Ruggles; *Danchenoff*, Frank Morgan; *Marakov*, Lionel Atwill; *General Karagin*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Masha*, Joyce Compton; *Dimitri*, Dalies Frantz; *Sibirsky*, Walter Woolf King; *Lieutenant Smirnoff*, Phillip Terry; *Ramensky*, Frederic Worlock; *Leo*, Abner Biberman; *Captain Pavloff*, Arthur W. Cernitz; *Lieutenant Nikilin*, Roland Varno; *Slaski*, George Tobias; *Anton*, Paul Sutton; *Captain Testoff*, Willy Costello; *Prince Morodin*, Paul Irving; *Jeanette Sibirsky*, Mildred Shay; *Mrs. Danchenoff*, Alma Kruger.

"BEWARE SPOOKS!"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by Richard Flournoy, Albert Duffy and Brian Marlow. Based upon a play by Richard Flournoy. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. Cast: *Roy Gifford*, Joe E. Brown; *Betty Lou Winters*, Mary Carlisle; *Commissioner Lewis*, Clarence Kolb; *Slick Eastman*, Marc Lawrence; *Nick Bruno*, Don Beddoe; *Danny Emmett*, George J. Lewis.

"BLONDIE BRINGS UP BABY"—COLUMBIA.—Based upon the comic strip created by Chic Young. Adapted by Richard Flournoy. Directed by Frank Strayer. Cast: *Blondie*, Penny Singleton; *Dagwood*, Arthur Lake; *Baby Dumpling*, Larry Simms; *Alvin*, Danny Mummert; *Daisy*, Herself; *Mr. Dithers*, Jonathan Hale; *Armstrong*, Olin Howland; *Salesman*, Stanley Brown; *Salesman*, Dick Fiske; *Salesman*, Robert Sterling.

"DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Lamar Trotti and Sonya Levien. Based on the novel by Walter D. Edmonds. Directed by John Ford. Cast: *Lana (Magdelana)*, Claudette Colbert; *Gilbert Martin*, Henry Fonda; *Mrs. McKlennar*, Edna May Oliver; *Christian Reall*, Eddie Collins; *Caldwell*, John Carradine; *Mary Reall*, Dorris Bowdon; *Mrs. Weaver*, Jessie Ralph; *Reverend Rosenkrantz*, Arthur Shields; *John Weaver*, Robert Lowery; *Gen. Nicholas Herkimer*, Roger Imhof; *Joe Boleo*, Francis Ford; *Adam Helmer*, Ward Bond; *Mrs. Demooth*, Kay Linaker; *Dr. Petry*, Russell Simpson; *Landlord*, Spencer Charters; *Jacob Small*, Si Jenks; *Amos Hartman*, J. Ronald Pennick; *George Weaver*, Arthur Aylesworth; *Blue Back*, Chief Big Tree; *Dr. Robert Johnson*, Charles Tannen; *Capt. Mark Demooth*, Paul McVey; *Mrs. Reall*, Elizabeth Jones; *Daisy*, Beulah Hall Jones; *Paymaster*, Clarence H. Wilson; *General*, Lionel Pape; *Rev. Daniel Gros*, Edwin Maxwell; *Mr. Borst*, Robert Greig; *Mrs. Borst*, Clara Blandick.

"END OF A DAY, THE"—JUNO FILMS, INC.—Story by Julien Duvivier and Charles Spaak. Directed by Julien Duvivier. Cast: *Marny*, Victor Francen; *St. Clair*, Louis Jouvet; *Cabrissade*, Michel Simon; *Jeanette*, Madeleine Ozeray; *Mme. Chabert*, Gabrielle Dorziat; *Director*, Arthur Devere; *Mr. Lucien*, Arquilliere; *Mme. Tusini*, Sylvie; *Mr. Philemon*, Joffre; *Mme. Philemon*, Mme. Lherbay; *Delormel*, Jean Coquelin; *Mr. Laroche*, Pierre Magnier; *Deaubonne*, Granval; *Victor*, Jean Ayme.

"FIRST LOVE"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Bruce Manning. Directed by Henry Koster. Cast: *Connie Harding*, Deanna Durbin; *Barbara Clinton*, Helen Parrish; *Ted Drake*, Robert Stack; *James Clinton*, Eugene Pallette; *Walter Clinton*, Lewis Howard; *Mrs. Clinton*, Leatrice Joy; *Wilma Van-Everette*, June Storey; *George*, Charles Coleman; *Mike*, Frank Jenks.

"FLYING DEUCES, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—Original story and screen play by Ralph Spence, Alfred Schiller, Charles Rogers and Harry Langdon. Directed by A. Edward Sutherland. Cast: *Stan*, Stan Laurel; *Ollie*, Oliver Hardy; *Georgette*, Jean Parker; *Francois*, Reginald Gardiner; *Commandant*, Charles Middleton; *Sergeant*, Jean Del Val; *Corporal*, Clem Wilenchick; *Jailor*, James Finlayson.

"INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Sig Herzig and Wally Klein. Based on a story by Howard Hawks. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Cast: *Joe Greer*, Pat O'Brien; *Frankie Merrick*, Ann Sheridan; *Eddie Greer*, John Payne; *Lee Mason*, Gale Page; *Spud Connors*, Frank McHugh; *Martha Connors*, Grace Stafford; *Mr. Greer*, Granville Bates; *Ted*, John Ridgeley; *Dick Wilbur*, Regis Toomey; *Red*, John Harron; *Duncan Martin*, William Davidson; *Tom Dugan*, Ed McWade; *Fred Haskill*, Irving Bacon; *Haskill's Son*, Tommy Bupp; *Edward Hart*, Robert Middlemass; *Mayor*, Charles Halton.

"JUDGE HARDY AND SON"—M-G-M.—Original story and screen play by Carey Wilson. Based upon the characters created by Aurania Rouverol. Directed by George B. Seitz. Cast: *Judge Hardy*, Lewis Stone; *Andy Hardy*, Mickey Rooney; *Marian Hardy*, Cecilia Parker; *Mrs. Hardy*, Fay Holden; *Polly Benedict*, Ann Rutherford; *Aunt Milly*, Sara Haden; *Euphrasia Clark*, June Preisser; *Mrs. Volduzzi*, Maria Ouspenskaya; *Elvie Horton*, Martha O'Driscoll; *Clarabelle Lee*, Margaret Early; *Mrs. Horton*, Leona Maricle; *"Beezy,"* George Breakstone; *Mr. Volduzzi*, Egon Brecher; *Dr. Jones*, Brandon Tynan; *Nurse Trowbridge*, Edna Holland; *Augusta*, Marie Blake.

"LAW OF THE PAMPAS"—PARAMOUNT.—Original story and screen play by Harrison Jacobs. Directed by Nate Watt. Cast: *Hopalong Cassidy*, William Boyd; *Lucky Jenkins*, Russell Hayden; *Chiquita*, Steffi Duna; *Fernando Rameriez*, Sidney Toler; *Ralph Merritt*, Sidney Blackmer; *Senor Jose Valdez*, Pedro de Cordoba; *Ernesto*, JoJo La Sadio; *Schultz*, Glenn Strange; *Naples*, Eddie Dean; *Dolores*, Anna Demetrio.

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"LITTLE ACCIDENT"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Paul Yawitz and Eve Greene. Suggested by a stage play by Floyd Dell and Thomas Mitchell. Directed by Charles Lamont. Cast: *Sandy*, Baby Sandy Henville; *Herbert Pearson*, Hugh Herbert; *Alice Pearson*, Florence Rice; *Perry Allerton*, Richard Carlson; *Tabby Morgan*, Ernest Truex; *Joan Huston*, Joy Hodges; *Matisse*, Fritz Feld; *Mrs. Allerton*, Kathleen Howard; *Peggy*, Peggy Moran; *Ann*, Ann Gwynne; *Mr. Allerton*, Howard Hickman.

"MEET DR. CHRISTIAN"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Harvey Gates, Ring Lardner, Jr., and Ian Hunter. Original story by Harvey Gates from a radio idea by Jack Hasty. Directed by Bernard Vorhaus. Cast: *Dr. Christian*, Jean Hersholt; *Mr. Hewitt*, Paul Harvey; *Judy Price*, Dorothy Lovett; *Roy Davis*, Robert Baldwin; *Don*, Jackie Moran; *Marilee*, Marcie Mae Jones; *Patsy*, Patsy Lee Parsons; *Anne Hewitt*, Enid Bennett; *Mrs. Hastings*, Maude Eburne; *Mrs. Minnows*, Sarah Edwards.

"MUTINY IN THE BIG HOUSE"—MONOGRAM.—Screen play by Robert D. Andrews. From an original story by Martin Mooney. Directed by William Nigh. Cast: *Father Joe*, Charles Bickford; *Red*, Barton MacLane; *Warden*, Pat Moriarity; *Johnny*, Dennis Moore; *Captain Samson*, William Royle; *Pop Schultz*, George Cleveland; *Bitsy*, Charlie Foy; *Frankie*, Russell Hopton; *Milo*, Joffery Sayre; *Del*, Eddie Foster; *Evans*, Jack Daley; *Daniels*, Dave O'Brien; *Benson*, Wheeler Oakman; *Harris*, Charles King; *Mike*, Nigel de Brulier; *Doc*, Merrill McCormick.

"ON YOUR TOES"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Jerry Wald, Richard Macaulay, Sig Herzig and Lawrence Riley. Based on the musical comedy of the same name by Richard Rogers, Lorenz Hart and George Abbott. Directed by Ray Enright. Cast: *Vera*, Zorina; *Phil Dolan, Jr.*, Eddie Albert; *Sergei Alexandrovitch*, Alan Hale; *Paddy Reilly*, Frank McHugh; *Phil Dolan, Sr.*, James Gleason; *Ivan Boultonoff*, Leonid Kinsky; *Peggy Porterfield*, Gloria Dickson; *Mrs. Dolan*, Queenie Smith; *Konstantin Morrisine*, Erik Rhodes; *Donald Henderson*, Berton Churchill; *Phil, as a Boy*, Donald O'Connor; *Vera, as a Girl* Sarita Wooten.

"REMEMBER?"—M-G-M.—Original story and screen play by Corey Ford and Norman Z. McLeod. Directed by Norman Z. McLeod. Cast: *Jeff Holland*, Robert Taylor; *Linda Bronson*, Greer Garson; *Sky Ames*, Lew Ayres; *Mrs. Bronson*, Billie Burke; *Mr. Bronson*, Reginald Owen; *Mr. McIntyre*, George Barbier; *Judge Milliken*, Henry Travers; *Mr. Piper*, Richard Carle; *Mrs. Carruthers*, Laura Hope Crews; *Miss Wilson*, Sara Haden; *Dr. Schmidt*, Sig Rumann; *Butler*, Halliwell Hobbes.

"RENO"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by John Twist. From an original story by Ellis St. Joseph. Directed by John Farrow. Cast: *Bill Shear*, Richard Dix; *Jessie Gibbs*, Gail Patrick; *Mrs. Ryder*, Anita Louise; *Abe Compass*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Flora McKenzie*, Astrid Allwyn; *Mrs. Gardner*, Laura Hope Crews; *John Banton*, Paul Cavanagh; *Judge Howard*, Louis Jean Heydt; *Welch*, Charles Halton; *Hozzy Briggs*, Frank Faylen; *Bonnie*, Joyce Compton; *George Fields*, William Haade; *Mrs. Humphrey*, Carole Landis; *Mrs. Borden*, Billie Seward; *Hank*, Paul Burns; *Clint Simpson*, Dick Cramer; *Judge*, George Watts.

"SCANDAL SHEET"—COLUMBIA.—Original screen play by Joseph Carole. Directed by Nick Grinde. Cast: *Jim Stevenson*, Otto Kruger; *Kitty Mulhane*, Ona Munson; *Peter Haynes*, Edward Norris; *Chris Durk*, John Dilson; *Chick Keller*, Don Beddoe; *Hal Lunny*, Eddie Laughton; *Marjorie Lawe*, Linda Winters; *Seena Haynes*, Nedda Harrigan; *Douglas Haynes*, Selmer Jackson; *District Attorney*, Frank M. Thomas; *Bert Schroll*, Edward Marr.

"SECRET OF DR. KILDARE, THE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Willis Goldbeck and Harry Ruskin. Based on the story by Max Brand. Directed by Harold S. Bucquet. Cast: *Dr. James Kildare*, Lew Ayres; *Dr. Leonard Gillespie*, Lionel Barrymore; *Paul Messenger*, Lionel Atwill; *Nancy Messenger*, Helen Gilbert; *Wayman*, Nat Pendleton; *Mary Lamont*, Laraine Day; *Nora*, Sara Haden; *Dr. Stephen Kildare*, Samuel S. Hinds; *Mrs. Martha Kildare*, Emma Dunn; *Dr. S. J. Carew*, Walter Kingsford, *John Archley*, Grant Mitchell; *Molly Byrd*, Alma Kruger; *Charles Herron*, Robert Kent; *Sally*, Marie Blake; *Mrs. Roberts*, Martha O'Driscoll; *"Nosey,"* Nell Craig; *Conover*, George Reed; *Mike*, Frank Orth.

"SMASHING THE MONEY RING"—WARNERS.—Original screen play by Anthony Coldewey and Raymond Schrock. From an idea by Jonathan Finn. Directed by Terry Morse. Cast: *Lt. Brass Bancroft*, Ronald Reagan; *Peggy*, Margot Stevenson; *Gabby*, Eddie Foy, Jr.; *Dice Matthews*, Joe Downing; *Parker*, Charles D. Brown; *Danny*, Elliott Sullivan; *Saxby*, Joe King; *Kilrane*, Charles Wilson; *Warden Denby*, William Davidson; *Night Captain*, John Hamilton; *Pop*, Sidney Bracy; *Prison Runner*, Jack Wise; *Night Guard*, Jack Mower; *Joe*, Don Turner.

"SUED FOR LIBEL"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Jerry Cady. Story by Wolfe Kaufman. Directed by Leslie Goodwins. Cast: *Steve*, Kent Taylor; *Maggie*, Linda Hayes; *Muriel Webster*, Lilian Bond; *Pomeroy*, Morgan Conway; *Smiley*, Richard Lane; *Corbin*, Roger Pryor; *Hastings*, Thurston Hall; *Walsh*, Emory Parnell; *Col. White*, Roy Gordon; *Chang Howe*, Keye Luke; *Judge*, Edward Earle; *Dr. Bailer*, Jack Arnold; *Mrs. Trent*, Leona Roberts.

"THAT THEY MAY LIVE"—ARTHUR MAYER AND JOSEPH BURSTYN, INC.—Screen play by Abel Gance. English titles by Pierre van Paassen. Directed by Abel Gance. Cast: *Jean Diaz*, Victor Francen; *Henry Chimay*, Jean Max; *Flo*, Marie Lou; *Helene*, Renée Devillers; *Edith*, Line Noro; *Francoise Lorin*, Delaitre; and Les Gueules Cassées (the Mutilated Veterans of the Last War).

"THOSE HIGH GREY WALLS"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by Lewis Meltzer and Gladys Lehman. Based upon a story by William A. Ullman, Jr. Directed by Charles Vidor. Cast: *Doctor MacAuley*, Walter Connolly; *Doctor Norton*, Onslow Stevens; *Nightingale*, Paul Fix; *Redlands*, Bernard Nedell; *Mary MacAuley*, Iris Meredith; *Warden*, Oscar O'Shea; *Lindy*, Nicholas Soussanin; *Jockey*, Don Beddoe.

"20,000 MEN A YEAR"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Lou Breslow and Owen Francis. Original story by Frank Wead. Directed by Alfred E. Green. Cast: *Brad Reynolds*, Randolph Scott; *Jim Howell*, Preston Foster; *Ann Rogers*, Margaret Lindsay; *Tommy Howell*, Robert Shaw; *Joan Marshall*, Mary Healy; *Skip Rogers*, George Ernest; *Al Williams*, Kane Richmond; *Walt Dorgan*, Maxie Rosenbloom; *Crandall*, Douglas Wood; *Harold Chong*, Sen Yung; *Gerald Grant*, Paul Stanton; *Wally Richards*, Tom Seidel; *Dunk*, Edward Gargan; *Joe Hungerford*, Harry Tyler; *Irving Glassman*, Sidney Miller; *Chief Pilot Lawson*, Edwin Stanley.

## HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements on page 61 with these correct ones:

1. Carolyn Lee
2. You Can't Take It with You
3. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
4. Gene Autry
5. David Niven, Charles Boyer
6. Gale Page
7. Claire Trevor
8. Richard Carlson
9. Olivia de Havilland (Joan Fontaine)
10. Bing Crosby
11. The Cocoanut Grove
12. Joel McCrea, Carole Lombard
13. Jed Prouty
14. Lew Ayres
15. Keystone Kops
16. Michael Curtiz
17. Three
18. Edward Ellis
19. John Payne
20. The de luxe shopping district between Beverly Hills and Hollywood


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# The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 59)

### ★ THE END OF A DAY—Juno Films

A POIGNANT and absorbing screen drama is this French film dealing with a group of aged Thespians living together in a home for retired actors. The skillful Julien Duvivier, co-author and director, has built up a sympathetic picture of an assorted group of people, pathetic in their memories of past triumphs and failures, noble in their fierce pride as members of a glorious profession.

With a fine cast, headed by Victor Francen, Louis Jouvet and Michel Simon, each character is clearly defined. Among them is *Marny,* classical actor of the old school; *St. Clair,* great lover and supreme egoist; *Cabrissade,* the eternal Pan.

Behind the subtle balance of comedy and tragedy and the attention to detail in the film, is the work of a true craftsman. Director Duvier has exercised restraint with a theme that could easily be maudlin, and displayed rare understanding of fundamental human emotions.

### MUTINY IN THE BIG HOUSE—Monogram

ALL right, it's another one about prisons. Still, in all fairness, it must be said this is one of the better in its class; it's based on the Canon City, Colorado, prison riot of 1929 and there's a priest (played by Charles Bickford) who sacrifices self for the unfortunate criminals. Dennis Moore and Barton MacLane do especially good work. The story is brutally clear-cut and so is the direction.

### ON YOUR TOES—Warners

HOW such a company as Warner Brothers could take the best musical New York offered last year and turn it into a weak movie is beyond our comprehension. The excitoomph of Zorina may help you survive what has happened to the gags, but, at best, one can say that "On Your Toes" has slipped to the heel-and-toe rating, with second degree fallen arches.

Sam Goldwyn tried to put Zorina over a couple of years ago, you may remember, but her vogue didn't catch up with her until this season. Eddie Albert, also snaffled from Broadway, plays the hoofer who writes a great American Ballet, joins up with a traveling Russian company and falls hard for the première danseuse. Despite the general feeling of disappointment over the translation of this to the screen, it must be admitted Zorina is good; the ballets delightful.

### LITTLE ACCIDENT—Universal

WELL, if you like babies. . . . This may remind you of some of the Dionne Quintuplet pictures, in which story was merely dragged in for an excuse to show endless photographs of the infants. You are expected to be held in your seats, this time, by the charms of one kid alone, Baby Sandy. She's awfully cute, but not that cute.

Hugh Herbert is cast as the baby-columnist of a newspaper; Sandy's father leaves her in Hugh's office, thinking Mr. Herbert is a woman. All this leads up to a contest, in which Sandy is entered.

### THE FLYING DEUCES—RKO-Radio

LAUREL and Hardy up to their old tricks again—this time as enlistees in an African Post of the Foreign Legion. They've joined up because Hardy has been spurned by a loved one. As in all efforts of this pair, you will note some new, ingenious and inventive sequences, as well as many which are quite routine. It is all slapstick. Jean Parker and Reggie Gardiner are also in the cast.

### THE SECRET OF DR. KILDARE—M-G-M

LEW AYRES is still the young assistant doctor, assigned this time to find out what's the matter with Helen Gilbert, an heiress. She thinks she's got a brain tumor because she's going blind, but Ayres diagnoses the whole thing as psychological hysteria. Getting her fixed up is important because her father is a potential donor to the hospital. During the film Lionel Barrymore collapses, and his assistant *(Dr. Kildare)* has to pretend he's more interested in Miss Gilbert's millions than in medicine, so the old man will take a rest. And, of course, all the mucking around the boy does with Helen makes his real sweetheart, Laraine Day, get sore. There is simplicity in the direction and a down-to-earthness without frills in story treatment—if it doesn't give you a temporary case of hypochondria.

### BLONDIE BRINGS UP BABY—Columbia

DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD loses his job and comes unhappily home to discover that *Baby Dumpling* has lost the dog, *Daisy;* furthermore, *Baby Dumpling* has gone wandering off to find her. Wherefore the original catastrophe pales into insignificance. *Baby Dumpling* finds *Daisy* in the home of a rich little cripple, whom he coaxes into walking for the first time; and out of this silly business come some events that have to do with the job *Dagwood* lost way up there in the beginning of the paragraph—remember? Penny Singleton, Larry Simms and Arthur Lake are still cast as the *Bumstead* family.

### LAW OF THE PAMPAS—Paramount

FOR those of you who like to sneak out to the Lyceum and whoop and holler with *Hopalong Cassidy,* here's another in the series. This time Bill Boyd Hops Along to South America on an assignment to deliver cattle, and uncovers two murders en route. He has great fun with them. The piece gives you romance in the person of Steffi Duna. Sidney Blackmer and Pedro de Cordoba help a lot.

### SMASHING THE MONEY RING—Warners

ACTION and melodrama are the excuses for this minor story—there's nothing new about it, but you may enjoy watching nice-looking Ronald Reagan as a G-Man. He pairs with Eddie Foy, who offers some comedy. It's welcome, too, considering the piece deals with prison and convicts. Warner Brothers always give you a jailbreak in these program productions and this particular one is very exciting. Margot Stevenson has the romantic assignment.

### SCANDAL SHEET—Columbia

IT'S too bad, but there just isn't one thing to be said for this film. It's all about newspapermen, but they are newspapermen such as you never saw in your life, even in the movies. Otto Kruger is the publisher, with a secret son, played by Eddie Norris; a girl friend (Ona Munson, who also edits the woman's page); and a penchant for homicide. He kills off one of his employees to get records of Norris' birth, and from there on the story goes wacky.

### 20,000 MEN A YEAR—20th Century-Fox

THROUGH association you may have some idea that this is about Sing Sing. Well, it's not. It's the story of how Uncle Sam is training young men to fly. That's all it is, though—a catalogue, a class in aviation. When it comes to story, you may just as well relax. Randy Scott plays a washed-up professional pilot who takes a job as flying instructor at the CAA, rescues some lost flyers, and shares the fade-out with Margaret Lindsay. The rest of the cast, including Preston Foster, Mary Healy and Maxie Rosenbloom, doesn't show very often, or very much.

### SUED FOR LIBEL—RKO-Radio

HERE'S a murder picture with a swell new twist. You see, Morgan Conway is acquitted of the murder of his brokerage partner but Linda Hayes, a she-reporter, pulls a trick on a rival pressman by telling him the verdict's "guilty." Kent Taylor dramatizes the thing on the air and Conway sues for libel; so Linda and Taylor start digging into Conway's past to stop the action. What they find is the answer to three killings, altogether—and will *you* be surprised!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, of PHOTOPLAY, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1939.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Ernest V. Heyn, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the PHOTOPLAY and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of September, 1939.

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### THOSE HIGH GRAY WALLS—Columbia

THIS is a psychological study, an analysis of a fear trauma, and not too obscure for general consumption. Walter Connolly plays a small-town doctor who helps a wounded convict; and he himself is sent to prison. Instead of being allowed to help in the hospital, he is sent to the tailor shop because Onslow Stevens, prison physician, doesn't want competition. It's Stevens who has the fear complex, and Connolly diagnoses it. At least, what with the superabundance of films about jails this month, you will appreciate the originality of the idea. Connolly gives his usual fine performance.

### ★ BAD LITTLE ANGEL—M-G-M

IT'S a touchy subject, religion; but by careful production, good use of good story, and the activities of Virginia Weidler, it has been made touching and inspirational in this film. Virginia's an orphan with a deep and ingenuous faith in God. The effect (of this belief in Deity) on adults with whom she comes in contact forms the basis for the story. Gene Reynolds foils for Virginia, with a touch of very young romance thrown in; Guy Kibbee, Ian Hunter and Henry Hull all contribute fine performances. It is, however, the little star's picture, from beginning to end.

### BEWARE SPOOKS—Columbia

JOE E. BROWN, the Great Mouth, stars in no A-classic this time, but his incomparable brand of comedy, so fascinating to his loyal fans, is intact. He's a rookie policeman, on the force because of his dead father's fine record, and the Captain assigns him to catch Marc Lawrence, a bank robber. Joe's just off on his honeymoon with Mary Carlisle and does a bad job so far as Lawrence is concerned; but at a resort he discovers some murders and there is climax in a spook-house. Very funny.

### THAT THEY MAY LIVE—Mayer-Burstyn

WAR and censorship prevented the European release of this unusual film—as strong a plea for peace as we've yet seen. A veteran of the World War, whose comrades were all killed in action, is convinced that they have not died in vain. Once again, however, comes the call to arms, and when he realizes no man can stem the tide, he turns to the War dead. They arise, thousands strong, mutilated and bloody, to accuse the world of breaking its pledge for peace.

We warn you—this is a strong dose of propaganda, yet the film cannot be dismissed with a shrug. There is a splendid performance by Victor Francen as the war veteran; and Les Gueules Cassées (the Mutilated Veterans of the Last War), seen in the March of the Dead, give the picture a terrifying reality.

### ★ INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY—Warners

THIS won't let you sit still in your seats a moment. The plot is built around the always touching design of two brothers and one girl. Pat O'Brien is cast as the elder brother, a cocky racing driver who wants to help the kid, John Payne, at the racing game. But Payne falls in love with Ann Sheridan and Pat gets sore, because he doesn't approve of Ann. You'll see an accidental killing when O'Brien gets drunk and some wonderful race shots. Altogether it's smash-bang entertainment.

# Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 4)

### CHICKEN WAGON FAMILY—20th Century-Fox

Originally scheduled for Will Rogers, this has been adapted to the talents of Jane Withers. She's swell, but the piece isn't quite right for Leo Carrillo, who makes his living by exchanging merchandise for chickens. Spring Byington and Marjorie Weaver contribute their bit. (*Nov.*)

### COAST GUARD—Columbia

Not a new plot, but entertaining. Randy Scott is a cocky pilot in the coast guard who wins Ralph Bellamy's sweetheart (Frances Dee) away from him, then gets himself into a situation from which Bellamy has to save him. Walter Connolly has a small role. (*Dec.*)

### COWBOY QUARTERBACK, THE—Warners

Bert Wheeler's first solo without the late Bob Woolsey is a dated story of a hick football player who gets into big time. Gamblers try a frame-up and it looks bad until Bert's girl, Marie Wilson, comes along. Gloria Dickson helps a little. (*Nov.*)

### DANCING CO-ED—M-G-M

When Lee Bowman, movie dancer, finds he will need a new partner, publicity agent Roscoe Karns tosses a co-ed contest. Lana Turner, a Broadway hoofer, turns college girl for the stunt; Richard Carlson, newshound for the school paper, starts an investigation. There's a surprise ending when Ann Rutherford enters the contest. Artie Shaw gets hot with his clarinet. (*Nov.*)

### ★ DAY THE BOOKIES WEPT, THE—RKO-Radio

Good comedy, with Joe Penner at his best. He's a cab driver in love with Betty Grable. His pals send him to buy a horse and, of course he gets stuck. But when Betty discovers the old nag loves liquor—do they have fun! And so will you. (*Dec.*)

### DISPUTED PASSAGE—Paramount

A forceful melodrama dealing with the struggle of a young doctor (John Howard) to choose between science and love for Dorothy Lamour. Akim Tamiroff plays an older physician who ruins the romantic setup. When Dottie marches off to China and Howard follows, Tamiroff must decide whether to stick to his guns or—(*Dec.*)

### ★ DUST BE MY DESTINY—Warners

A depressing, although gripping study of social problems, with John Garfield again imprisoned unjustly. As a result, he hates everything—except Priscilla Lane. But, finally, out of tragedy comes readjustment. Garfield turns in the performance you've come to expect of him. (*Nov.*)

### ★ EACH DAWN I DIE—Warners

There's a quiet brutality, a believable horror about this film in which Jimmy Cagney portrays an innocent victim who is sent to prison by crooked politicians. His newspaper friends, particularly Jane Bryan, take up the fight. There's murder and a jail-break riot done in a superlative manner. George Raft, as a fellow convict, has never done a better job. Add George Bancroft, Maxie Rosenbloom and John Wray to the list who make this picture a must. (*Oct.*)

### ★ ESPIONAGE AGENT—Warners

Full of thrills, and sufficiently timely to make your hair stand on end. Joel McCrea is the Nemesis of spies. He marries one (Brenda Marshall) and when what she's done catches up with her, Joel resigns his post to help her run down the ringleader. George Bancroft, Jeffrey Lynn and others complete the cast. (*Dec.*)

### ★ ETERNALLY YOURS—Wangers-U.A.

You'll like this story in which Loretta Young marries master magician David Niven and becomes his associate in a magic act. However, David's femme fans are too fond of him, so Loretta does a disappearing act that is a dilly; divorces David and marries Broderick Crawford; but David won't give up. Billie Burke, ZaSu Pitts and Raymond Walburn rustle up a brace of laughs. (*Nov.*)

### EVERYBODY'S HOBBY—Warners

A new family-cycle picture—with stamp-collector Irene Rich the mother of a family of hobbyists. Daughter Jean Sharon collects photograph records; brother Jackie Moran is an amateur radio bug; father Henry O'Neill is a camera fiend. Fun for juveniles. (*Nov.*)

### EVERYTHING'S ON ICE—RKO-Radio

Little Irene Dare zips across ice like a miniature Henie in this amusing, but unimportant, film. Fourflusher Roscoe Karns takes his nieces Irene and Lynne Roberts to Florida where he lives in high style, hoping to marry off Lynne. Of course, he chooses another fourflusher. (*Nov.*)

### FAST AND FURIOUS—M-G-M

A murder mystery built around a beauty pageant, with bathing beauties, a lion-taming act and villains bumping people off. Ann Sothern plays Franchot Tone's gum-chewing wife. Lee Bowman, Ruth Hussey and sundry beauties co-operate. (*Dec.*)

### ★ FIFTH AVENUE GIRL—RKO-Radio

Ginger Rogers has another hit, and it's as cute as punch. A man who is being ignored by his wife pretends romance with a pretty down-at-the-heels girl to make his wife jealous. You can imagine the complications, especially when the man is Walter Connolly, the wife is Verree Teasdale and the innocent peak of the isosceles is Ginger. (*Nov.*)

### FIGHT FOR PEACE, THE—Warwick-Monogram

A medley of authentic newsreels and graphic cartoons issued for the purpose of promoting anti-war sentiment. Its fragmentary record of dying monarchies and flourishing dictatorships, from the cause of the First World War, up to the eve of the present conflict is well worth seeing. (*Dec.*)

### FIVE LITTLE PEPPERS AND HOW THEY GREW—Columbia

Maybe you loved the *Peppers* when you were six, but this is a bit thick for adults. Edith Fellows, Clarence Kolb and Dorothy Peterson follow the script dutifully. All the *Little Peppers* are so virtuous, and this has the expected effect on a meanie when he is quarantined in their house. (*Dec.*)

### ★ FRONTIER MARSHAL—20th Century-Fox

You can guess from the title what this is about. Tombstone, Arizona, is the locale where silver is discovered. The bad element comes in and Marshal Randolph Scott sets out to quell the lawlessness. Cesar Romero, Nancy Kelly and Binnie Barnes all help to make this good cinema. (*Oct.*)

### FULL CONFESSION—RKO-Radio

Victor McLaglen, in another "Informer" role, plays a criminal who thinks he is expiring, confesses a murder to priest Joseph Calleia, then recovers. It's Calleia's job to make him confess to the law. Sally Eilers has a small role. (*Nov.*)

### GIRL FROM RIO—Monogram

An indifferent production, in which Movita is forced to leave Rio on the eve of her debut as a singer, in order to help her brother out of a jam. She gets a job in a night club and hunts down the real meanie. Warren Hull and Alan Baldwin contribute. (*Nov.*)

### ★ GOLDEN BOY—Columbia

Clifford Odet's famous play introduces William Holden as the emotionally unstable musician who forsakes a career in the arts for one in the prize ring. He is caught up by unscrupulous racketeers who shove him to eventual downfall. Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou and others help the definite "A" mood of the production with their work. It's excellent drama. (*Nov.*)

### HAWAIIAN NIGHTS—Universal

A happy little story, this. Johnny Downs plays the son of a hotel owner who loses his job when he organizes a band. He takes his musical lads to Hawaii and makes a success of his father's rival. Comes romance in the person of Constance Moore. Matty Malneck's orchestra is swell. (*Nov.*)

### ★ HEAVEN WITH A BARBED WIRE FENCE—20th Century-Fox

A story of disillusionment. Glenn Ford is the New Yorker who works six years to buy a ranch, starts thumbing his way to his property and collects troubles along the way, among them: hobo Nicholas Conte; Spanish refugee Jean Rogers; and tramp Raymond Walburn. It has movement. (*Oct.*)

### HERE I AM A STRANGER—20th Century-Fox

Richard Greene and Richard Dix combine talents here and both are good. Greene, raised by his mother and stepfather, meets his real father. The piece is the emotional adjustment of the two. Gladys George plays the mother. (*Dec.*)

### HERO FOR A DAY—Universal

Football time is here. Charley Grapewin, ex-football star and now a night watchman, is used for a publicity stunt by his alma mater. He becomes a male "Apple Annie." Meanwhile, Dick Foran carries the ball, and lovely Anita Louise falls in love with him. (*Dec.*)

### ★ HOLLYWOOD CAVALCADE—20th Century-Fox

A gay history of movieland, told in terms of drama and slapstick, rainbowed by Technicolor and gorgeously acted throughout. A would-be director, Don Ameche, discovers a would-be star, Alice Faye, and brings her to Hollywood. She falls in love with him, but marries Alan Curtis. The tangle of their love serves as a plot on which to hand such milestones as the Keystone Kops and Sennett Bathing Beauties. See it. (*Dec.*)

### ★ HONEYMOON IN BALI—Paramount

This has color and glamour, and Fred MacMurray and Madeleine Carroll on a South Sea Island. You see, Madeleine is a business woman content with her unromantic lot until earthy Mr. MacMurray comes along. Then Sex, à la Tropics, intrudes. You'll like Helen Broderick and little Carolyn Lee, too. (*Dec.*)

### HOTEL FOR WOMEN—20th Century-Fox

Shades of "Stage Door." You'll see a lot of models and chorus girls living in a hostelry presided over by Elsa Maxwell, and follow their troubles. New Linda Darnell should turn into a bright star, and Ann Sothern is very good, indeed. James Ellison is the romantic lead. (*Oct.*)

### HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER, THE—Roach-U.A.

A rich boy who turns reporter accidentally uncovers a gangster murder. Joan Bennett is his housekeeper's offspring and despite the fact she is a reformed gangland moll, she gets the hero. Adolphe Menjou and John Hubbard try hard. (*Dec.*)

### IRISH LUCK—Monogram

Here we have Frankie Darro playing a bellhop whose father is mysteriously slain. Frankie sets out to discover the murderer. He's quite engaging and Mantan Moreland, a colored fellow, turns in an interesting performance. (*Nov.*)

### ★ I STOLE A MILLION—Universal

Swell melodrama, with George Raft (capably abetted by Claire Trevor) portraying a man who, through circumstances beyond his control, is labeled a criminal and works out his peeve against the world by going really bad. Dick Foran, Henry Armetta and Victor Jory contribute to the emotional power of this film. (*Oct.*)

### IN NAME ONLY—RKO-Radio

If you're a pushover for Cary Grant and Carole Lombard, you'll like this. Kay Francis is the wife who won't give Cary a divorce to marry Carole, despite the fact that she has never loved him. But Carole wins out in the end. Charles Coburn and Helen Vinson have routine roles, Katharine Alexander is good, and Grant, magnificent. (*Oct.*)

### ★ INTERMEZZO, A LOVE STORY—Selznick International

This is art in the cinema. It's a love interlude in the lives of concert pianist Ingrid Bergman (new to our screen and strangely compelling) and violinist Leslie Howard. Edna Best plays the wife whom Leslie leaves for his romantic idyl with Ingrid. There's charm to the story. (*Dec.*)

### JAMAICA INN—Mayflower-Paramount

You're in on the secret that Charles Laughton is the leader of a gang who wreck ships for their cargoes in this free adaptation of Daphne du Maurier's novel. But neither the members of his gang, nor pretty Maureen O'Hara, know that he is the archvillain. Hairbreadth escapes, last minute rescues will satisfy those who like action. Mr. Laughton, as usual, dominates every scene. (*Oct.*)

### KATIA—Mayer-Burstyn

There's little dramatic punch in this story which traces the devotion of *Czar Alexander II* (John Loder) for his mistress, the *Princess Katia* (Danielle Darrieux), who finally becomes his wife, but pictorially speaking, this French film is beautiful. Marie Helene Daste, as the ailing *Czarina*, dominates every scene she is in. (*Dec.*)

### KID NIGHTINGALE—Warner

This singing John Payne really looks promising. Here he's a prize fighter who warbles when he isn't fighting. Walter Catlett, fight manager, takes him in hand and leads him at last to a chance at the championship. Jane Wyman furnishes the romantic interest. Action flies along at a fancy pace. (*Dec.*)

### ★ LADY OF THE TROPICS—M-G-M

Oriental Saigon provides the lush background for Hedy Lamarr and Robert Taylor in this story of a young American engineer who braves the dangers of far places; with Joseph Schildkraut as the smooth scoundrel who is killed by Hedy when she discovers his interest in her is business, not sentiment. Taylor and Schildkraut give performances to be proud of, while Hedy is her most beautiful self. (*Oct.*)

### MAN THEY COULD NOT HANG, THE—Columbia

Boris Karloff, a mad scientist who can bring the dead back to life, is interrupted in the midst of an experiment; the police think his victim is dead and convict Karloff of murder. He sets out to kill the judge, jury and district attorney. Roger Pryor, Lorna Gray and Robert Wilcox try to cope with it all. (*Nov.*)

### ★ MARX BROTHERS AT THE CIRCUS—M-G-M

The Marx Brothers team up with a whole menagerie this time when they come to the rescue of Kenny Baker, who is about to lose his circus and pretty Florence Rice to the villainous Fritz Feld. Harpo and Chico give their usual funny solos. There are plenty of circus acts, camels, elephants and a lovely gorilla. (*Nov.*)

### MILLION DOLLAR LEGS—Paramount

A college picture, dedicated in motif and action to the present generation. A football hero and a mathematical genius (respectively, John Hartley and Peter Hayes) help Betty Grable carry the slight burden of plot. (*Oct.*)

### MIRACLES FOR SALE—M-G-M

The kids will love this since it's all about magicians. There's murder, too, and Robert Young, paired with pretty Florence Rice, to solve it. If you believe in ghosts, you'll be pretty annoyed at the exposé. (*Oct.*)

### ★ MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON—Columbia

This is a kind of "Mr. Deeds," in which lanky Jimmy Stewart ambles about Washington like a streamlined version of Lincoln. He gets mixed up in dirty politics, but sticks to his ideals through the urgings of his hard-boiled secretary, Jean Arthur. There's a rousing climax in the Senate. Edward Arnold and Claude Rains are the political villains. The entire cast contribute fine performances, but it's Capra's direction that makes this. (*Nov.*)

### MR. WONG IN CHINATOWN—Monogram

Boo! It's Boris Karloff who makes a nice menacing Chinaman in whose home a Chinese princess is murdered. Marjorie Reynolds is the newspaper woman who rushes around and helps out. There's a romance angle between her and Grant Withers. And there's comedy to keep you chuckling. (*Oct.*)

### NEWS IS MADE AT NIGHT—20th Century-Fox

There's conflict in this when Editor Preston Foster's best friend turns out to be a criminal and an innocent man is awaiting execution because of Foster's machinations. Lynn Bari plays a sob sister. Good pace throughout. (*Oct.*)

### ★ NINOTCHKA—M-G-M

Greta Garbo brings a smile to her face and a rare buoyancy to her step in the role of a lieutenant in the Russian army who is sent to Paris to find out




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why the sale of government-owned jewels has not been consummated. The attractive Melvyn Douglas convinces her that love is more important than the benefit of the masses. The sophistication of Ina Claire is a perfect foil for the amusing performance Garbo turns in. (*Nov.*)

### ★ NURSE EDITH CAVELL—RKO-Radio

Remember the execution of Edith Cavell, the English nurse who started an undercover system of helping wounded Allies to safety during the World War? As that nurse, Anna Neagle turns in a performance worthy of Academy Award attention. Edna May Oliver, ZaSu Pitts and May Robson contribute fine work, too. (*Nov.*)

### ★ OLD MAID, THE—Warners

A fine movie, good drama—but so long, so dreary. Bette Davis plays the young girl who loves George Brent, the man Miriam Hopkins discards. After Brent is killed in the Civil War, Bette gives birth to his daughter. Bette allows Miriam to adopt the child and turns herself into a sour old maid. The baby grows up (Jane Bryan), hating Bette. Miss Davis gives a superb portrayal, but Miriam Hopkins almost succeeds in matching it. (*Oct.*)

### $1.000 A TOUCHDOWN—Paramount

There's no sense to this, but it's funny. Martha Raye's broke, sells her house to keep the college open, discovers Joe E. Brown, descendant of a long line of actors, so she turns the place into a dramatic school, starts a football team and puts claustrophobic Joe in it. Guess who wins. (*Dec.*)

### OUR LEADING CITIZEN—Paramount

Bob Burns tries hard in this, but it's certainly not fare for the intellectual audience. There's a lot of stuff about strikes, and more flag-waving than entertainment. Susan Hayward supplies the romantic interest. Elizabeth Patterson, Kathleen Lockhart and Charles Bickford do credible work. (*Oct.*)

### PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES—20th Century-Fox

Time: The last World War. Place: France. Plot: The Ritz Brothers, a vaudeville team, unable to get bookings because of their German name, join the army. In France they team up with Jane Withers, whose father, Joseph Schildkraut, is a spy. There's bombing and blasting—but little entertainment value here. (*Dec.*)

### ★ PRIVATE LIVES OF ELIZABETH AND ESSEX, THE—Warners

You may feel that this is lacking in the fire that Queen Elizabeth's lusty to-do with Lord Essex might have inspired, but Bette Davis, as the evil-tempered, enamored-of-power Queen delights in her role, and Errol Flynn, as Essex, is magnificent to look upon. The grandeur of that court, the vital color of a nation not yet effete called for Technicolor. Donald Crisp, Olivia de Havilland, Vincent Price, Henry Daniell and Alan Hale add to the high quality of the production. (*Dec.*)

### ★ RAINS CAME, THE—20th Century-Fox

Louis Bromfield's story of a group of people caught in the flood and earthquake of India; the effect upon each when disaster, disease and death touch them, is transferred to the screen with compelling fidelity. Tyrone Power, Myrna Loy and George Brent give the top performances of their careers; with Maria Ouspenskaya, H. B. Warner, Joseph Schildkraut and Brenda Joyce following close on their heels. (*Nov.*)

### ★ REAL GLORY, THE—Goldwyn-U.A.

Another blood-and-thunder epic. Locale: Philippines. Year: 1906. When the Moros, resenting the intrusion of the new government, use the dreaded cholera as their lethal weapon, Gary Cooper does an excellent job as doctor, soldier, organizer, and still has time for some tender love scenes with Andrea Leeds. David Niven and Broderick Crawford are excellent. (*Oct.*)

### RETURN OF DR. X., THE—Warners

Wow! what a murder mystery—and with Humphrey Bogart thrown in as further nightmare material. Wayne Morris, reporter, finds actress Lya Lys murdered. She turns up later to sue his paper. Another person is found murdered by the same sort of wound, and no evidence of blood. Then Humphrey, as *Dr. Xavier*, turns out to have been electrocuted two years ago. Boo! (*Nov.*)

### SHOULD HUSBANDS WORK?—Republic

Here's the *Higgins* bunch again, played by James, Lucile and Russell Gleason. All the fuss is about *Pa's* job, because there's going to be a merger and *Ma* messes things up. Marie Wilson is her usual dumb-bunny character. (*Oct.*)

### RIO—Universal

The story of what happens to the trusted wife of a French convict has Victor McLaglen as the friend of Basil Rathbone, who is the French capitalist under conviction. Sigrid Gurie is the wife, and Robert Cummings the young American she falls for in Rio. There's a good escape sequence and some bloody killing. (*Dec.*)

### ROARING TWENTIES, THE—Warners

Those mad, prosperous, Prohibition Twenties! The story starts when World War veteran Jimmy Cagney looks up a girl who has been writing to him and discovers she is Priscilla Lane. Circumstances draw him into the liquor racket, take him through the market crash, and into the depression when Priscilla finds happiness with his buddy, Jeffrey Lynn. Gladys George, Frank McHugh and Humphrey Bogart have supporting roles. (*Dec.*)

### RULERS OF THE SEA—Paramount

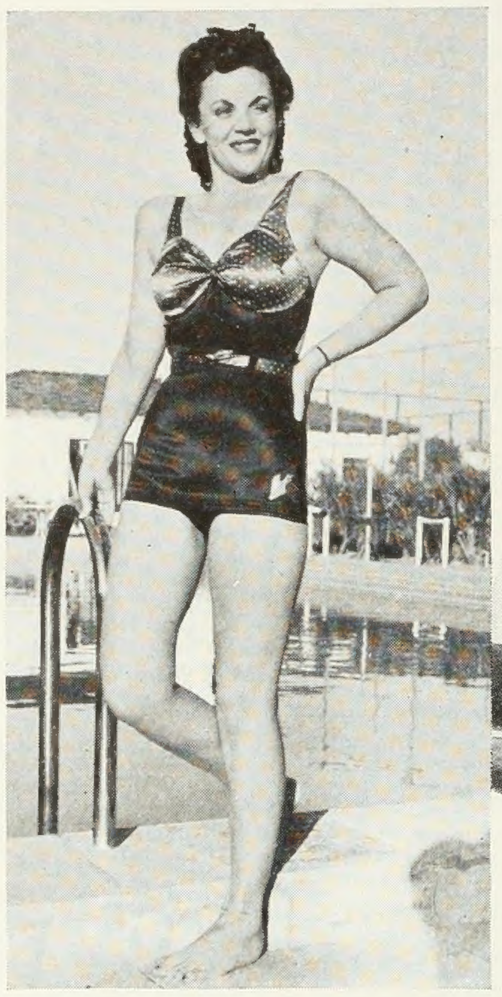
A rousting story of the first Atlantic crossing in a steam-driven boat, with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. playing the young mate who has faith in steam. Will Fyffe is superb as the Scots inventor of steam motors. George Bancroft plays a die-hard sailing skipper, and Margaret Lockwood is appealing. (*Dec.*)

### SPELLBINDER, THE—RKO-Radio

A natural for Lee Tracy. He's a fast-gab lawyer verging on the shady side. Plot: Tracy defends murderer; freed rascal woos and weds Tracy's daughter, Barbara Read; Tracy kills him. Patric Knowles and Allan Lane struggle hard. (*Oct.*)

# JUNE IN JANUARY

## BY GWENN WALTERS



Polka dot and plain fabric combine in Catalina's satin lastex one-piece, front-skirted 1940 bathing suit



Perfect winter resort dresses — rayon and cotton seersucker, striped in red, white, royal blue and green (left). A sport coat-frock of blue and white striped synthetic linen (right). These dresses are described below

WHY all the to-do about bathing suits and shorts, cottons and ginghams at this time of year?

Why? Because PHOTOPLAY is the first with fashion news and California is knee-deep in playtime. Yes, it's resort season, so here's news about play clothes you'll want to pack in your old kit bag for your travels toward the sun!

You can't go? Well, this news is just as important to you as it is to wanderers, for it will soon be time to start planning an early vacation wardrobe.

You've probably noticed that the clothes on this page are not posed on your favorites of the screen. Why? Our apologies to you and the stars, because we snapped these pictures on the models during the recent showing of California resort clothes which was held at Palm Spring's famous Racquet Club.

The charming frock on the left of the double photo (above right) is Agnes Barrett's rayon and cotton seersucker model that is belted with royal blue silk jersey to match the wooden buttons that march up the front. The stripes are red, white, royal blue and green.

Irene Bury's sport coat-frock of blue and white striped synthetic linen is shown on the right. The horizontal stripes of the front under slip contrast the bias styling of the fabric of the coat-frock which is closed at neck and waist with self-fabric ties. The crushed crown of the white toyo hat is of blue grosgrain ribbon—the bag also combines these two fabrics.

Louella Ballerino made the white cotton pique play dress (right) and styled it in ballerina fashion with a circle skirt, wing shoulders and a ruffle edged corselet that laces up the front with navy blue cord to match the trim.

Polka dot and plain fabric combine in Catalina's satin lastex one-piece, front-skirted 1940 bathing suit (top). The body of the suit is wine red—the brassiere top and belt, powder blue with white dots.



A white cotton piqué play dress, styled in ballerina fashion with circle skirt and wing shoulders

A summary of resort and cruise fashion news places particular stress on color, not only the brilliant hues of last year, but also an abundance of pastels. White holds its supremacy as the leading fashion color. Red finds place on every other costume as trim or accent. In general, you'll see your favorites well represented—white and navy, white and brown, green, blue, yellow and pink.

### ★ STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE—20th Century-Fox

Inspiring and dignified, this story of Henry M. Stanley's safari into darkest Africa in search of Dr. Livingstone, famous British missionary. Spencer Tracy and Sir Cedric Hardwicke, as *Livingstone*, are sensitively the title roles. Nancy Kelly and Richard Greene are seen briefly as lovers, while Charles Coburn and Walter Brennan furnish wisps of comedy. (*Oct.*)

### STAR MAKER, THE—Paramount

Bing Crosby's newest vehicle is no bargain, darn it! It's the story of Gus Edwards, kiddie impresario. Bing plays the poor songwriter who marries Louise Campbell, refuses to take an ordinary job and conceives the idea of offering children to the public as entertainment. This introduces songstress Linda Ware; Walter Damrosch leads a symphony orchestra; Bing sings; Ned Sparks and Laura Hope Crews contribute comedy. (*Nov.*)

### STOP, LOOK AND LOVE—20th Century-Fox

"Marrying daughter off" is cleverly exploited here. Minna Gombell plays the mother who, married to William Frawley, expends her energy to find a husband for daughter Jean Rogers. Jean finds Bob Kellard, but Mama almost ruins the romance. (*Nov.*)

### ★ THESE GLAMOUR GIRLS—M-G-M

Youth scintillates against a college background. Anita Louise, Jane Bryan and Ann Rutherford are three lovely debs, and you know Lew Ayres is a college senior without being told. A crack shows in his sophisticated coating, however, when Lana Turner, honky-tonk hostess, shows up at his school's veddy exclusive houseparty. Marsha Hunt makes a fine college widow. (*Oct.*)

### THREE SONS—RKO-Radio

It's the story of a man whose consuming interest in life is his department store, and who wants his boys to follow in his footsteps. Only they don't. There isn't much to keep you fascinated. Edward Ellis plays the father, Kent Taylor, Robert Stanton and Dick Hogan the offspring. (*Dec.*)

### THUNDER AFLOAT—M-G-M

Captain Wally Beery lives on a tugboat with his daughter, Virginia Grey, until a Boche sub puts them off and sinks the tug. Beery joins the Navy so he can get revenge but his former rival, Chester Morris, is now his superior officer and Beery doesn't take kindly to discipline. So he takes his sub-chaser off on a solo hunt for the enemy. It's a personal battle between Beery and the subs. (*Nov.*)

### TORCHY PLAYS WITH DYNAMITE—Warners

Jane Wyman takes Glenda Farrell's place in this romantic finale of the *Torchy Blane* series, when she walks off with detective Allen Jenkins. There's prison stuff, and a chase. Tom Kennedy and Bruce MacFarlane trot along with the story. (*Nov.*)

### TWO BRIGHT BOYS—Universal

Freddie Bartholomew and Melville Cooper, son and father, live by their wits, get in the clutches of Alan Dinehart, who uses them to make a grab at oil lands owned by Jackie Cooper and his mother, Dorothy Peterson. The boys do nice jobs. (*Dec.*)

### UNDER-PUP, THE—Universal

Cinema history is made in this with the discovery of a new singing star—eleven-year-old Gloria Jean. The story is a simple one: A poor girl wins a contest and is taken to a rich girls' camp. All the pampered darlings snoot Gloria—except little Virginia Weidler, but Gloria works out her problems with the aid of Billy Gilbert, Kenneth Brown and Billy Lenhart. Nan Grey and Robert Cummings supply romance. See this. (*Nov.*)

### UNEXPECTED FATHER—Universal

Reminiscent of Shirley Temple's "Little Miss Broadway," this, with Sandy Henville playing Shirley's role of a child in danger of being put in an institution and vaudeville folk rallying round. Shirley Ross, Dennis O'Keefe and Mischa Auer stooge for the charming Sandy. (*Oct.*)

### WAY DOWN SOUTH—Principal—RKO-Radio

Bobby Breen's latest has better interest than its predecessors. Everything happens in Louisiana when Ralph Morgan, playing Bobby's father, is killed and Edwin Maxwell, the attorney, tries to rob the boy of his inheritance. (*Oct.*)

### ★ WHAT A LIFE—Paramount

An amusing picture in which Jackie Cooper, an adolescent trying to make adjustments peculiar to his particular age, walks away with a difficult assignment. Betty Field, Cooper's sweetheart; James Corner, his rival; John Howard and Kathleen Lockhart all deliver good performances. (*Dec.*)

### WHEN TOMORROW COMES—Universal

Tragedy and trouble stalk Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer in this. It all starts when Charles, a famous pianist, drops into the restaurant where Irene is a waitress. It takes a hurricane to show them that they love one another, but love is not for them. Charles can't desert his irrational wife, Barbara O'Neil. You may like this, if you enjoy suffering in charming company. (*Oct.*)

### WOMEN, THE—M-G-M

Clare Boothe's Broadway success is an uncompromising story of the eternal battle of women for males and money. Norma Shearer is excellent as the devoted mother and wife, and Joan Crawford is in there slugging as the hard-bitten clerk who uses every wile to catch Norma's husband. The fat part fell to Roz Russell and she made capital of it. Mary Boland and Joan Fontaine are grand. Both sexes will have fun at this. (*Nov.*)

### ★ WIZARD OF OZ, THE—M-G-M

This superb fantasy of a little girl transported by cyclone to a magic wonderland is a "must" for children and adults alike. The cast alone—Frank Morgan in the title role, Judy Garland as *Dorothy;* Bert Lahr, the *Cowardly Lion;* Ray Bolger, the *Scarecrow;* Jack Haley, the *Tin Woodman;* Billie Burke, the *Good Fairy;* and Margaret Hamilton, the *Wicked Witch;* might have been dreamed into being just for this picture. In Technicolor. (*Oct.*)



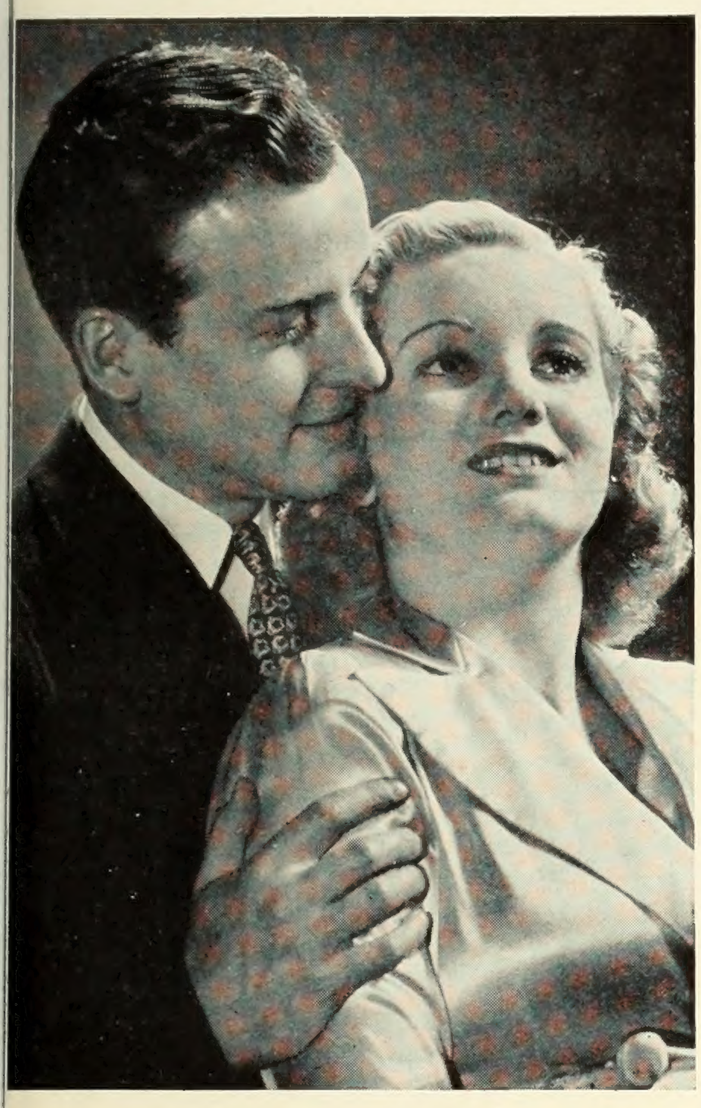
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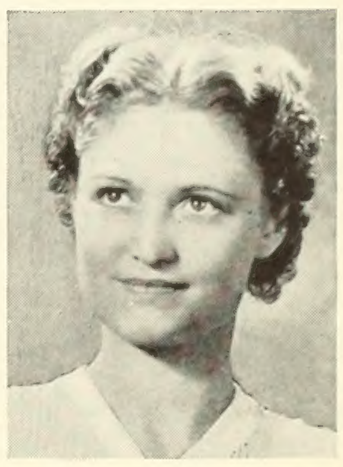
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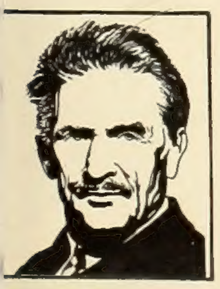
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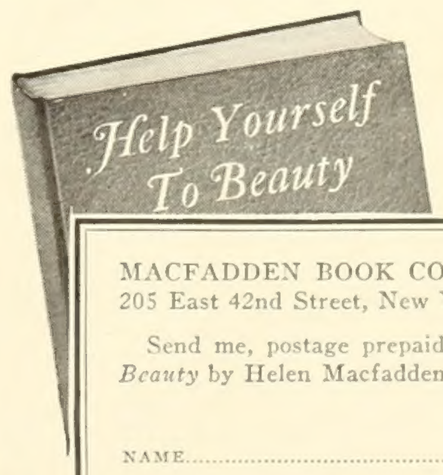
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